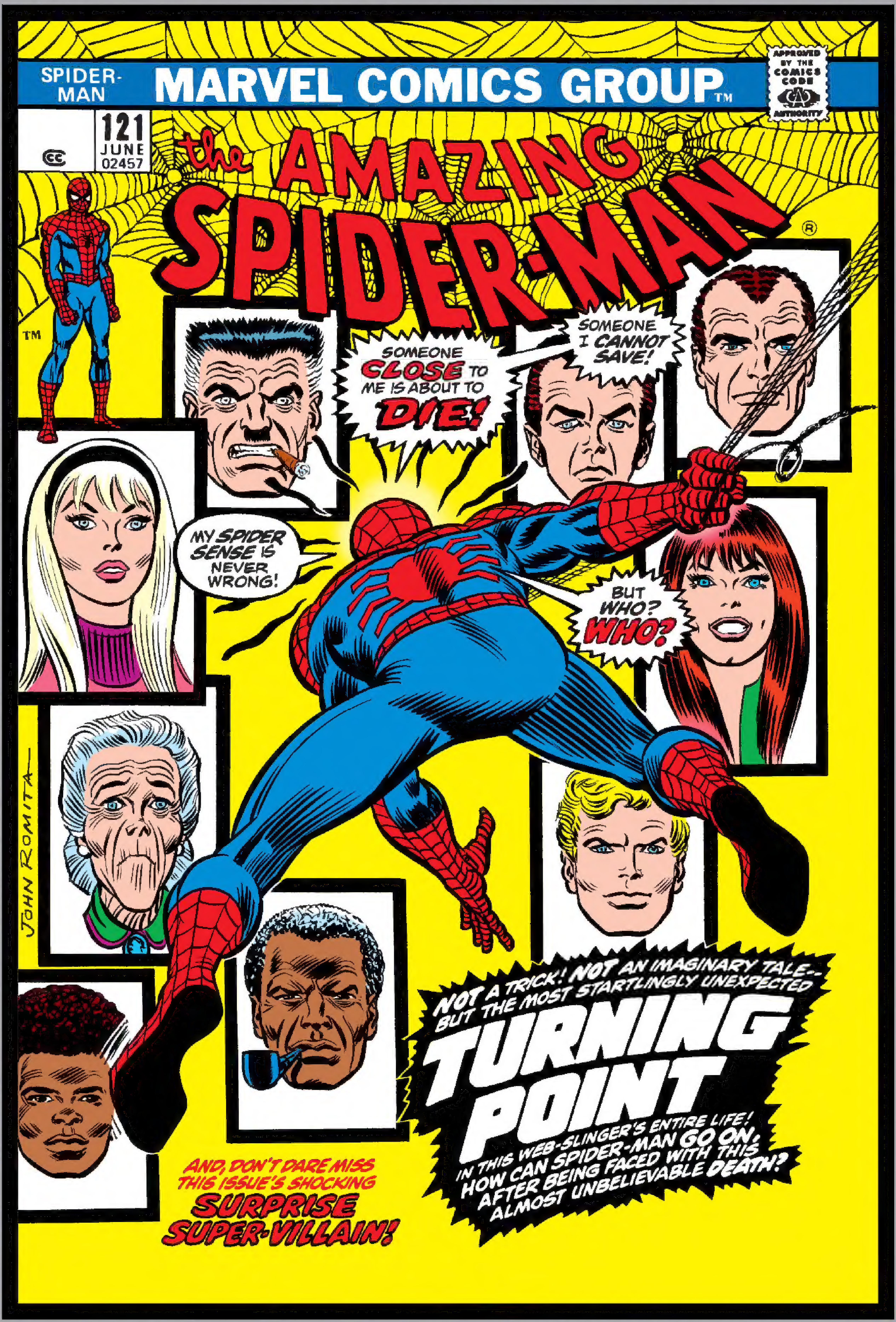
MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

VOLUME 13


SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
121
JUNE
02457
CC
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
TM
SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME IS ABOUT TO DIE!
SOMEONE I CANNOT SAVE!
MY SPIDER SENSE IS NEVER WRONG!
BUT WHO? WHO?
JOHN ROMITA
NOT A TRICK! NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE-- BUT THE MOST STARTLINGLY UNEXPECTED
TURNING POINT
IN THIS WEB-SLINGER'S ENTIRE LIFE! HOW CAN SPIDER-MAN GO ON, AFTER BEING FACED WITH THIS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DEATH?
AND, DON'T DARE MISS THIS ISSUE'S SHOCKING SURPRISE SUPER-VILLAIN!

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN Nos. 121-131

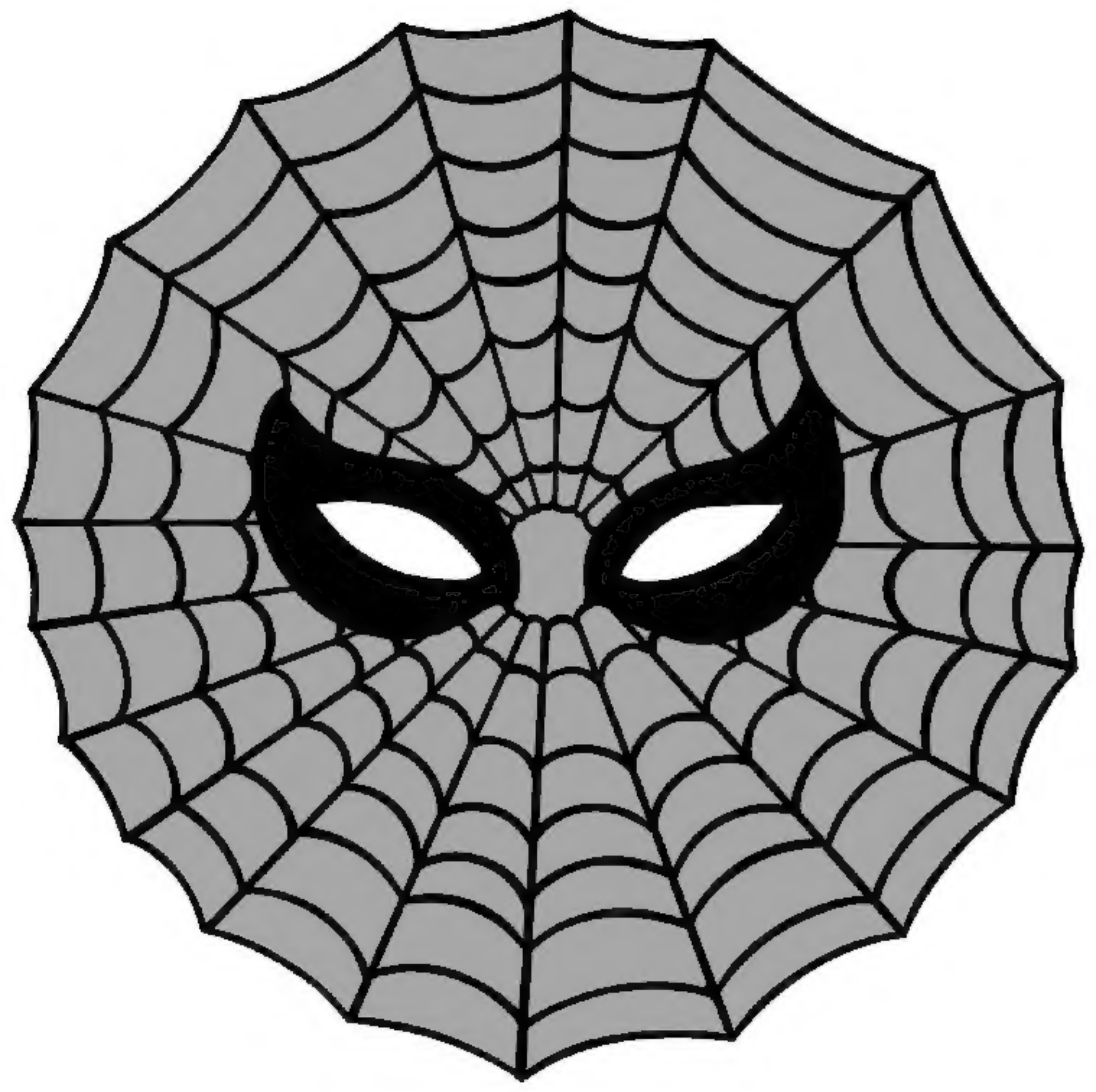
GERRY CONWAY, GIL KANE & ROSS ANDRU

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
Presents

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Volume 13
Collecting
The Amazing Spider-Man Nos. 121-131
Gerry Conway
Gil Kane • Ross Andru



Digital Manager/Production
Tim Smith 3
Digital Production
Maggie Siegel-Berele
Collection Editor
Cory Sedlmeier
Book Design
Nickel DesignWorks
Senior Vice President of Sales
David Gabriel
Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada
Publisher
Dan Buckley
Executive Producer
Alan Fine

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.WWW.MARVEL.COM

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
CREDITS

THE
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
Nos. 121-131

Writer: Gerry Conway

Pencilers: Gil Kane (Nos. 121-124)
Ross Andru (Nos. 125-131)
John Romita (No. 123)

Inkers: John Romita (Nos. 121-125)
Tony Mortellaro (Nos. 121-125)
Jim Mooney (No. 126)
Frank Giacoia (Nos. 127-131)
Dave Hunt (Nos. 127-131)

Letterers: Art Simek (Nos. 121-126, 130, 131)
Tom Orzechowski (No. 127)
John Costanza (Nos. 128, 129)

Editor: Roy Thomas

Art & Color Reconstruction: Wil Glass & All Thumbs Creative

Special Thanks: Ralph Macchio, Mike Burkey, Enrico Salvini, Michel Maillot, Jeff Sharpe, Ted Latner & Rob Donahue

TURNING POINT
BY GERRY CONWAY

1973 was a watershed year for comics, and for a character who'd long been known as "your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man."

Not that any of us knew it at the time.

Hindsight, so people say, is twenty-twenty. Between you and me, I don't think that's particularly true. It implies that we see the past more clearly than we see the present, but I believe the past, for most of us, changes over time. New experiences bring new perspectives, and the view in the rearview mirror is constantly expanding. Before I had children, I thought my parents were unreasonably impatient with me during my teenage years. Now that I have a teenage daughter (not to mention a thirty-odd-year-old older daughter as well), I'm amazed Mom and Dad Conway had the forbearance not to strangle me in my sleep. The past, seen through older eyes, takes on colors and patterns that shift and reform like the bubbles in a hippie's lava lamp.

Case in point: the year comics changed forever, 1973.

In 1973 the "Marvel Age of Comics" was barely twelve years old. Spider-Man, as a character, had just ten.

Almost exactly half as old as I was.

One thing that was crystal clear to me at the time, and now in hindsight, is how incredibly lucky I was.

As I've described elsewhere (in an introduction to *Marvel Masterworks: Marvel Team-Up Vol. 1*), I was the first writer to take on Spider-Man as a regular assignment after Stan Lee gave up scripting comics full-time. How and why the most important book at Marvel was handed over to a nineteen year old kid from Queens is a story for another time. I'm egotistical enough to think talent and ability had something to do with it, but I'm also realistic enough to know that luck played a large role, too.

I do know this, though: in the hands of another writer, with a different set of personality quirks, maybe with more maturity, maybe with more sense, the stories I told in collaboration with John Romita, Gil Kane, and Ross Andru, wouldn't have been told the way we told them, and comics today might be in a very different place, creatively.

For one thing, Aunt May might have been the innocent victim Green Goblin threw off the Brooklyn Bridge (or was it the George Washington Bridge?), not Gwen Stacy.

Harry Osborn might never have lost Mary Jane Watson as his girlfriend; he might never have become the Green Goblin after his father's death.

The Punisher never would have been born.

And the Clone Saga never would have turned Marvel continuity into a pretzel back in the 1990s.

Without the death of Gwen Stacy, would there have been an alcoholic Tony Stark?

Without Gwen's fatal fall, would Daredevil have met Elektra?

Would Wolverine have gone so dark?

Would the Hulk have gone gray?

Would Thor have grown a beard?

Would Captain America have taken a bullet at the hands of Ed Brubaker?

* * *

Here's how some of it went down, as best as I can recall, looking back through the distorted rearview mirror of memory.

When I first started scripting *Amazing Spider-Man*, I was Padawan to John Romita's Jedi Master. My name came second in the credits (one of the few times I recall a writer's credit following that of an artist), a true reflection of my role in our collaboration during those first half dozen or so stories. John taught me how to structure a Spider-Man story, balancing character development, plot, issue-to-issue continuity, and action. He also taught me, the greater the emotional stakes for our heroes, the more impact a story had. At that point John had worked on Spider-Man longer than anyone except Stan. He understood the characters better than anyone.

And he wanted to kill Aunt May.

John felt—we all felt, Stan and Roy Thomas (then editor-in-chief), and yours truly—that Spider-Man's life had become too placid, too safe, too...normal. Despite some terrific individual stories over the previous few years (the drug issue, Captain Stacy's death, the introduction of the Kingpin) we had a sense that Peter's life had settled into a, well, rut. He faced villains; he was misunderstood by society; he had minor problems—but come right down to it, things were going pretty well for our friendly neighborhood web-slinger. It was time to shake things up. John believed somebody had to die, to remind the reader (and Peter) that the world was a harsh place, heroes couldn't save everyone, and sometimes death could not be escaped.

Killing Aunt May, John thought, would accomplish all those goals. And he was right: Aunt May was the logical choice, by reason of age, and because her constant near-bouts with death had become a cliche. Killing May would be unexpected: fans would be surprised we finally pulled the plug on the old lady. Tears would be shed.

And life as Peter knew it would go on.

See, that bothered me: killing Aunt May, while upsetting for Peter, wouldn't shake things up. Peter would still have a fairly normal life. Old people do die, after all. There's nothing unusual about that. Sad, yes. Tragic, no.

And Peter Parker, in my view, was all about the tragedy.

So I offered up a different victim, one whose death would be even more unexpected than May Parker's: Peter's girlfriend, Gwen Stacy.

Now, this may surprise those of you who assume the firestorm of fan disapproval that followed Gwen's death was something we anticipated and planned for, but the truth is, nobody—not Stan, not John, not Roy—nobody thought this was a Big Idea. After all, Gwen wasn't Peter's first love interest—that was Betty Brant; he'd even had a flirtation with Liz Allen in high school; and Mary Jane Watson was always flouncing around the fringe of Peter's romantic interest. Unlike say, Lois Lane, Gwen Stacy hadn't been a fixture in Spider-Man's life since day one. She appeared three years into the series, and the series, as I've already pointed out, was only ten years old.

So, killing Gwen Stacy, while certainly an intense emotional experience, didn't seem to us to be all that radical a notion.

The general reaction around the office was the editorial equivalent of a shrug; sure, sounds fine, let's do it.

And maybe, if I'd just let the Goblin throw her off the Brooklyn/Washington/Williamsburg/Queensboro Bridge and put the whole blame on the bad guy, maybe the fans wouldn't have reacted the way they did.

And maybe comics wouldn't have changed forever.

But I just couldn't leave well enough alone.

* * *

Between the time we conceived the story and the time I wrote the final dialogue for issue #121, a couple of things happened.

Gil Kane took over as penciller for John.

And I started thinking about what it was that made Spider-Man comics' ultimate tragic hero.

Unlike every other hero in comics to that point, Spider-Man was motivated not by revenge, or by altruism, or by a sense of social justice.

He was motivated by guilt.

Gaining super-powers from a radioactive spider hadn't made Peter Parker a hero: failing to save his beloved Uncle Ben from death, by not acting to stop a thief when he had the chance, was the cross of guilt Peter bore every time he pulled on that bizarre red and blue uniform.

As Stan put it: "With great power there must also come--great responsibility."

By 1973, that mantra had lost some of its impact. Happy-go-lucky Peter had replaced riven-by-guilt Peter. And in the larger world of war and crime and politics, great power had proven to be accompanied by little responsibility, great or otherwise.

It was a dark time. Young men my age were dying in a war no one wanted to fight, a President was under siege for sanctioning criminal acts, police were being murdered by self-proclaimed revolutionaries, and self-proclaimed revolutionaries were being murdered by police, the streets weren't safe, vigilantes were shooting people on the subway. The world was going mad.

So when it came time for Spider-Man to save the girl he loved from certain death, it seemed to me only natural that he fail.

But even that wasn't enough.

As I looked at Gil's pencils, his beautiful and almost balletic rendering of Gwen's fall and Spidey's desperate but vain effort to rescue her, I was struck by two things:

One...It just didn't seem dramatic enough.

Two...It sure looked like she ought to survive.

Characters had fallen from greater heights in comics and been caught without injury. So why couldn't Gwen survive a fall like this?

Well, I thought, maybe she was already dead when the Goblin tossed her. But if she were already dead, that would make Peter's rescue attempt pointless, even pathetic: the opposite of tragic. And in any case, why would the Goblin bother to toss her off a bridge if she was already dead in the first place?

So, I decided, that meant she wasn't dead when she fell.

Which meant she died while falling.

But how? How could a simple fall kill her, especially when the art clearly showed that Spidey managed to catch her—

—by the ankle.

I never asked Gil what he intended to imply by having Spider-Man's web catch Gwen by the leg in just that spot, creating just that arc, torso and neck and hair arching backward like an upside-down apostrophe. In all probability, Gil was simply trying to execute an elegant layout. But what he drew had implications from a physics point of view, and even more importantly, from a dramatic and emotional viewpoint.

Spider-Man was haunted by guilt for failing to act, and by the knowledge that his failure to act cost someone he loved his life. Now, looking at Gil's art, I decided to show that sometimes, even a hero who takes action can fail the one he loves.

Sometimes trying to do good is as futile as doing nothing at all.

Sometimes, bad things just *happen*.

Snap.

* * *

I didn't know it then, and hindsight isn't really twenty-twenty so I can't say with certainty, even now, but in that moment, with that one small sound effect, comics changed forever.

(Yes, I know there's been controversy about whether the fall itself, or Spidey's catch, was responsible for Gwen's death. Let me clear it up for you now, once and for all. As far as I'm concerned, as the writer of the story, that sound effect is there for a reason. Let's not be coy. Yes, in trying to save Gwen, Peter killed the woman he loved. I'd also like to point out, if he hadn't tried to save her, she would have been dead anyway. It was a lose-lose situation. Sometimes life is like that. Bad things happen.)

You can see the change in the other stories in this volume. Peter's grief and anger over the death of Gwen Stacy is more intense and pervasive than anything we experienced in comics before 1973. It lasts longer, goes deeper, and has greater repercussions than any previous emotional response. And it expands outward to affect everyone around him. It transforms Peter's relationship with Mary Jane, Harry Osborn, even J. Jonah Jameson. Peter's grief is a wound—like true emotional wounds in real life—that never fully heals.

It is, to use the title Roy Thomas gave this issue on its cover, a Turning Point in the history of Spider-Man, of Marvel, and of comics.

Not that we had any idea of that at the time.

We were just trying to shake things up and tell a good story.

* * *

Other stories in this volume spring from the impact of (and fan response to) Gwen's death in issue #121.

With the Green Goblin out of the picture, I needed a new, mysterious nemesis to plague Spider-Man. As a fan of the original Stan Lee/Steve Ditko run on *Amazing Spider-Man*, I loved how Stan and Steve developed the Goblin from a mystery figure on the periphery to a central enemy in Spider-Man's gallery of rogues. I wanted to accomplish something similar, so six months after killing the Goblin, in issue #129, I introduced a character I called The Jackal.

(Truth in advertising—at the time we introduced the Jackal, I had no idea he would become a central figure in the "revival" of Gwen Stacy. Gwen's return was something Stan decided we needed to do in response to fan pressure. That, too, is a story for another day.)

To keep the Jackal on the periphery for this first appearance, I needed another, disposable character to be front-and-center for a one-issue confrontation with Spider-Man. As I said before, the early 1970s were a dark time, with vigilantes on the street, and corruption in high places. I thought it might be fun for Spider-Man to face a modern vigilante who'd been manipulated by the Jackal into believing Spidey's negative press.

John Romita designed an awesome costume based on my crude sketch, Stan Lee coined his name, and Ross Andru brought him to life.

We called him The Punisher.

* * *

There are other tales in this volume with stories behind them.

(Don't get me started about the Spider-Mobile: Stan met with a toy company, they said they could sell lots of toys if Spidey just had a car, and the rest is history. Never mind that the whole point of our wall-crawler is that *he crawls on walls*.)

For the most part, though, stories behind stories don't matter. Because the stories behind the stories change with time, seen through that tricky rearview mirror we call memory. The past is ever-changing. Only what's on the page remains unaffected by the passage of years.

But that's not true, either, is it?

Everything we read, we read in context, and context changes. In 1973, when Gwen Stacy took her fatal fall off the George Washington Bridge (or was it the Brooklyn Bridge?) readers had no idea Peter and Mary Jane would become Mr. & Mrs. Parker. (Or not; it's a brand new day, isn't it?) In 1973, when the Jackal sent a skull-chested vigilante on the trail of a certain web-spinner, readers had no idea The Punisher would practically dominate Marvel's entire line of comics in the 1980s. (Thank you, Steven Grant and Mike Zeck.)

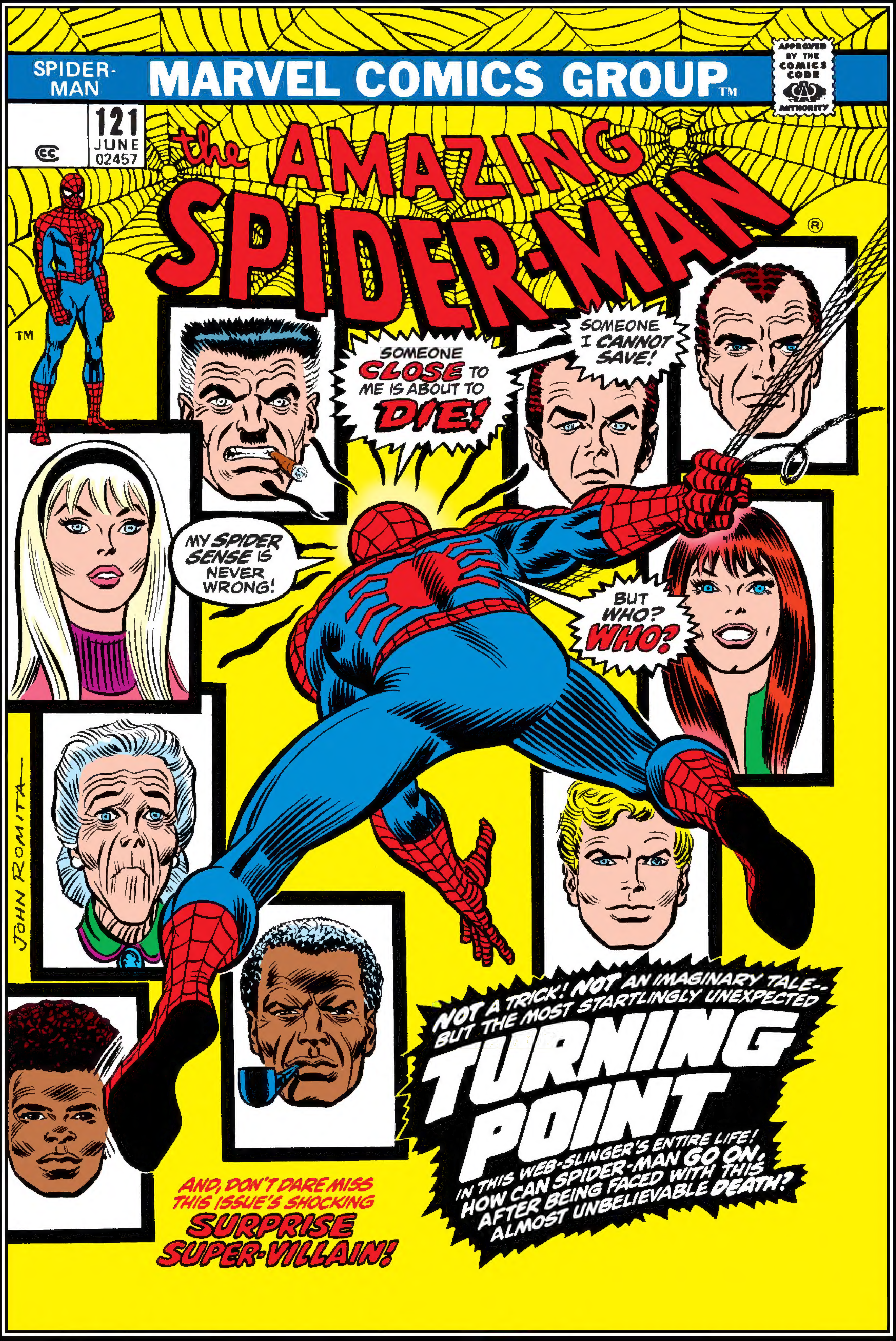
Today, we know how the stories in this book affected the Marvel universe, not to mention comics as a whole.

But back then, they were just stories.

I hope you enjoy reading them again (or for the first time, if that's even possible). For me, revisiting them is bittersweet, like bumping into someone you loved long ago, and remembering for a moment how happy you were together.

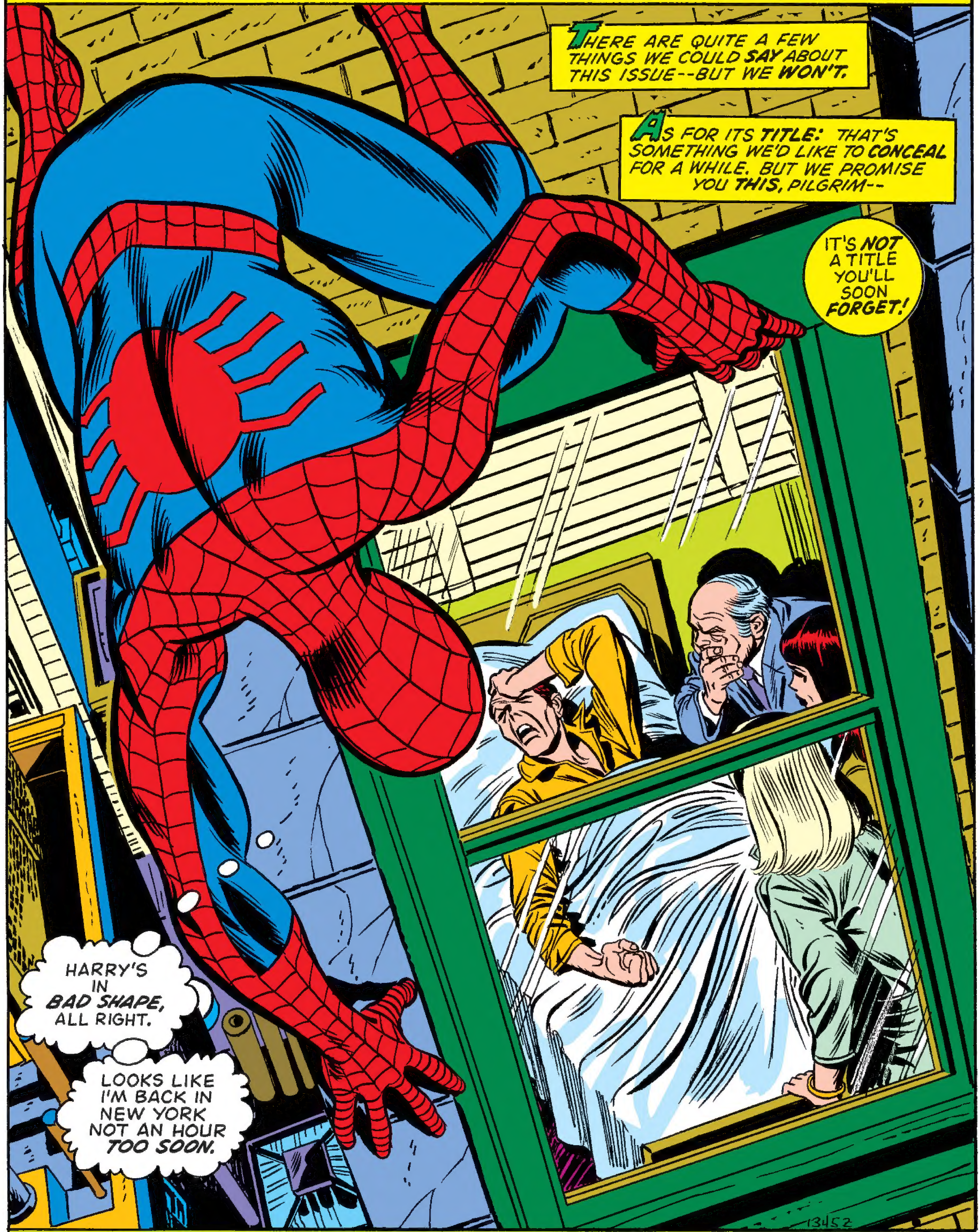
Before she fell off that damn bridge.

2010

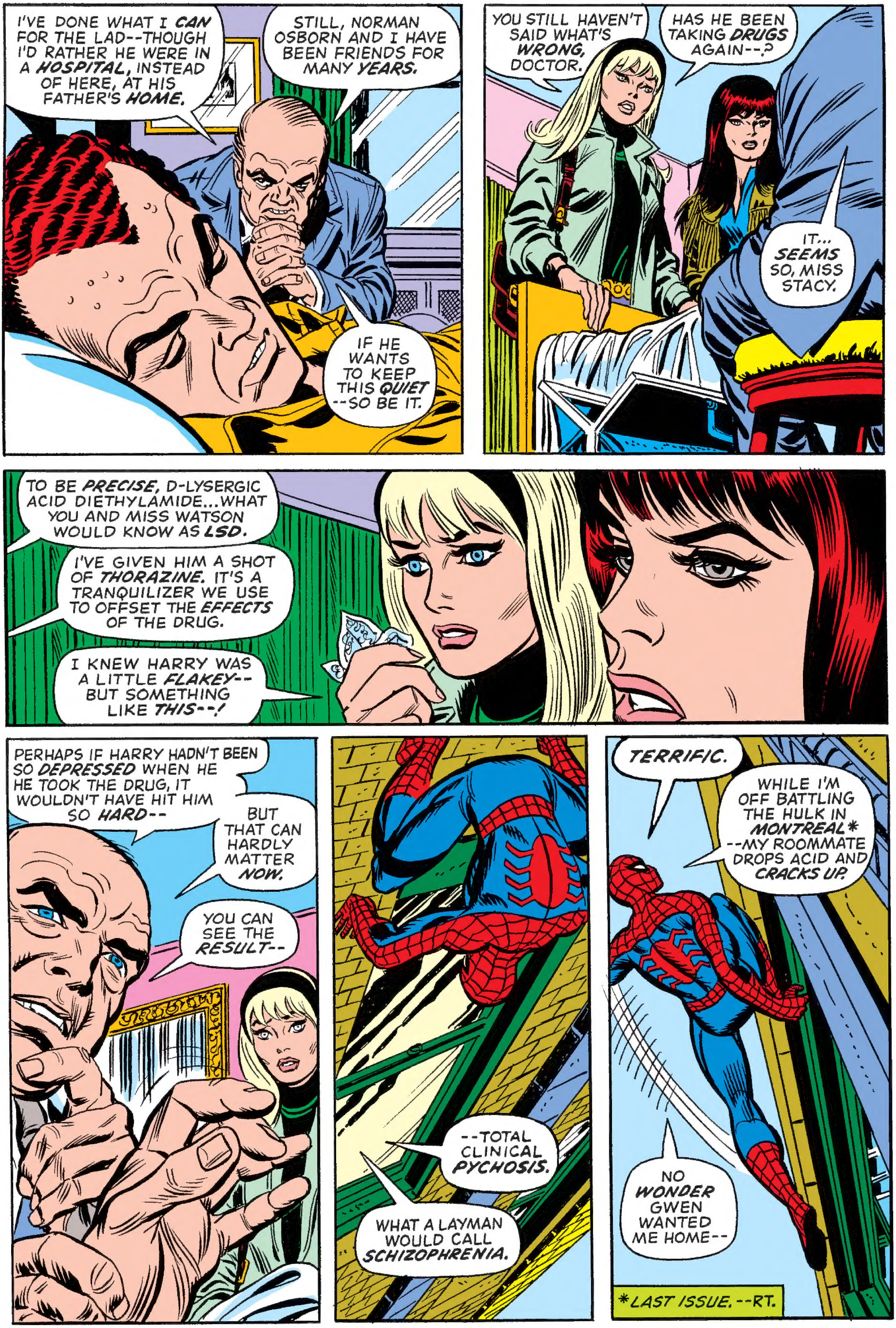

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
121
JUNE
02457
CC
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
™
SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME IS ABOUT TO DIE!
SOMEONE I CANNOT SAVE!
MY SPIDER SENSE IS NEVER WRONG!
BUT WHO? WHO?
JOHN ROMITA
NOT A TRICK! NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE--BUT THE MOST STARTLINGLY UNEXPECTED
TURNING POINT
IN THIS WEB-SLINGER'S ENTIRE LIFE! HOW CAN SPIDER-MAN GO ON, AFTER BEING FACED WITH THIS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DEATH?
AND, DON'T DARE MISS THIS ISSUE'S SHOCKING SURPRISE SUPER-VILLAIN!

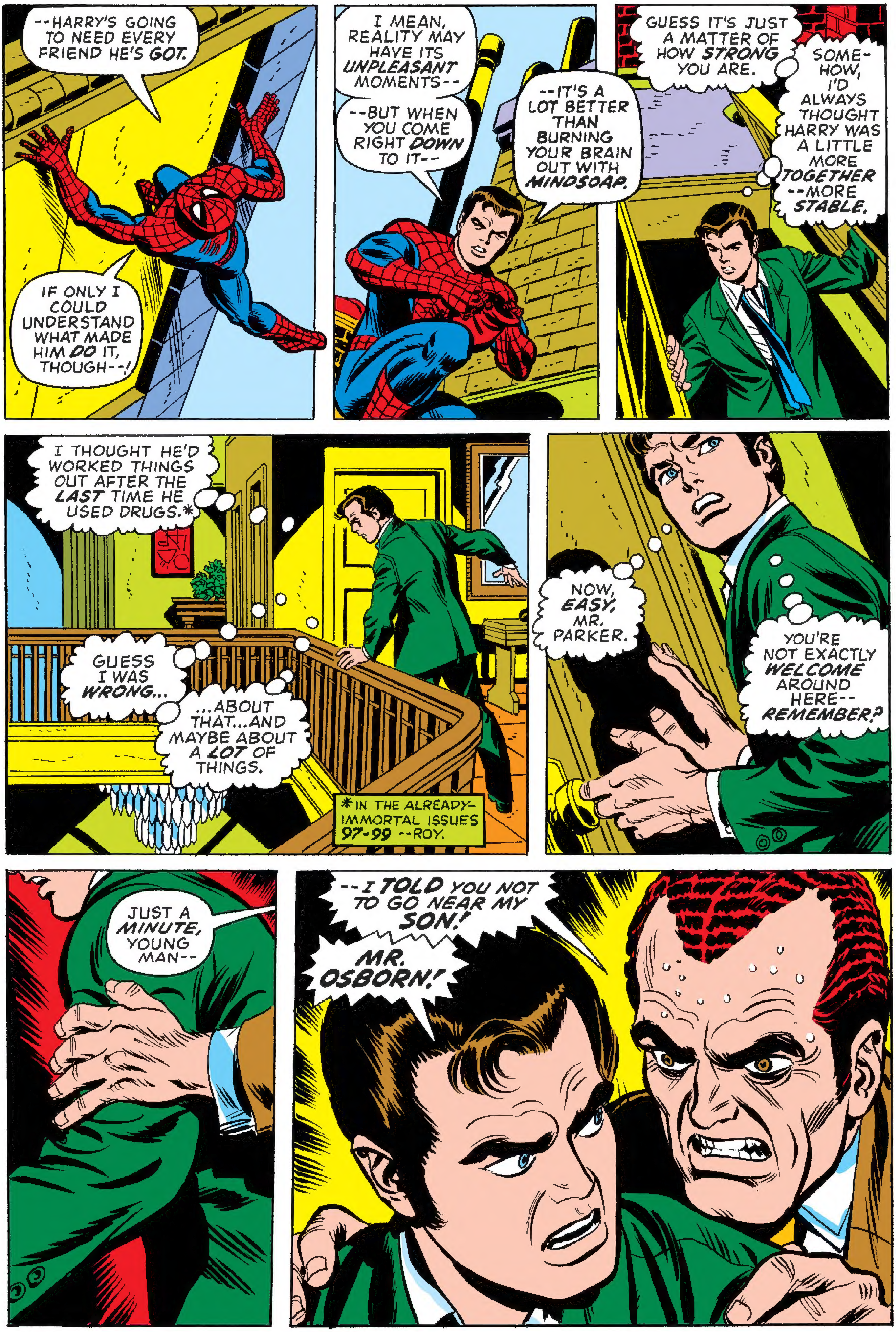
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

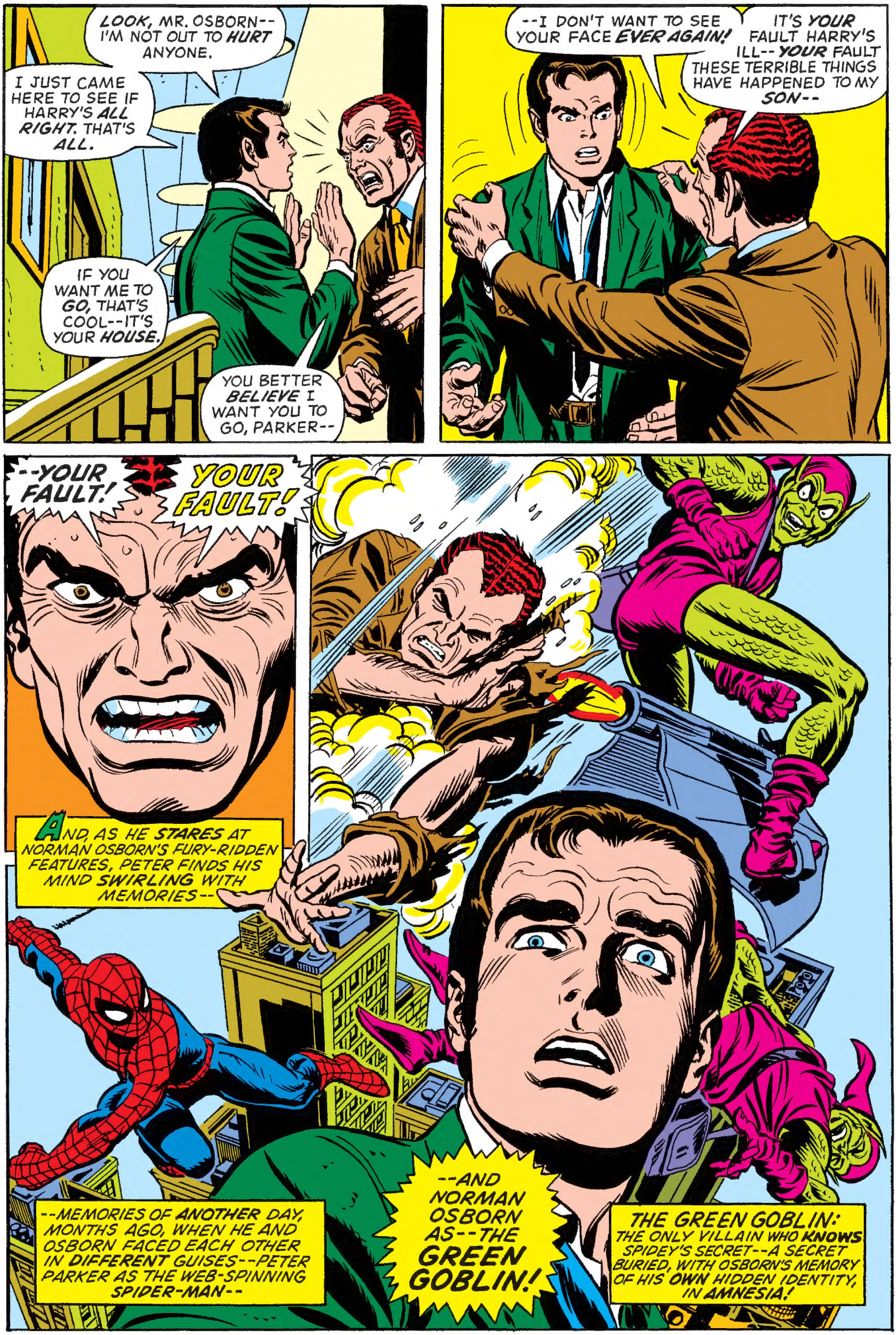
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

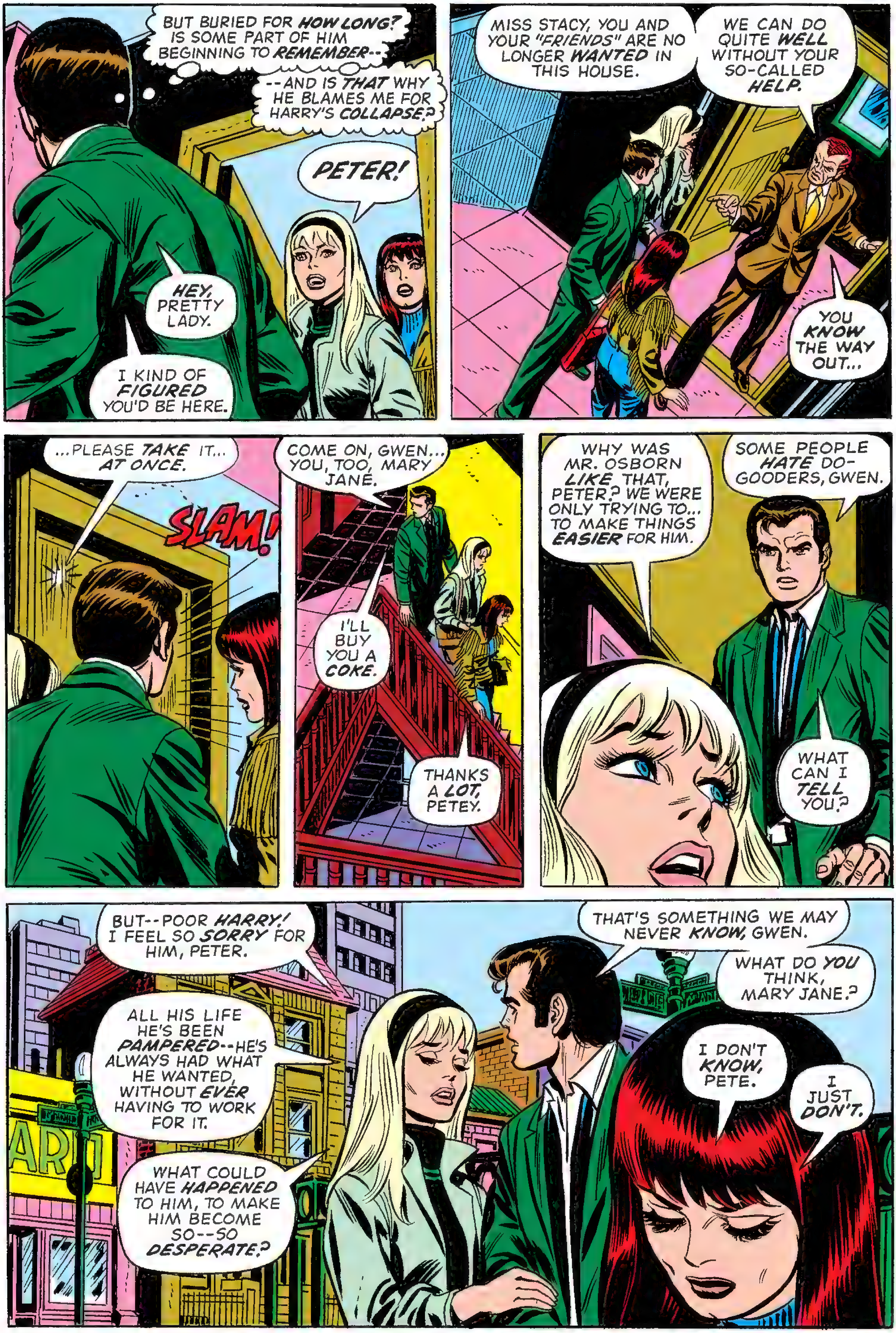

THERE ARE QUITE A FEW THINGS WE COULD SAY ABOUT THIS ISSUE--BUT WE WON'T.
AS FOR ITS TITLE: THAT'S SOMETHING WE'D LIKE TO CONCEAL FOR A WHILE. BUT WE PROMISE YOU THIS, PILGRIM--
IT'S NOT A TITLE YOU'LL SOON FORGET!
HARRY'S IN BAD SHAPE, ALL RIGHT.
LOOKS LIKE I'M BACK IN NEW YORK NOT AN HOUR TOO SOON.

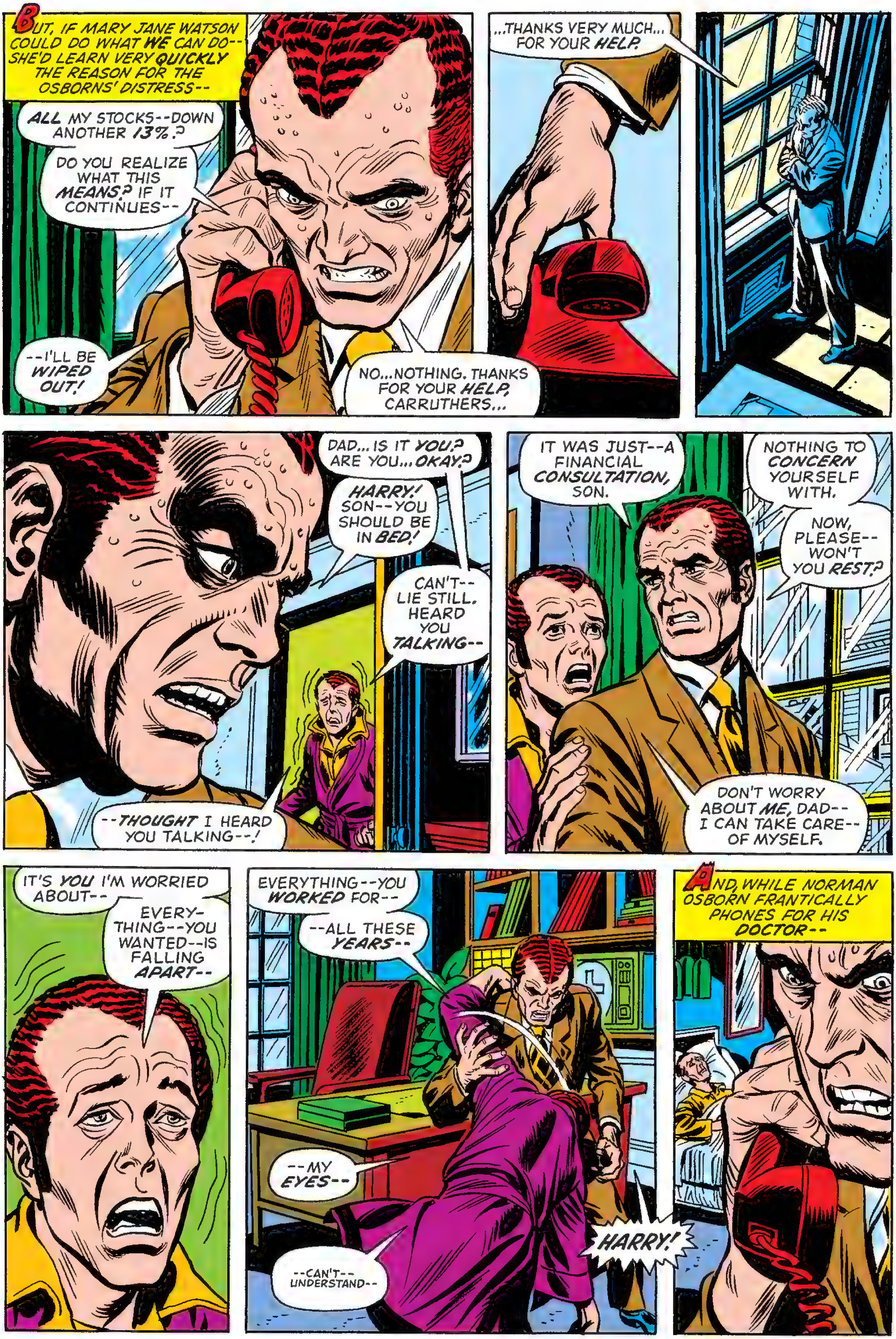
★ GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER ★ GIL KANE, ARTIST ★ JOHN ROMITA, TONY MORTELLARO, INKING ★
★ ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER ★ DAVID HUNT, COLORIST ★ ROY THOMAS, EDITOR ★

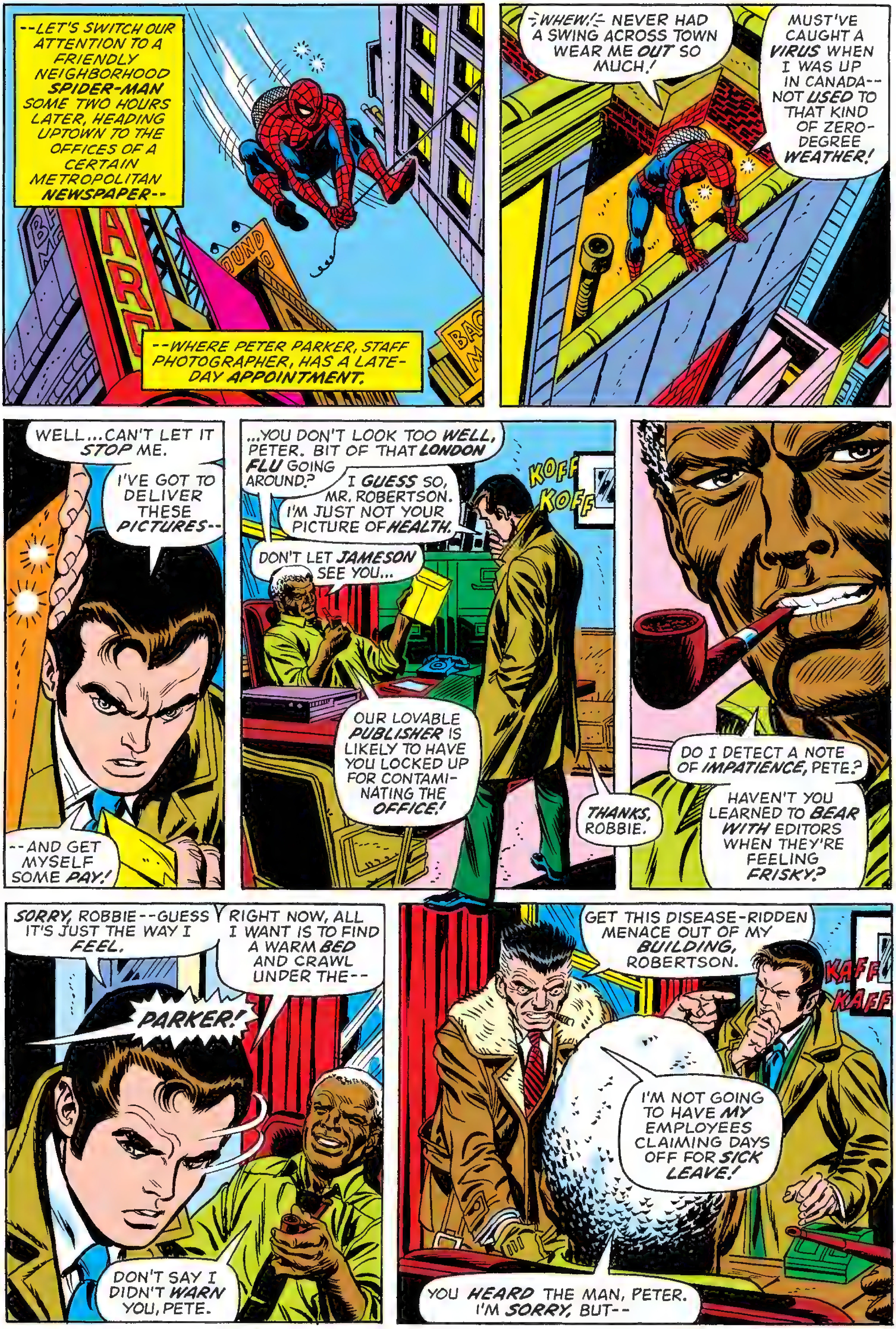

I'VE DONE WHAT I *CAN* FOR THE LAD--THOUGH I'D RATHER HE WERE IN A *HOSPITAL*, INSTEAD OF HERE, AT HIS FATHER'S *HOME*.
STILL, NORMAN OSBORN AND I HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR MANY *YEARS*.
IF HE WANTS TO KEEP THIS *QUIET* --SO BE IT.
YOU STILL HAVEN'T SAID WHAT'S *WRONG*, DOCTOR.
HAS HE BEEN TAKING *DRUGS* AGAIN--?
IT... *SEEMS* SO, MISS STACY.
TO BE *PRECISE*, D-LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE...WHAT YOU AND MISS WATSON WOULD KNOW AS *LSD*.
I'VE GIVEN HIM A SHOT OF *THORAZINE*. IT'S A TRANQUILIZER WE USE TO OFFSET THE *EFFECTS* OF THE DRUG.
I KNEW HARRY WAS A LITTLE *FLAKEY*-- BUT SOMETHING LIKE *THIS*--!
PERHAPS IF HARRY HADN'T BEEN SO *DEPRESSED* WHEN HE HE TOOK THE DRUG, IT WOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO *HARD*--
BUT THAT CAN HARDLY MATTER *NOW*.
YOU CAN SEE THE *RESULT*--
--TOTAL CLINICAL *PYCHOSIS*.
WHAT A LAYMAN WOULD CALL *SCHIZOPHRENIA*.
TERRIFIC.
WHILE I'M OFF BATTLING THE HULK IN *MONTREAL** --MY ROOMMATE DROPS ACID AND *CRACKS UP*.
NO *WONDER* GWEN WANTED ME HOME--
**LAST ISSUE*. --RT.

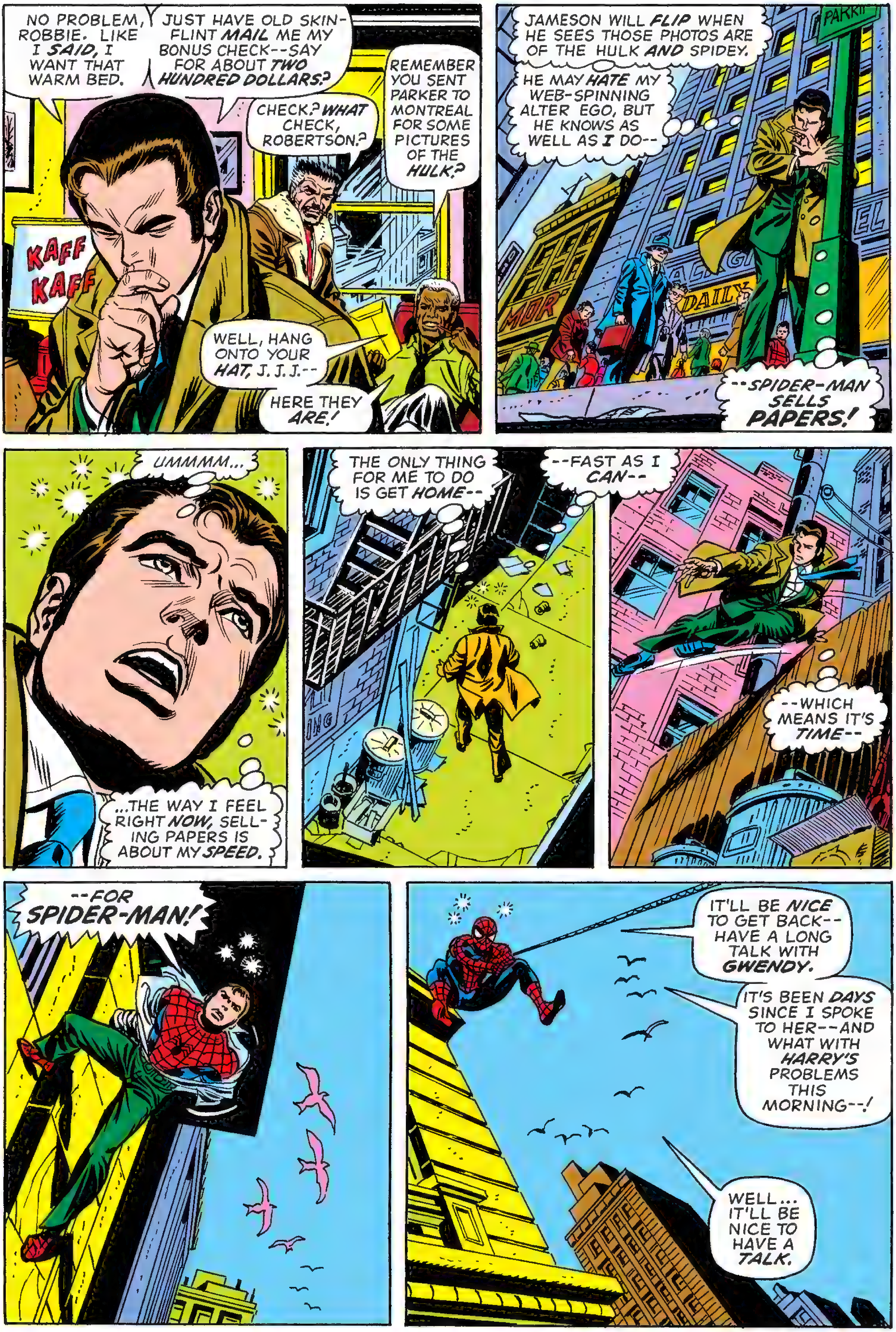

--HARRY'S GOING TO NEED EVERY FRIEND HE'S **GOT.**
IF ONLY I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE HIM **DO** IT, THOUGH--!
I MEAN, REALITY MAY HAVE ITS **UNPLEASANT** MOMENTS--
--BUT WHEN YOU COME RIGHT **DOWN** TO IT--
--IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN BURNING YOUR BRAIN OUT WITH **MINDSOAP.**
GUESS IT'S JUST A MATTER OF HOW **STRONG** YOU ARE.
SOMEHOW, I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT HARRY WAS A LITTLE MORE **TOGETHER** --MORE **STABLE.**
I THOUGHT HE'D WORKED THINGS OUT AFTER THE **LAST** TIME HE USED DRUGS.*
GUESS I WAS **WRONG...**
...ABOUT THAT...AND MAYBE ABOUT A **LOT** OF THINGS.
*IN THE ALREADY-IMMORTAL ISSUES **97-99** --ROY.
NOW, **EASY,** MR. PARKER.
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY **WELCOME** AROUND HERE-- **REMEMBER?**
JUST A **MINUTE,** YOUNG MAN--
--I **TOLD** YOU NOT TO GO NEAR MY **SON!**
MR. OSBORN!

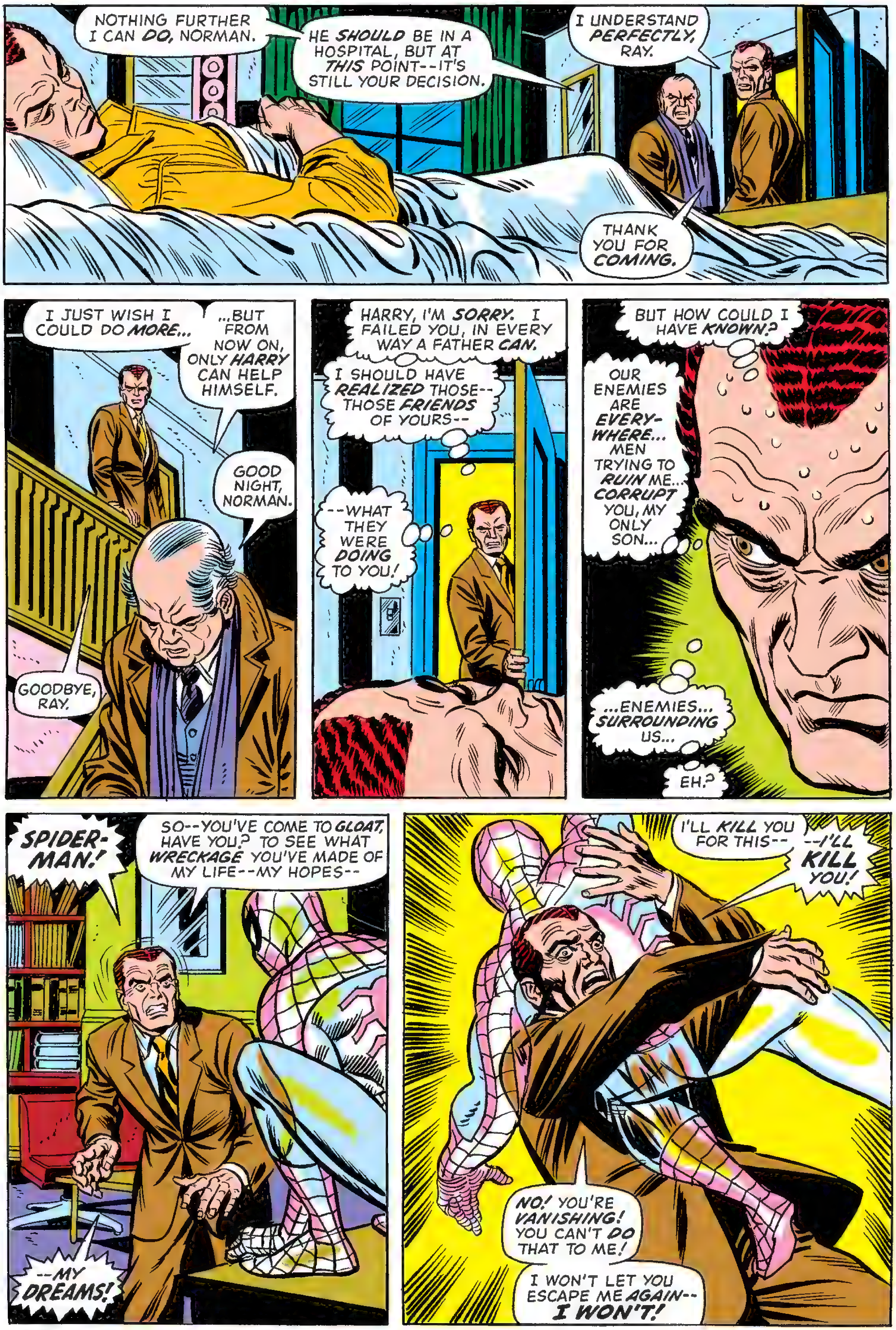

LOOK, MR. OSBORN-- I'M NOT OUT TO **HURT** ANYONE.
I JUST CAME HERE TO SEE IF HARRY'S **ALL RIGHT.** THAT'S **ALL.**
IF YOU WANT ME TO **GO,** THAT'S COOL--IT'S YOUR **HOUSE.**
YOU BETTER **BELIEVE** I WANT YOU TO GO, PARKER--
--I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE **EVER AGAIN!**
IT'S **YOUR** FAULT HARRY'S ILL--**YOUR** FAULT THESE TERRIBLE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO MY **SON--**
--YOUR FAULT!
YOUR FAULT!
AND, AS HE **STARES** AT NORMAN OSBORN'S FURY-RIDDEN FEATURES, PETER FINDS HIS MIND **SWIRLING** WITH MEMORIES--
--MEMORIES OF **ANOTHER** DAY, MONTHS AGO, WHEN HE AND OSBORN FACED EACH OTHER IN **DIFFERENT** GUISES--PETER PARKER AS THE WEB-SPINNING **SPIDER-MAN--**
--AND NORMAN OSBORN AS--THE **GREEN GOBLIN!**
THE GREEN GOBLIN: THE ONLY VILLAIN WHO **KNOWS** SPIDEY'S SECRET--A SECRET BURIED, WITH OSBORN'S MEMORY OF HIS **OWN HIDDEN IDENTITY,** IN **AMNESIA!**

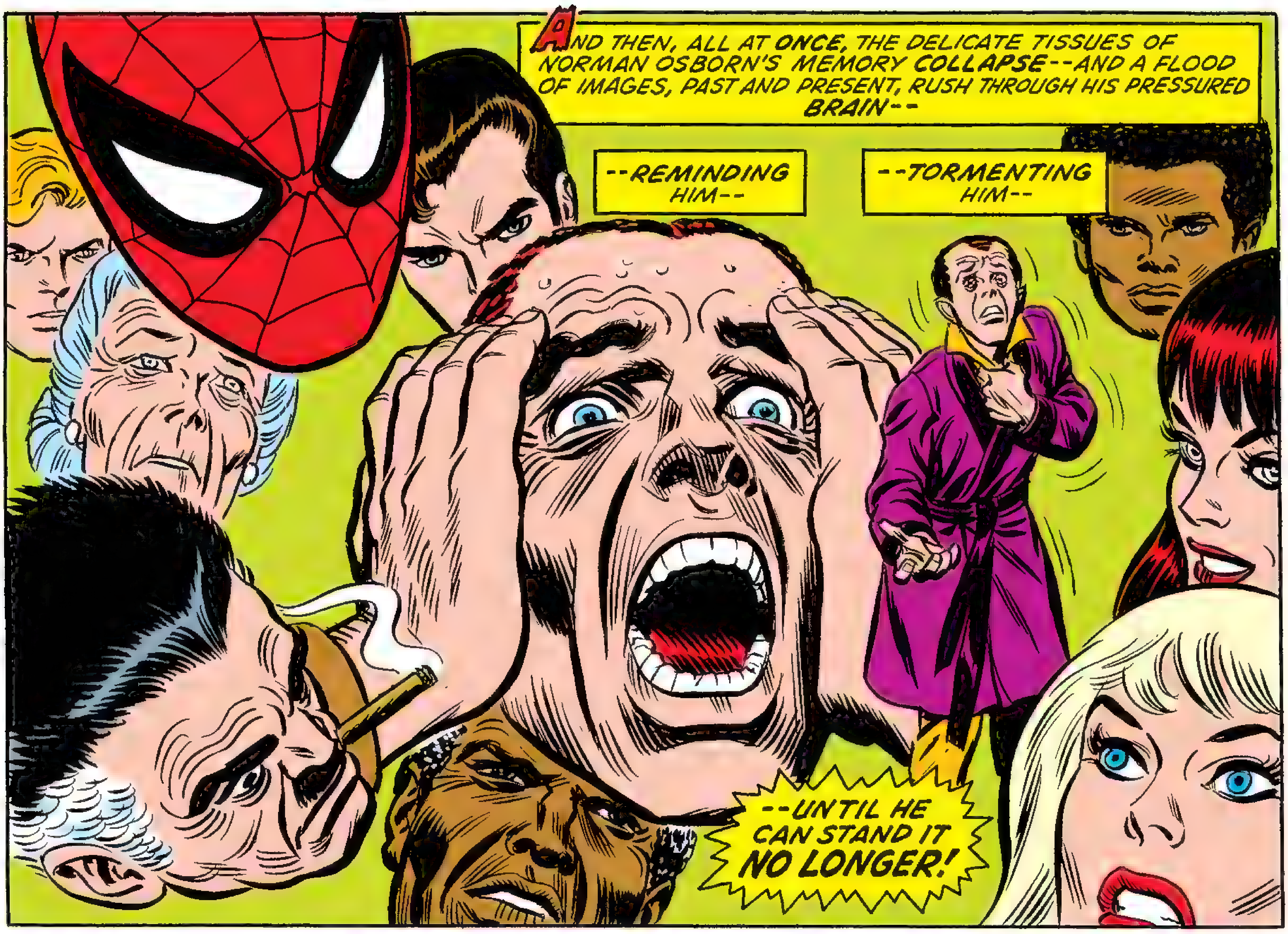

BUT BURIED FOR **HOW LONG?** IS SOME PART OF HIM BEGINNING TO **REMEMBER**--
--AND IS **THAT** WHY HE BLAMES ME FOR HARRY'S **COLLAPSE?**
PETER!
HEY, PRETTY LADY.
I KIND OF **FIGURED** YOU'D BE HERE.
MISS STACY, YOU AND YOUR **"FRIENDS"** ARE NO LONGER **WANTED** IN THIS HOUSE.
WE CAN DO QUITE **WELL** WITHOUT YOUR SO-CALLED **HELP.**
YOU **KNOW** THE WAY OUT...
...PLEASE **TAKE** IT... **AT ONCE.**
SLAM!
COME ON, GWEN... YOU, TOO, MARY JANE.
I'LL BUY YOU A **COKE.**
THANKS A **LOT,** PETEY.
WHY WAS MR. OSBORN **LIKE** THAT, PETER? WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO... TO MAKE THINGS **EASIER** FOR HIM.
SOME PEOPLE **HATE** DO-GOODERS, GWEN.
WHAT CAN I **TELL** YOU?
BUT--POOR **HARRY!** I FEEL SO **SORRY** FOR HIM, PETER.
ALL HIS LIFE HE'S BEEN **PAMPERED**--HE'S ALWAYS HAD WHAT HE WANTED, WITHOUT **EVER** HAVING TO WORK FOR IT.
WHAT COULD HAVE **HAPPENED** TO HIM, TO MAKE HIM BECOME SO--SO **DESPERATE?**
THAT'S SOMETHING WE MAY NEVER **KNOW,** GWEN.
WHAT DO **YOU** THINK, MARY JANE?
I DON'T **KNOW,** PETE.
I JUST **DON'T.**

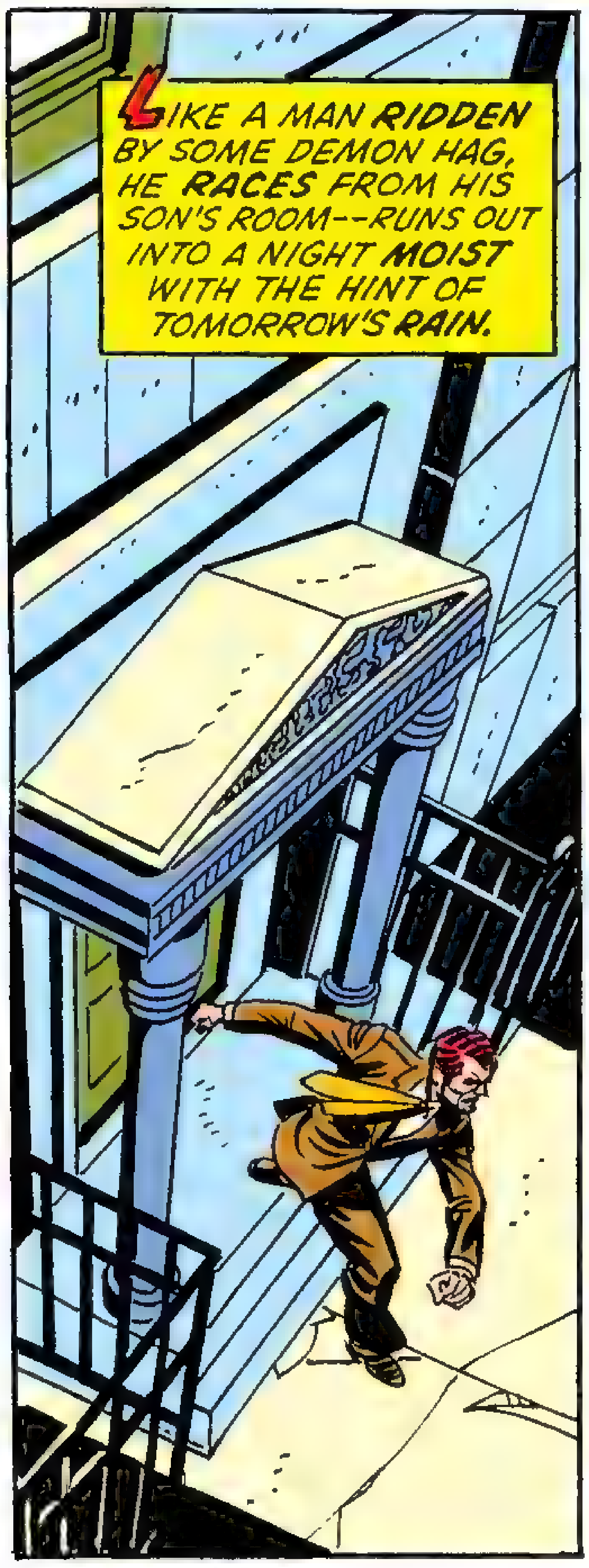

BUT, IF MARY JANE WATSON COULD DO WHAT WE CAN DO--SHE'D LEARN VERY QUICKLY THE REASON FOR THE OSBORNS' DISTRESS--
ALL MY STOCKS--DOWN ANOTHER 13%?
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? IF IT CONTINUES--
--I'LL BE WIPED OUT!
NO...NOTHING. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CARRUTHERS...
...THANKS VERY MUCH... FOR YOUR HELP.
DAD... IS IT YOU? ARE YOU... OKAY?
HARRY! SON--YOU SHOULD BE IN BED!
CAN'T--LIE STILL. HEARD YOU TALKING--
--THOUGHT I HEARD YOU TALKING--!
IT WAS JUST--A FINANCIAL CONSULTATION, SON.
NOTHING TO CONCERN YOURSELF WITH.
NOW, PLEASE--WON'T YOU REST?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAD--I CAN TAKE CARE--OF MYSELF.
IT'S YOU I'M WORRIED ABOUT--
EVERYTHING--YOU WANTED--IS FALLING APART--
EVERYTHING--YOU WORKED FOR--
--ALL THESE YEARS--
--MY EYES--
--CAN'T--UNDERSTAND--
HARRY!
AND, WHILE NORMAN OSBORN FRANTICALLY PHONES FOR HIS DOCTOR--

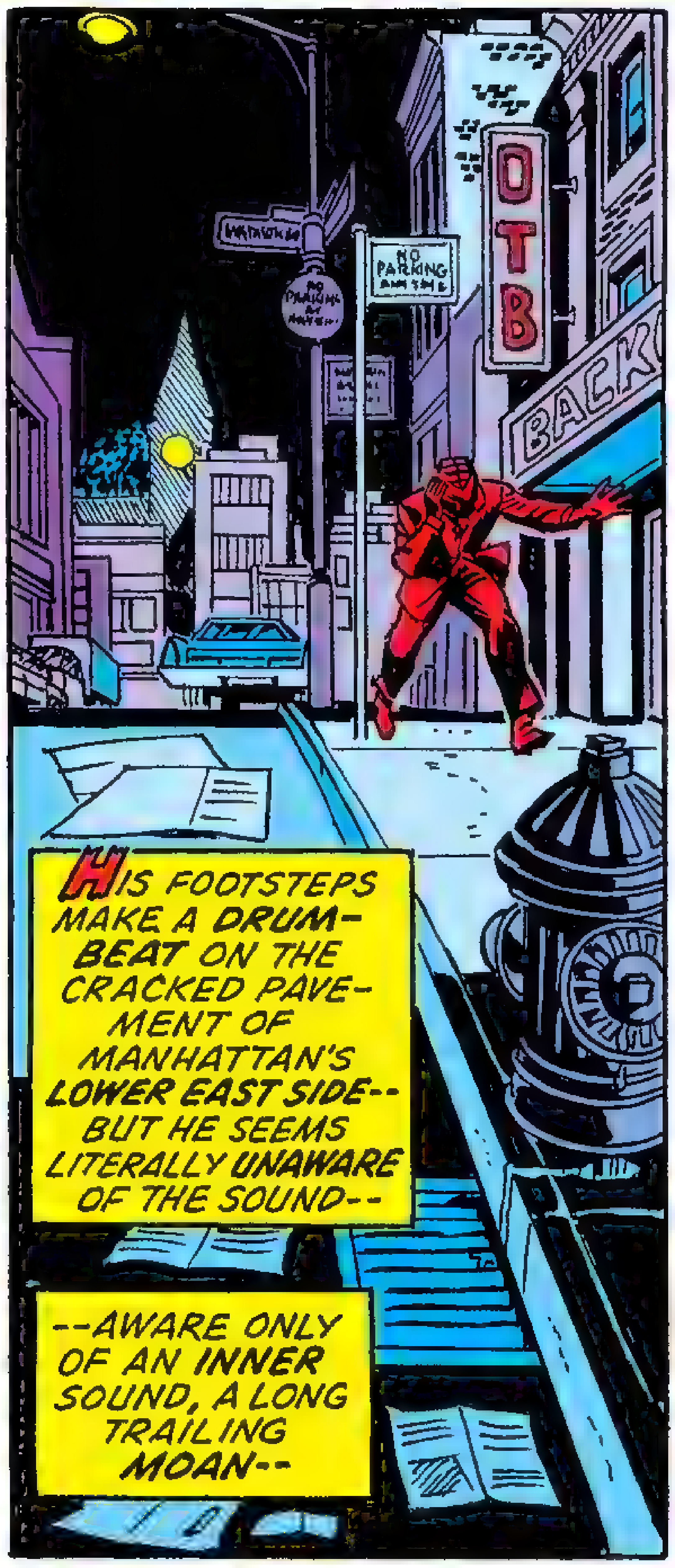

--LET'S SWITCH OUR ATTENTION TO A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN SOME TWO HOURS LATER, HEADING UPTOWN TO THE OFFICES OF A CERTAIN METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER--
--WHERE PETER PARKER, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS A LATE-DAY APPOINTMENT.
WHEW! NEVER HAD A SWING ACROSS TOWN WEAR ME OUT SO MUCH!
MUST'VE CAUGHT A VIRUS WHEN I WAS UP IN CANADA--NOT USED TO THAT KIND OF ZERO-DEGREE WEATHER!
WELL...CAN'T LET IT STOP ME.
I'VE GOT TO DELIVER THESE PICTURES--
--AND GET MYSELF SOME PAY!
...YOU DON'T LOOK TOO WELL, PETER. BIT OF THAT LONDON FLU GOING AROUND?
I GUESS SO, MR. ROBERTSON. I'M JUST NOT YOUR PICTURE OF HEALTH.
KOFF KOFF
DON'T LET JAMESON SEE YOU...
OUR LOVABLE PUBLISHER IS LIKELY TO HAVE YOU LOCKED UP FOR CONTAMINATING THE OFFICE!
THANKS, ROBBIE.
DO I DETECT A NOTE OF IMPATIENCE, PETE?
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED TO BEAR WITH EDITORS WHEN THEY'RE FEELING FRISKY?
SORRY, ROBBIE--GUESS IT'S JUST THE WAY I FEEL.
RIGHT NOW, ALL I WANT IS TO FIND A WARM BED AND CRAWL UNDER THE--
PARKER!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU, PETE.
GET THIS DISEASE-RIDDEN MENACE OUT OF MY BUILDING, ROBERTSON.
KAFF KAFF
I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY EMPLOYEES CLAIMING DAYS OFF FOR SICK LEAVE!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, PETER. I'M SORRY, BUT--

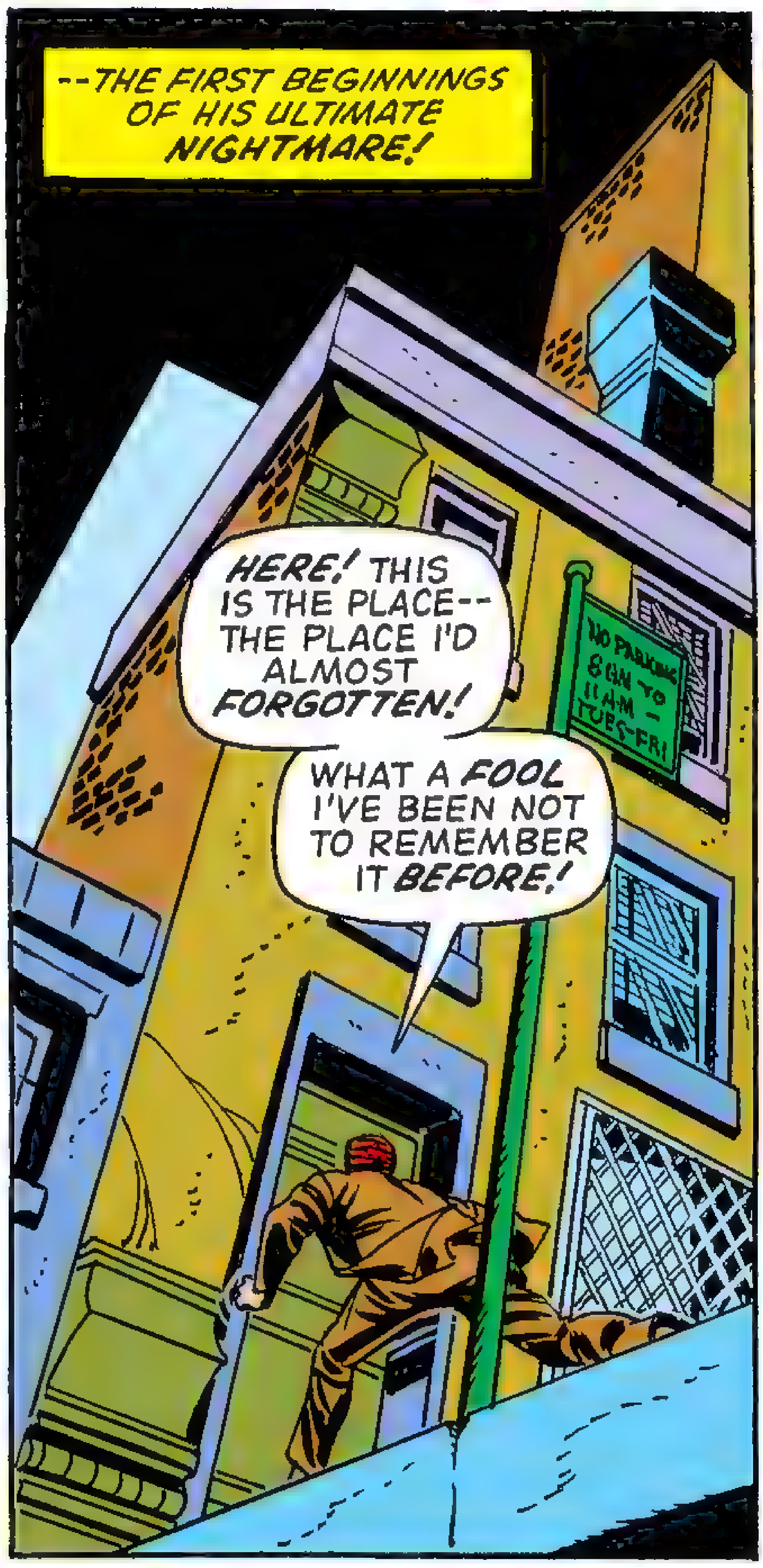

NO PROBLEM, ROBBIE. LIKE I *SAID*, I WANT THAT WARM BED.
JUST HAVE OLD SKINFLINT *MAIL* ME MY BONUS CHECK--SAY FOR ABOUT *TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS?*
CHECK? *WHAT* CHECK, ROBERTSON?
REMEMBER YOU SENT PARKER TO MONTREAL FOR SOME PICTURES OF THE *HULK?*
KAFF KAFF
WELL, HANG ONTO YOUR *HAT,* J. J. J.--
HERE THEY *ARE!*
JAMESON WILL *FLIP* WHEN HE SEES THOSE PHOTOS ARE OF THE HULK *AND* SPIDEY.
HE MAY *HATE* MY WEB-SPINNING ALTER EGO, BUT HE KNOWS AS WELL AS *I* DO--
PARK
DAILY
--*SPIDER-MAN SELLS PAPERS!*
UMMMM...
...THE WAY I FEEL RIGHT *NOW,* SELLING PAPERS IS ABOUT MY *SPEED.*
THE ONLY THING FOR ME TO DO IS GET *HOME*--
--FAST AS I *CAN*--
--WHICH MEANS IT'S *TIME*--
--*FOR SPIDER-MAN!*
IT'LL BE *NICE* TO GET BACK--HAVE A LONG TALK WITH *GWENDY.*
IT'S BEEN *DAYS* SINCE I SPOKE TO HER--AND WHAT WITH *HARRY'S* PROBLEMS THIS MORNING--!
WELL... IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE A *TALK.*

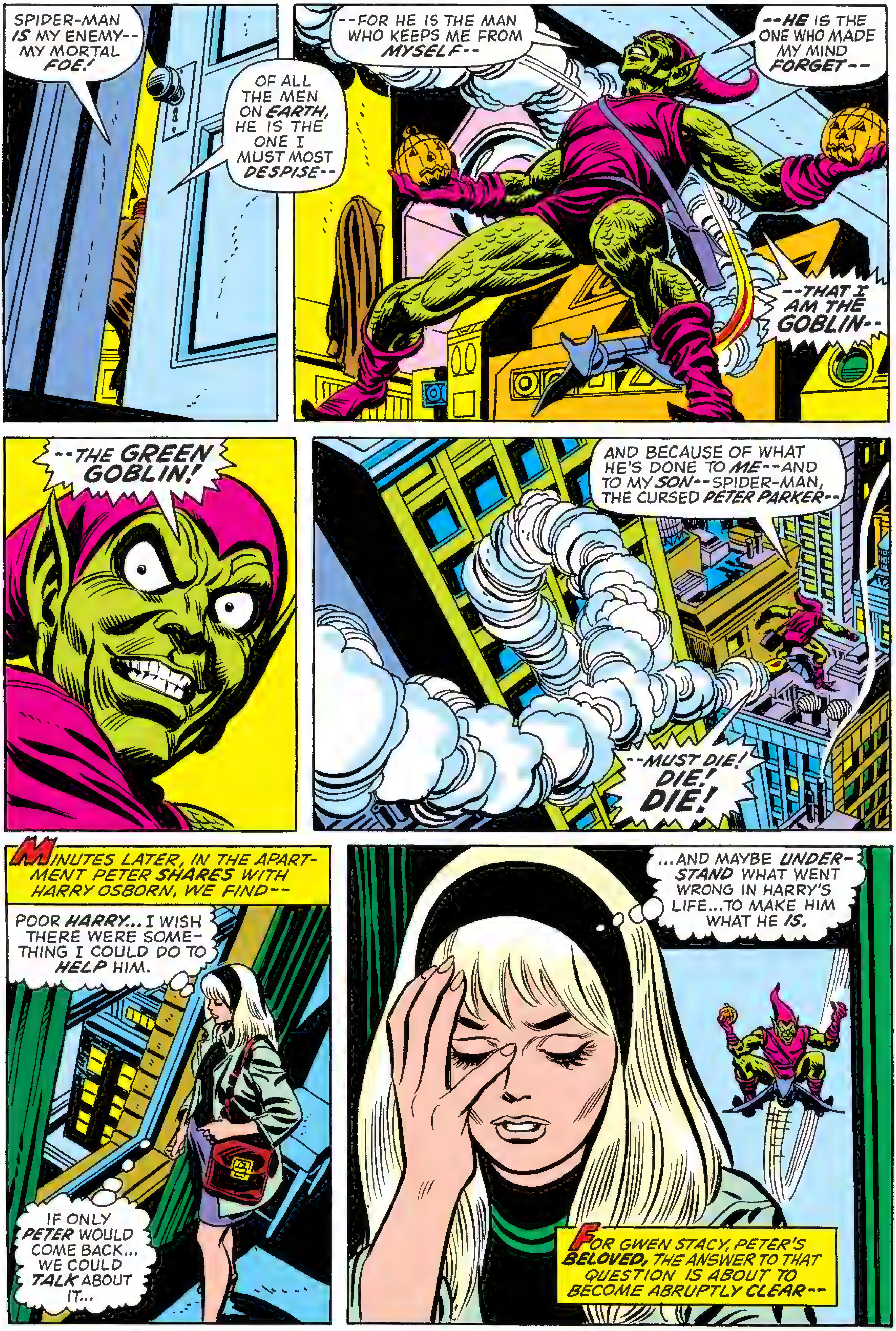

NOTHING FURTHER I CAN *DO*, NORMAN.
HE *SHOULD* BE IN A HOSPITAL, BUT AT *THIS* POINT--IT'S STILL YOUR DECISION.
I UNDERSTAND *PERFECTLY,* RAY.
THANK YOU FOR *COMING.*
I JUST WISH I COULD DO *MORE...*
...BUT FROM NOW ON, ONLY *HARRY* CAN HELP HIMSELF.
GOOD NIGHT, NORMAN.
GOODBYE, RAY.
HARRY, I'M *SORRY.* I FAILED YOU, IN EVERY WAY A FATHER *CAN.*
I SHOULD HAVE *REALIZED* THOSE-- THOSE *FRIENDS* OF YOURS--
--WHAT THEY WERE *DOING* TO YOU!
BUT HOW COULD I HAVE *KNOWN?*
OUR ENEMIES ARE *EVERYWHERE...* MEN TRYING TO *RUIN* ME... *CORRUPT* YOU, MY ONLY SON...
...ENEMIES... *SURROUNDING* US...
EH?
SPIDER-MAN!
SO--YOU'VE COME TO *GLOAT,* HAVE YOU? TO SEE WHAT *WRECKAGE* YOU'VE MADE OF MY LIFE--MY HOPES--
--MY *DREAMS!*
I'LL *KILL* YOU FOR THIS--
--*I'LL KILL YOU!*
NO! YOU'RE *VANISHING!* YOU CAN'T *DO* THAT TO ME!
I WON'T LET YOU ESCAPE ME *AGAIN*-- *I WON'T!*

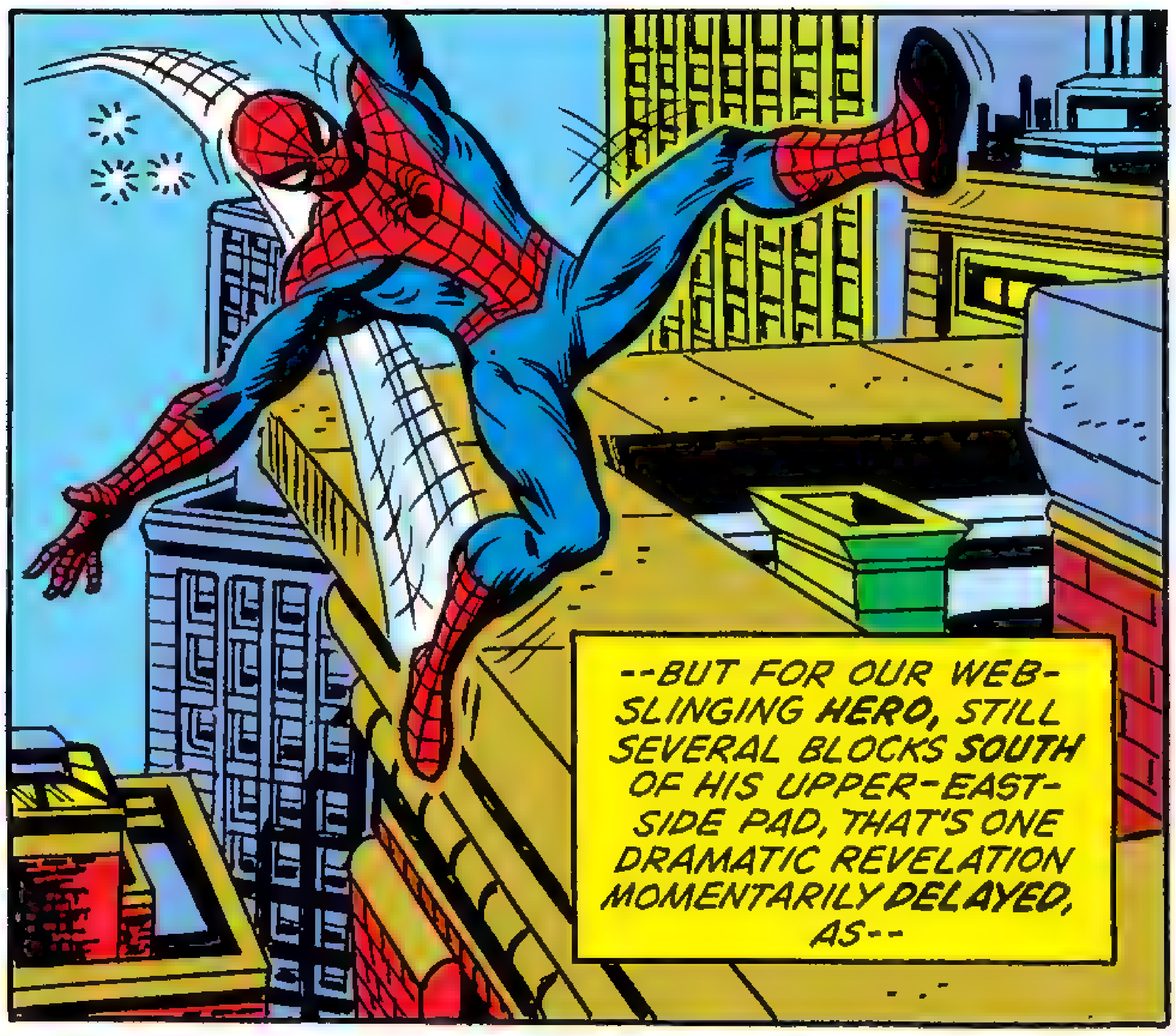

AND THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THE DELICATE TISSUES OF NORMAN OSBORN'S MEMORY COLLAPSE--AND A FLOOD OF IMAGES, PAST AND PRESENT, RUSH THROUGH HIS PRESSURED BRAIN--
--REMINDING HIM--
--TORMENTING HIM--
--UNTIL HE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER!

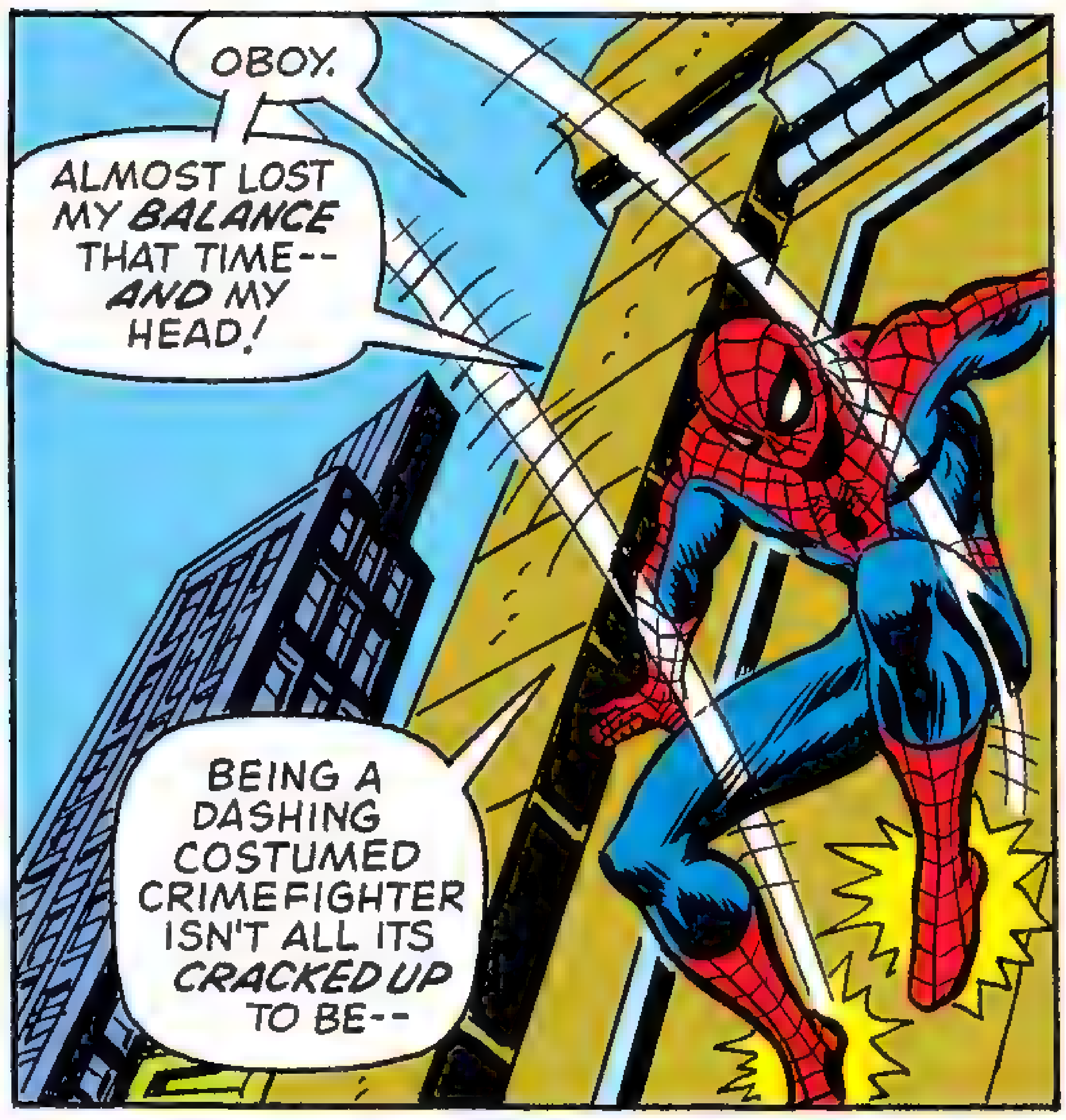

LIKE A MAN RIDDEN BY SOME DEMON HAG, HE RACES FROM HIS SON'S ROOM--RUNS OUT INTO A NIGHT MOIST WITH THE HINT OF TOMORROW'S RAIN.

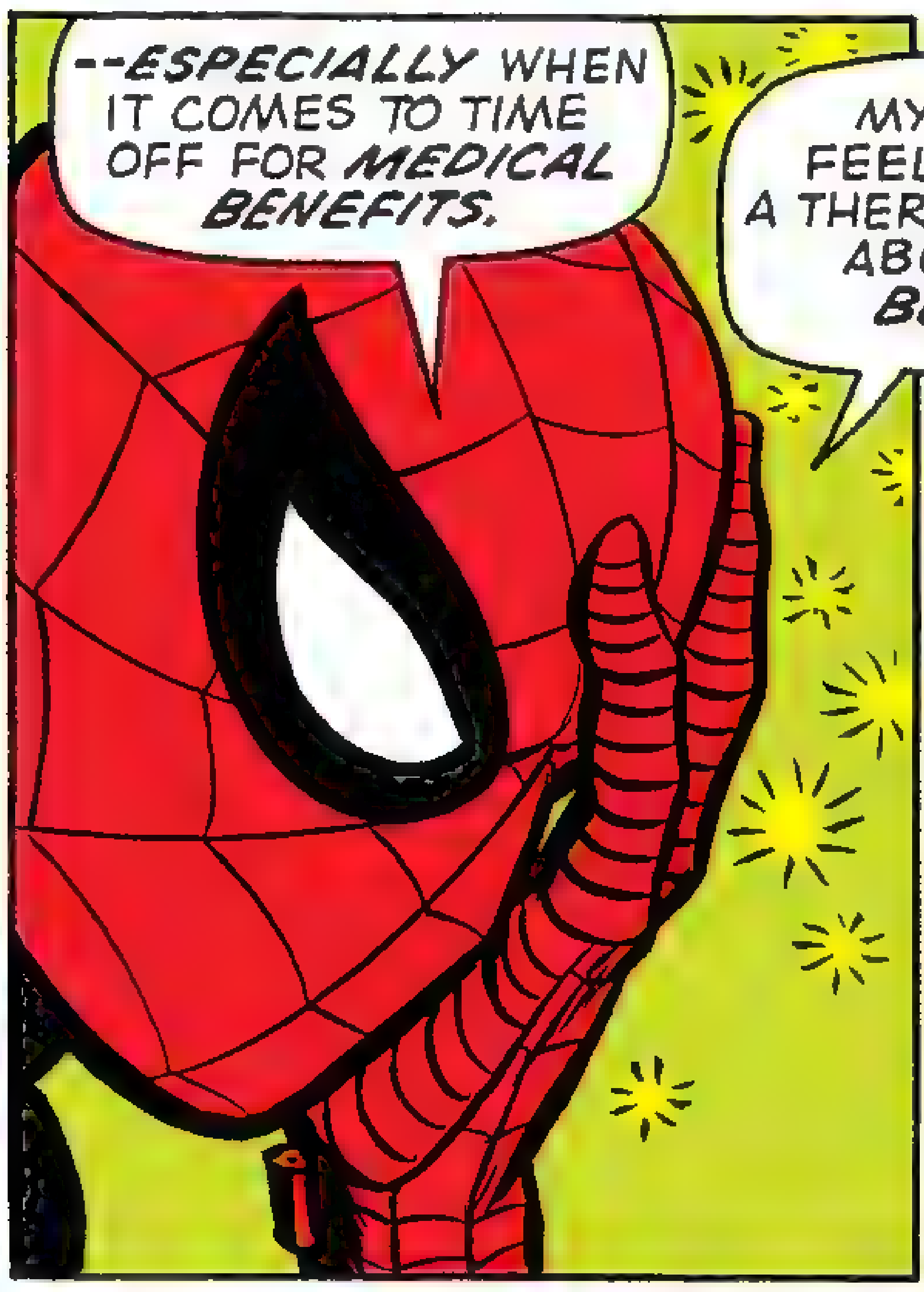

OTB
BACK
NO PARKING
HIS FOOTSTEPS MAKE A DRUM-BEAT ON THE CRACKED PAVEMENT OF MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE--BUT HE SEEMS LITERALLY UNAWARE OF THE SOUND--
--AWARE ONLY OF AN INNER SOUND, A LONG TRAILING MOAN--

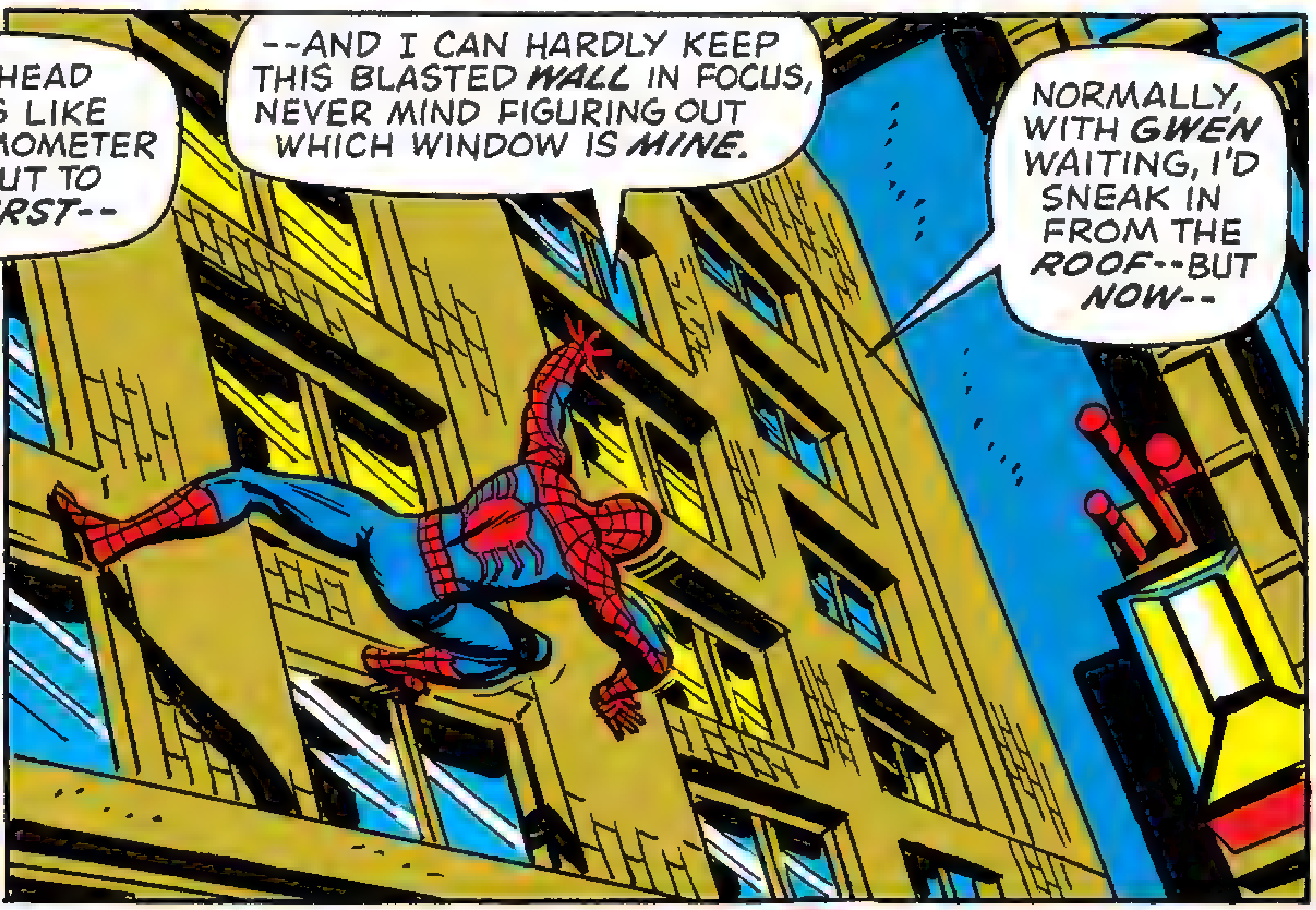

--THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF HIS ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE!
HERE! THIS IS THE PLACE--THE PLACE I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN NOT TO REMEMBER IT BEFORE!
NO PARKING 8AM TO 11AM TUES-FRI

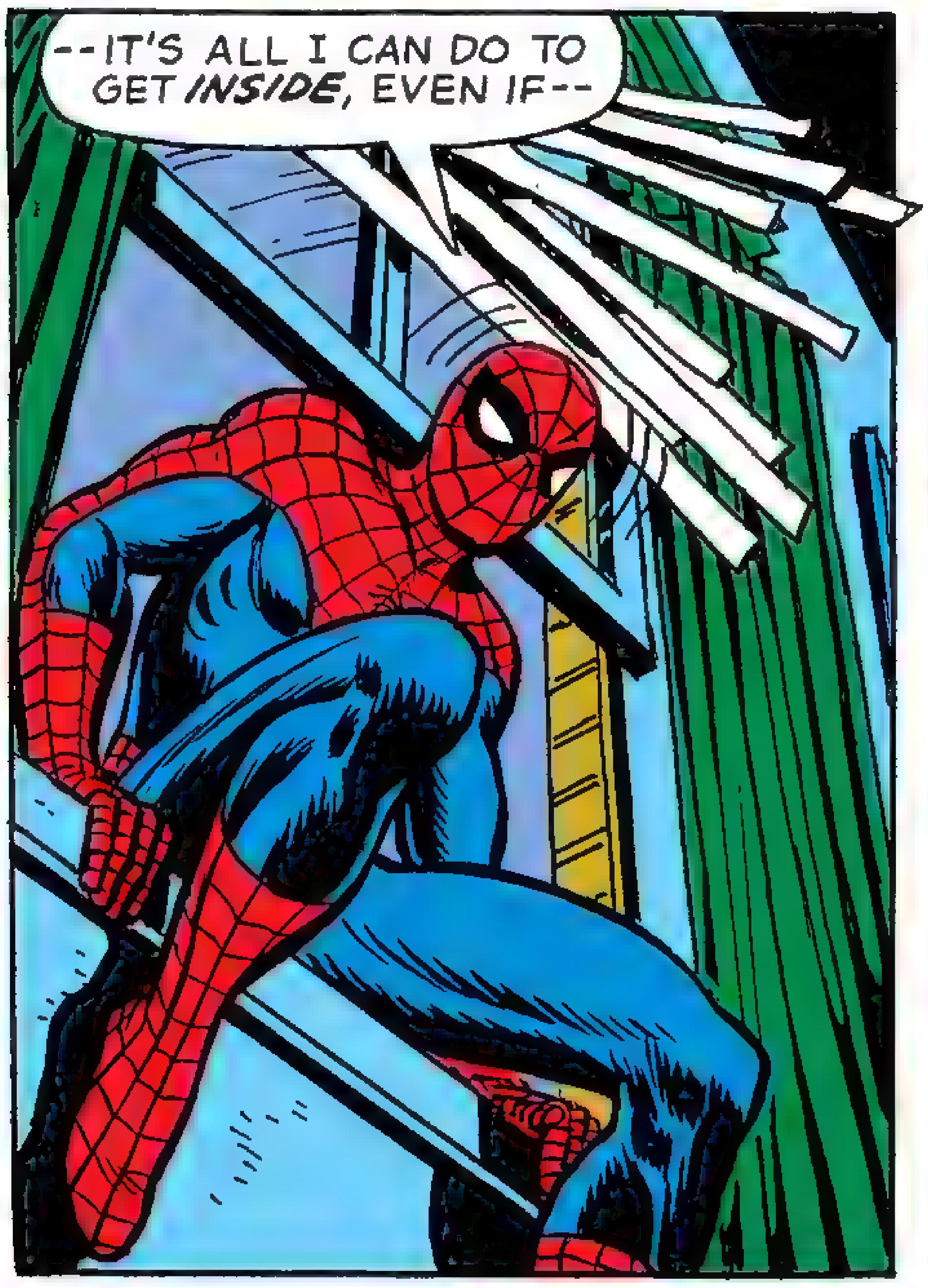

SPIDER-MAN *IS* MY ENEMY--MY MORTAL *FOE!*
OF ALL THE MEN ON *EARTH,* HE IS THE ONE I MUST MOST *DESPISE--*
--FOR HE IS THE MAN WHO KEEPS ME FROM *MYSELF--*
--*HE* IS THE ONE WHO MADE MY MIND *FORGET--*
--*THAT I AM THE GOBLIN--*
--*THE GREEN GOBLIN!*
AND BECAUSE OF WHAT HE'S DONE TO *ME*--AND TO MY *SON*--SPIDER-MAN, THE CURSED *PETER PARKER--*
--*MUST DIE! DIE! DIE!*
MINUTES LATER, IN THE APARTMENT PETER ***SHARES*** *WITH HARRY OSBORN, WE FIND--*
POOR ***HARRY...*** I WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING I COULD DO TO ***HELP*** HIM.
IF ONLY ***PETER*** WOULD COME BACK... WE COULD ***TALK*** ABOUT IT...
...AND MAYBE ***UNDERSTAND*** WHAT WENT WRONG IN HARRY'S LIFE...TO MAKE HIM WHAT HE ***IS.***
FOR GWEN STACY, PETER'S ***BELOVED,*** *THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS ABOUT TO BECOME ABRUPTLY* ***CLEAR--***

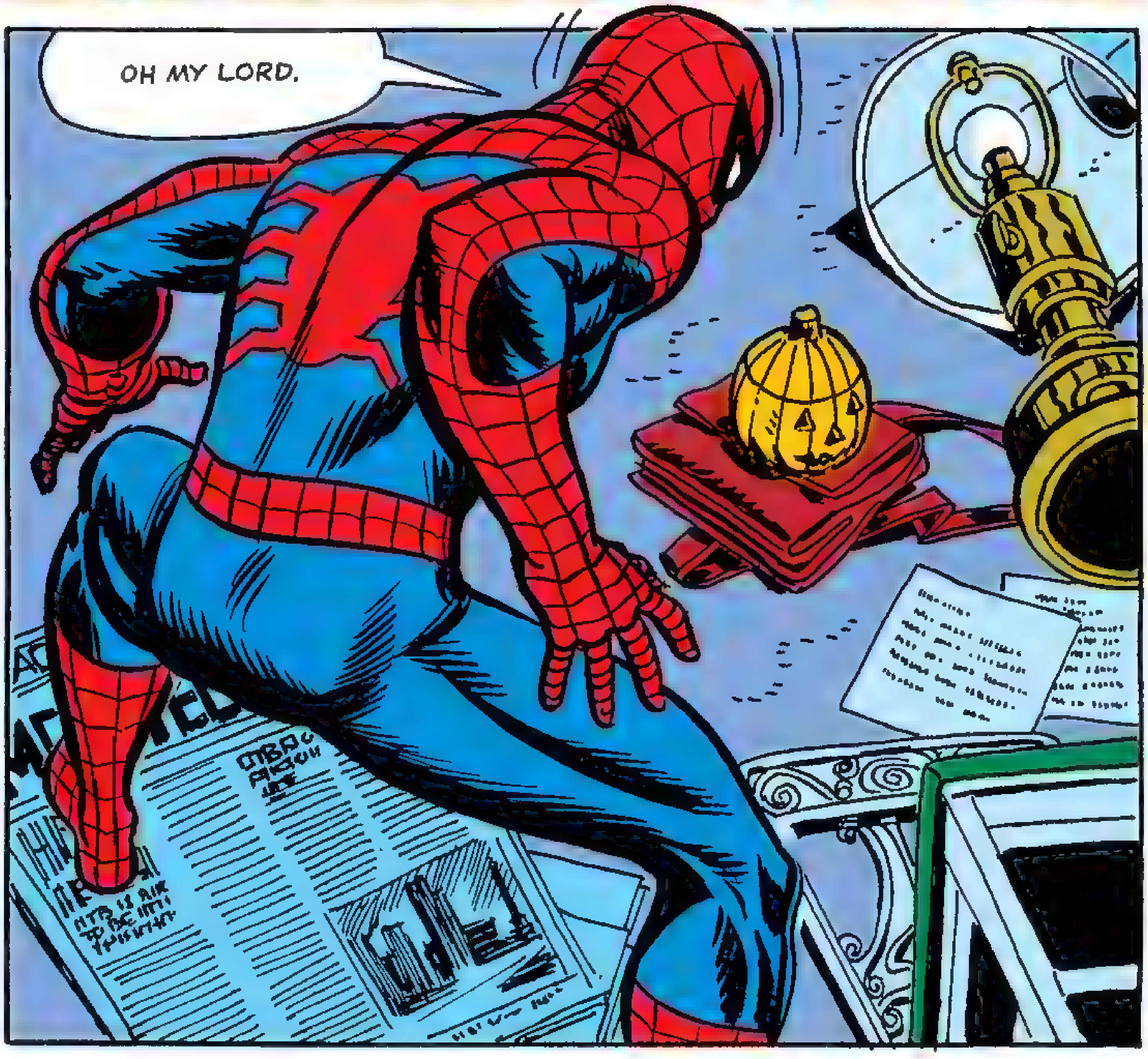

--BUT FOR OUR WEB-SLINGING **HERO**, STILL SEVERAL BLOCKS **SOUTH** OF HIS UPPER-EAST-SIDE PAD, THAT'S ONE DRAMATIC REVELATION MOMENTARILY **DELAYED**, AS--

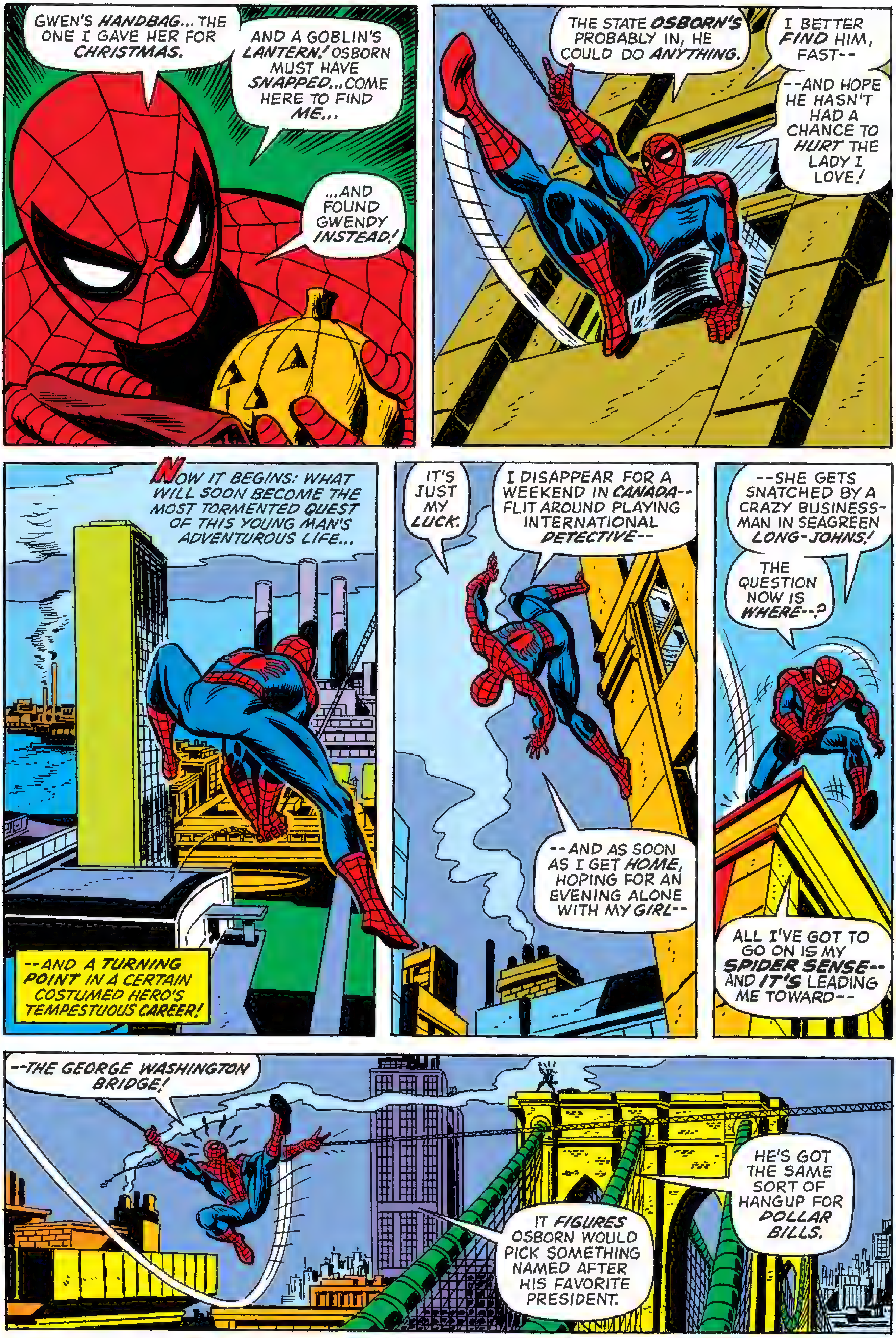

OBOY.
ALMOST LOST MY **BALANCE** THAT TIME-- **AND** MY HEAD!
BEING A DASHING COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTER ISN'T ALL ITS **CRACKED UP** TO BE--

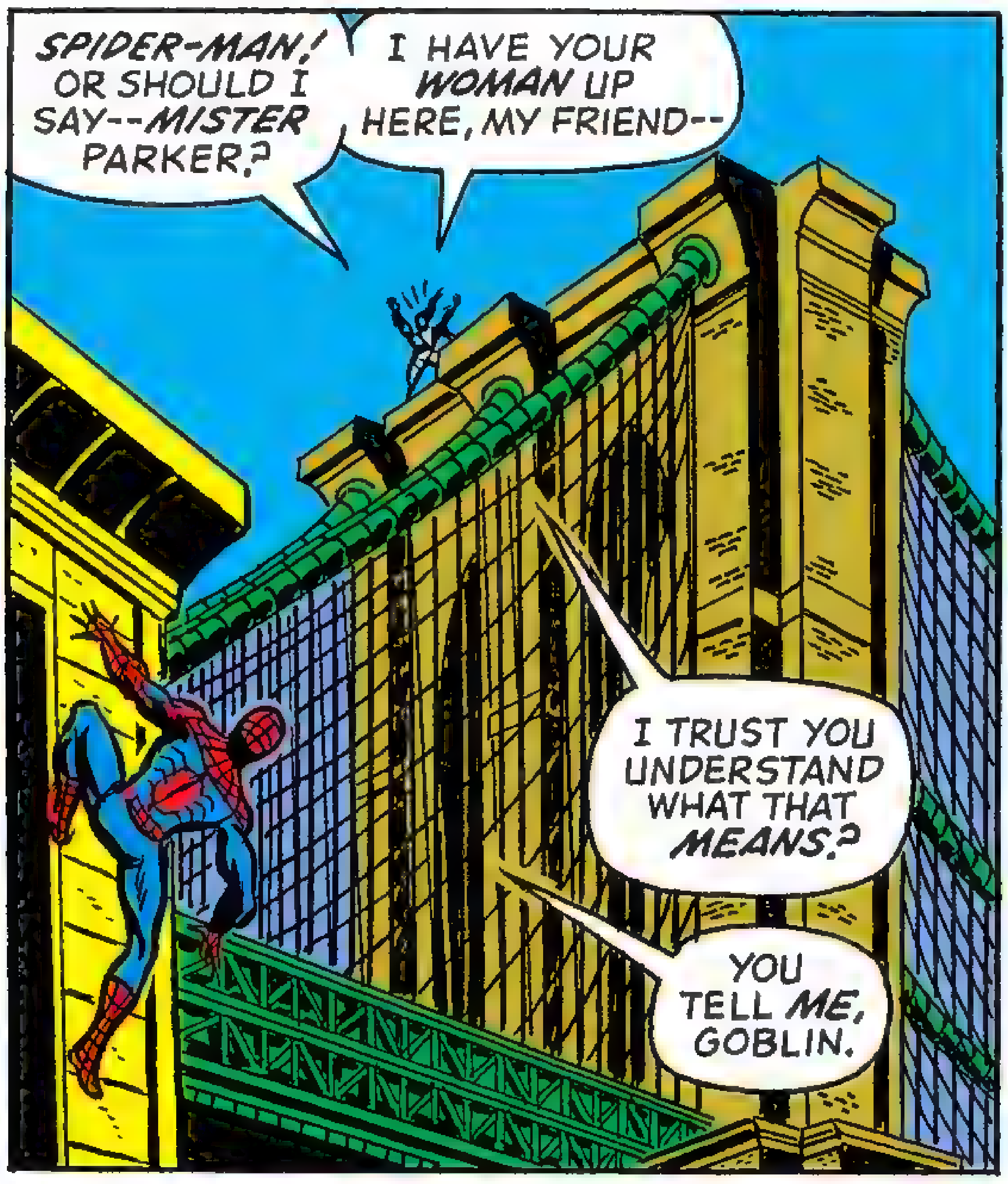

--**ESPECIALLY** WHEN IT COMES TO TIME OFF FOR **MEDICAL BENEFITS**.
MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A THERMOMETER ABOUT TO **BURST**--

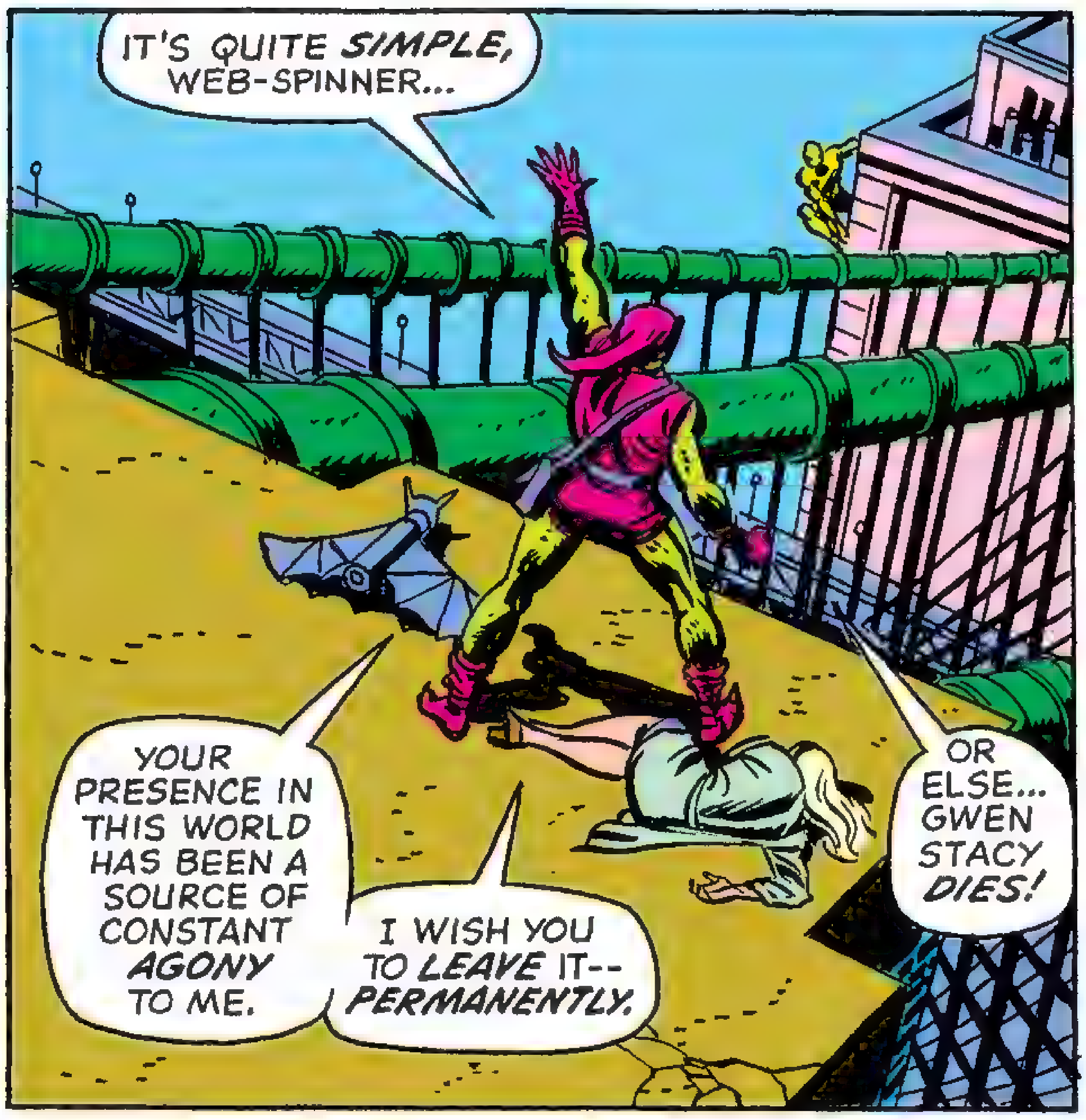

--AND I CAN HARDLY KEEP THIS BLASTED **WALL** IN FOCUS, NEVER MIND FIGURING OUT WHICH WINDOW IS **MINE**.
NORMALLY, WITH **GWEN** WAITING, I'D SNEAK IN FROM THE **ROOF**--BUT **NOW**--

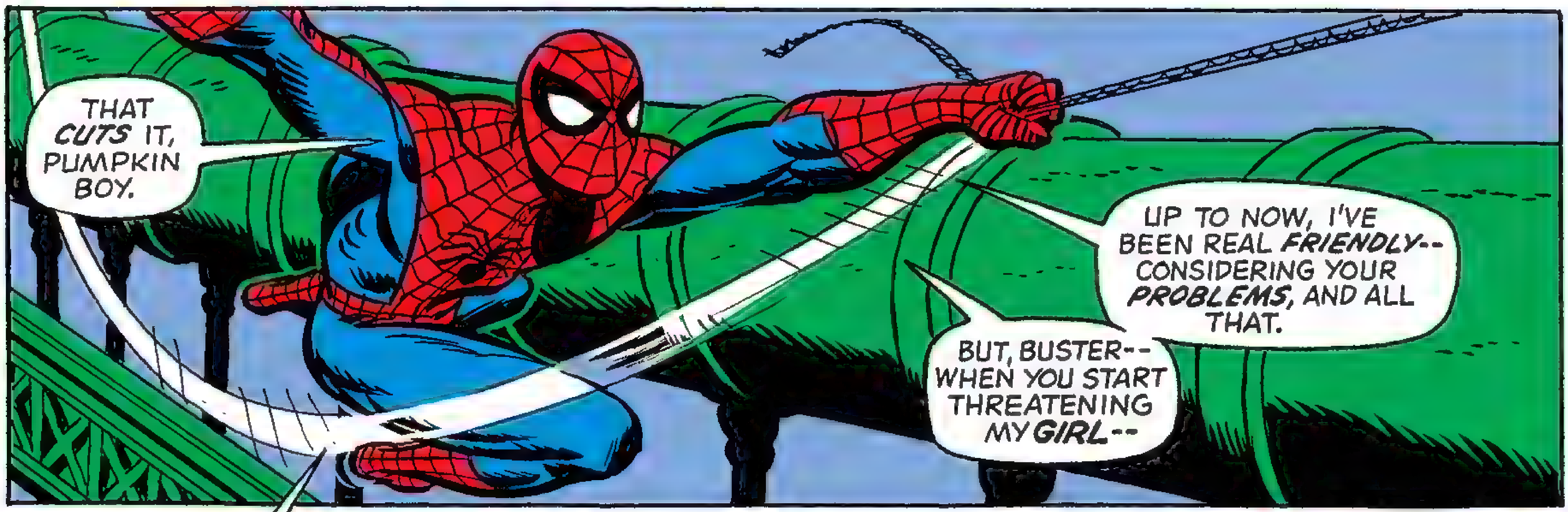

--IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO GET **INSIDE**, EVEN IF--

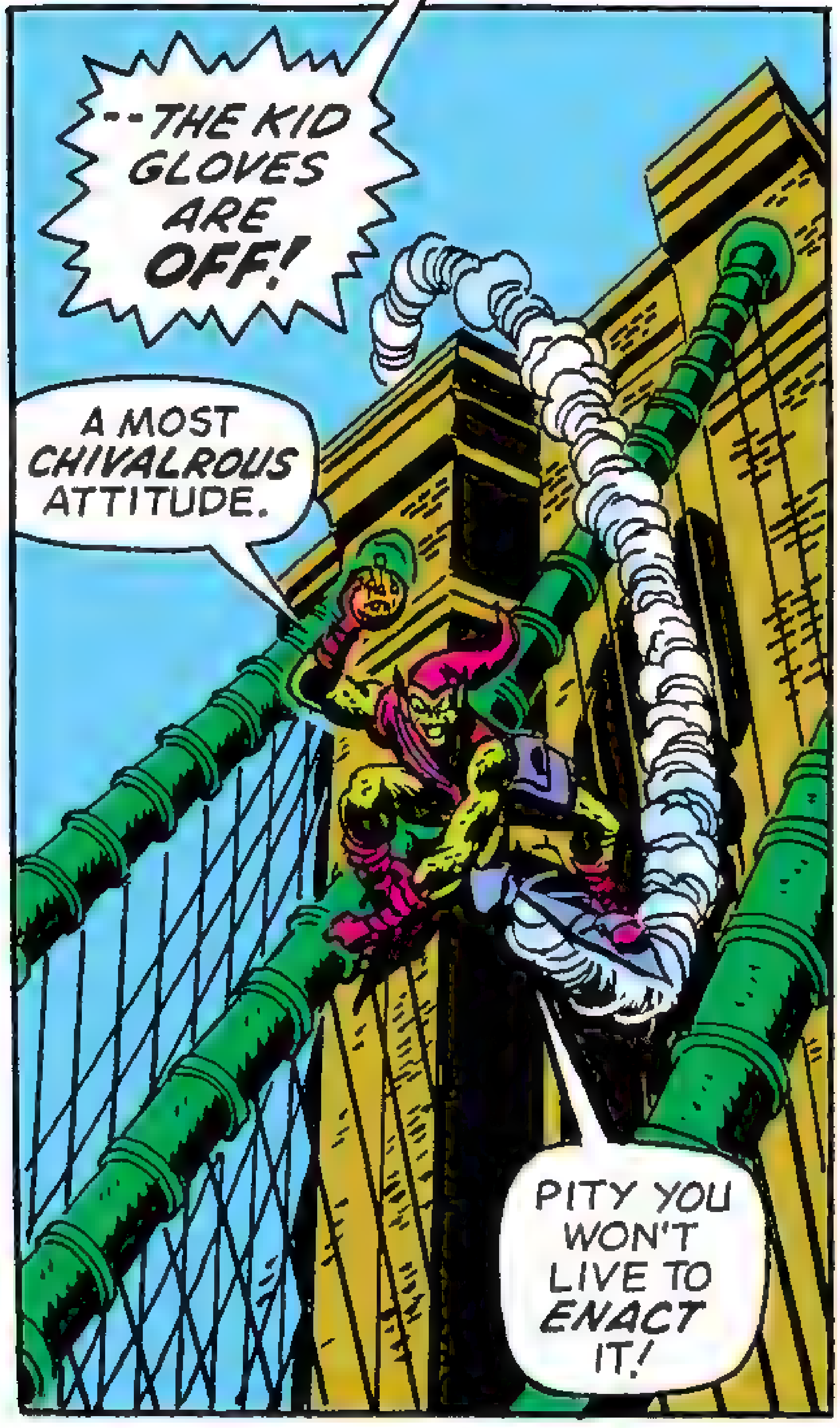

OH MY LORD.

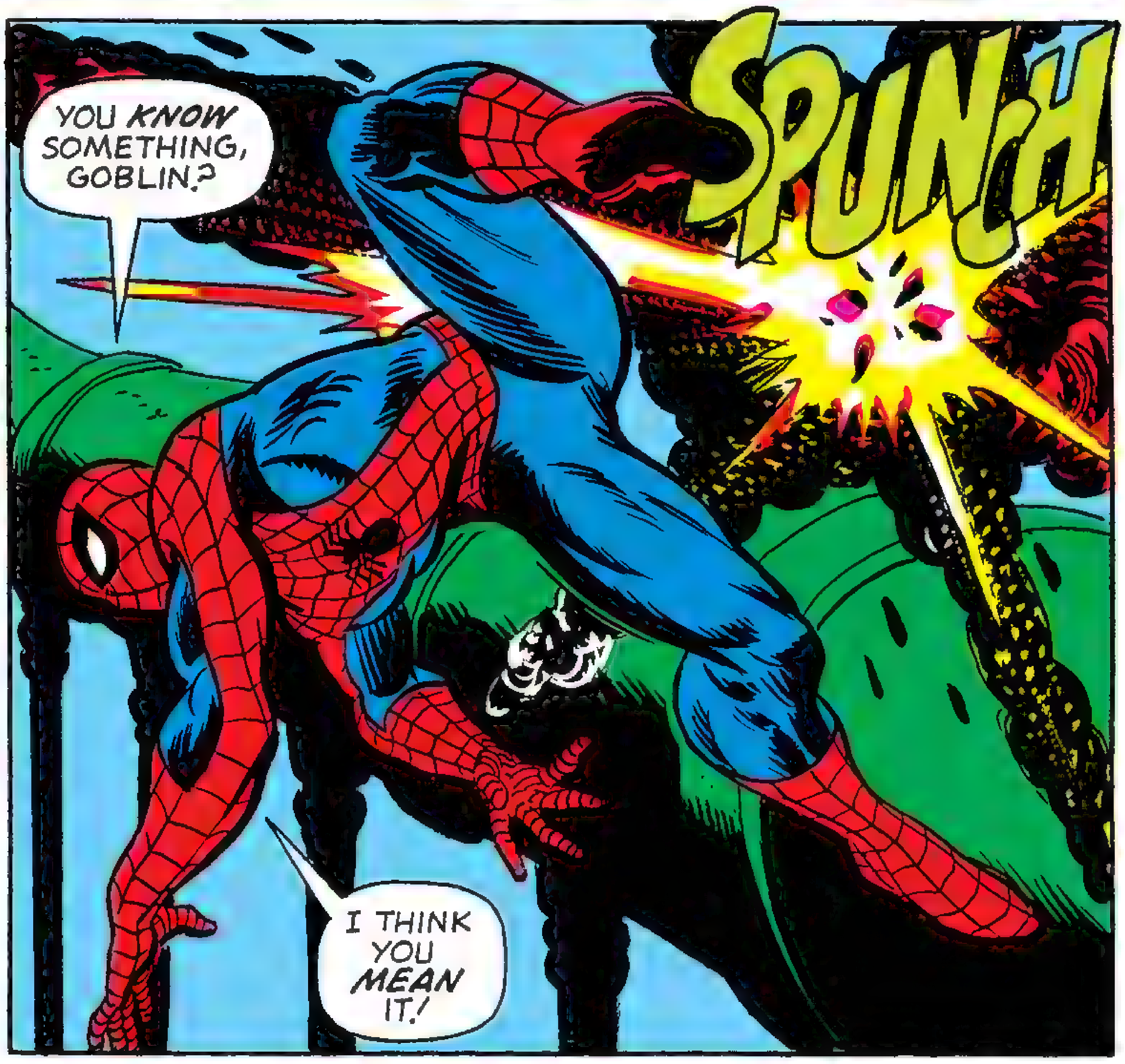

GWEN'S *HANDBAG*... THE ONE I GAVE HER FOR *CHRISTMAS.*
AND A GOBLIN'S *LANTERN!* OSBORN MUST HAVE *SNAPPED*... COME HERE TO FIND *ME*...
...AND FOUND GWENDY *INSTEAD!*
THE STATE *OSBORN'S* PROBABLY IN, HE COULD DO *ANYTHING.*
I BETTER *FIND* HIM, FAST--
--AND HOPE HE HASN'T HAD A CHANCE TO *HURT* THE LADY I LOVE!
NOW IT BEGINS: WHAT WILL SOON BECOME THE MOST TORMENTED QUEST OF THIS YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTUROUS LIFE...
--AND A TURNING POINT IN A CERTAIN COSTUMED HERO'S TEMPESTUOUS CAREER!
IT'S JUST MY *LUCK.*
I DISAPPEAR FOR A WEEKEND IN *CANADA*-- FLIT AROUND PLAYING INTERNATIONAL *DETECTIVE*--
--AND AS SOON AS I GET *HOME,* HOPING FOR AN EVENING ALONE WITH MY *GIRL*--
--SHE GETS SNATCHED BY A CRAZY BUSINESS-MAN IN SEAGREEN *LONG-JOHNS!*
THE QUESTION NOW IS *WHERE--?*
ALL I'VE GOT TO GO ON IS MY *SPIDER SENSE*-- AND *IT'S* LEADING ME TOWARD--
--THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!
IT *FIGURES* OSBORN WOULD PICK SOMETHING NAMED AFTER HIS FAVORITE PRESIDENT.
HE'S GOT THE SAME SORT OF HANGUP FOR *DOLLAR BILLS.*

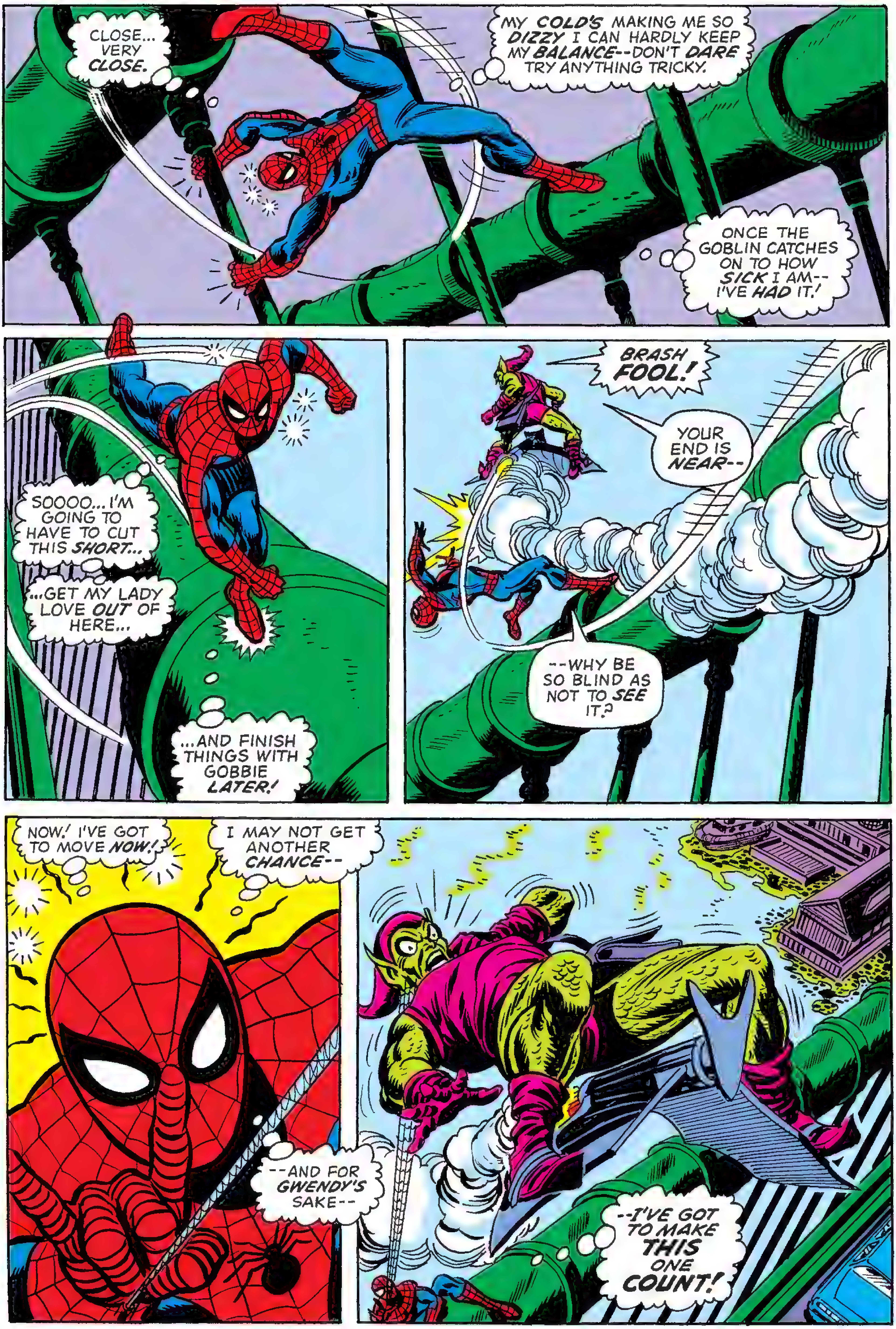

SPIDER-MAN! OR SHOULD I SAY--MISTER PARKER?
I HAVE YOUR WOMAN UP HERE, MY FRIEND--
I TRUST YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?
YOU TELL ME, GOBLIN.

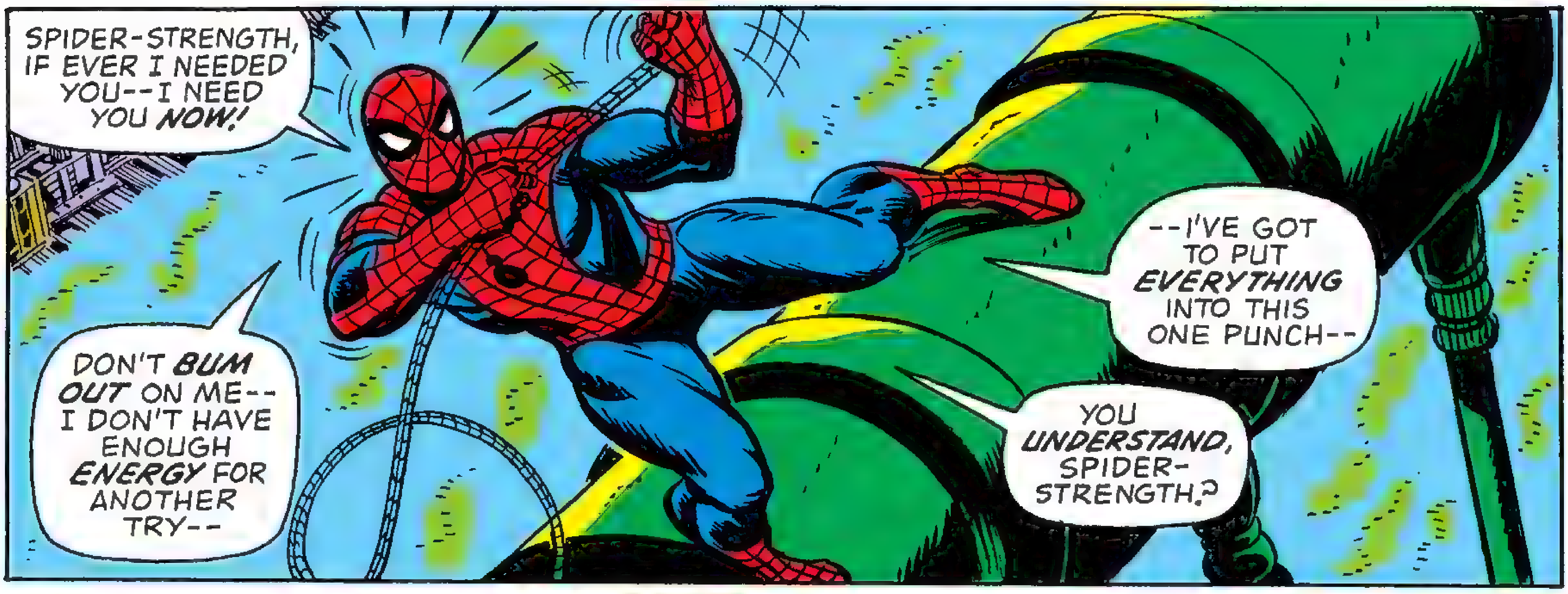

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, WEB-SPINNER...
YOUR PRESENCE IN THIS WORLD HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF CONSTANT AGONY TO ME.
I WISH YOU TO LEAVE IT--PERMANENTLY.
OR ELSE... GWEN STACY DIES!

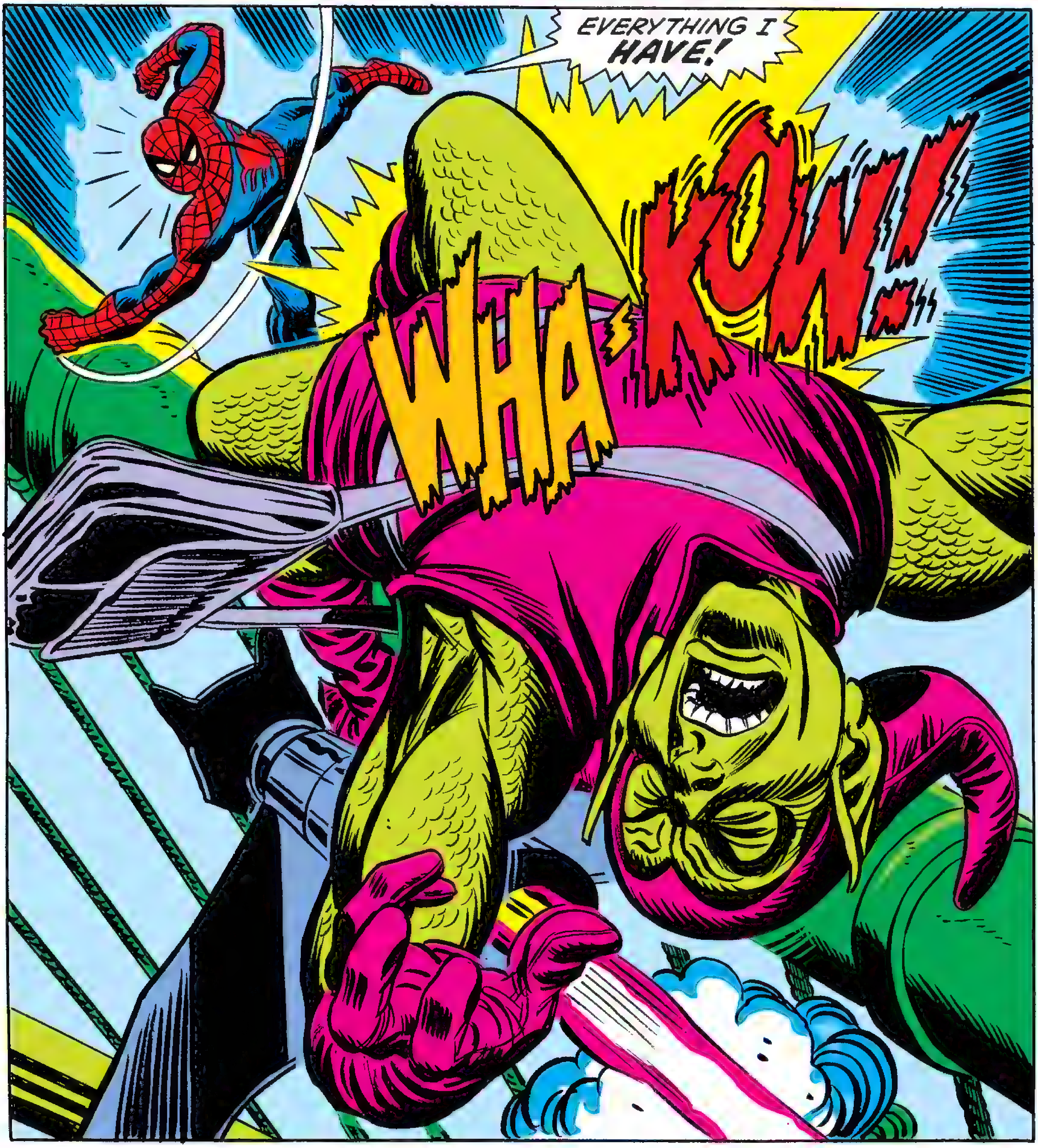

THAT CUTS IT, PUMPKIN BOY.
UP TO NOW, I'VE BEEN REAL FRIENDLY--CONSIDERING YOUR PROBLEMS, AND ALL THAT.
BUT, BUSTER--WHEN YOU START THREATENING MY GIRL--

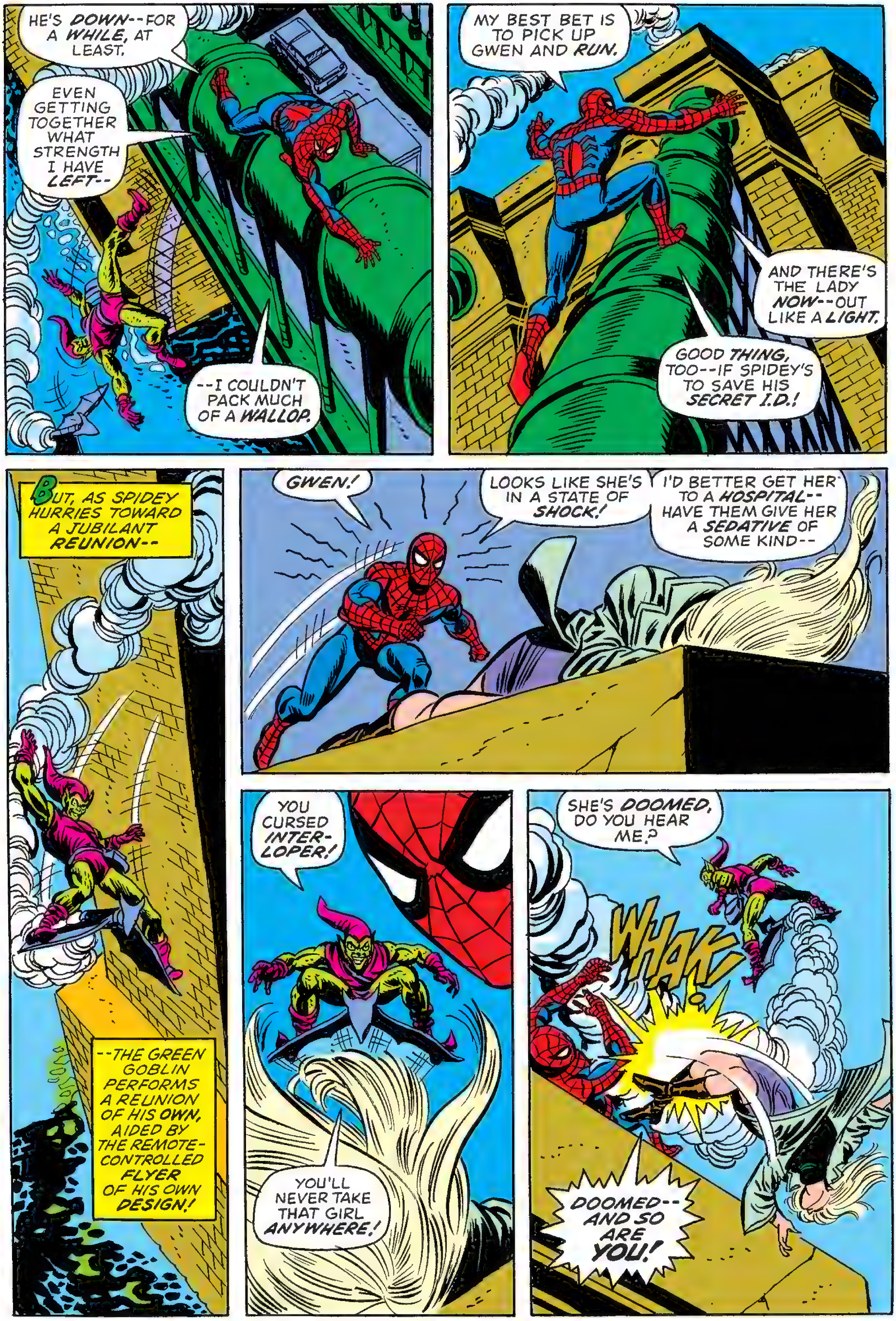

--THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF!
A MOST CHIVALROUS ATTITUDE.
PITY YOU WON'T LIVE TO ENACT IT!

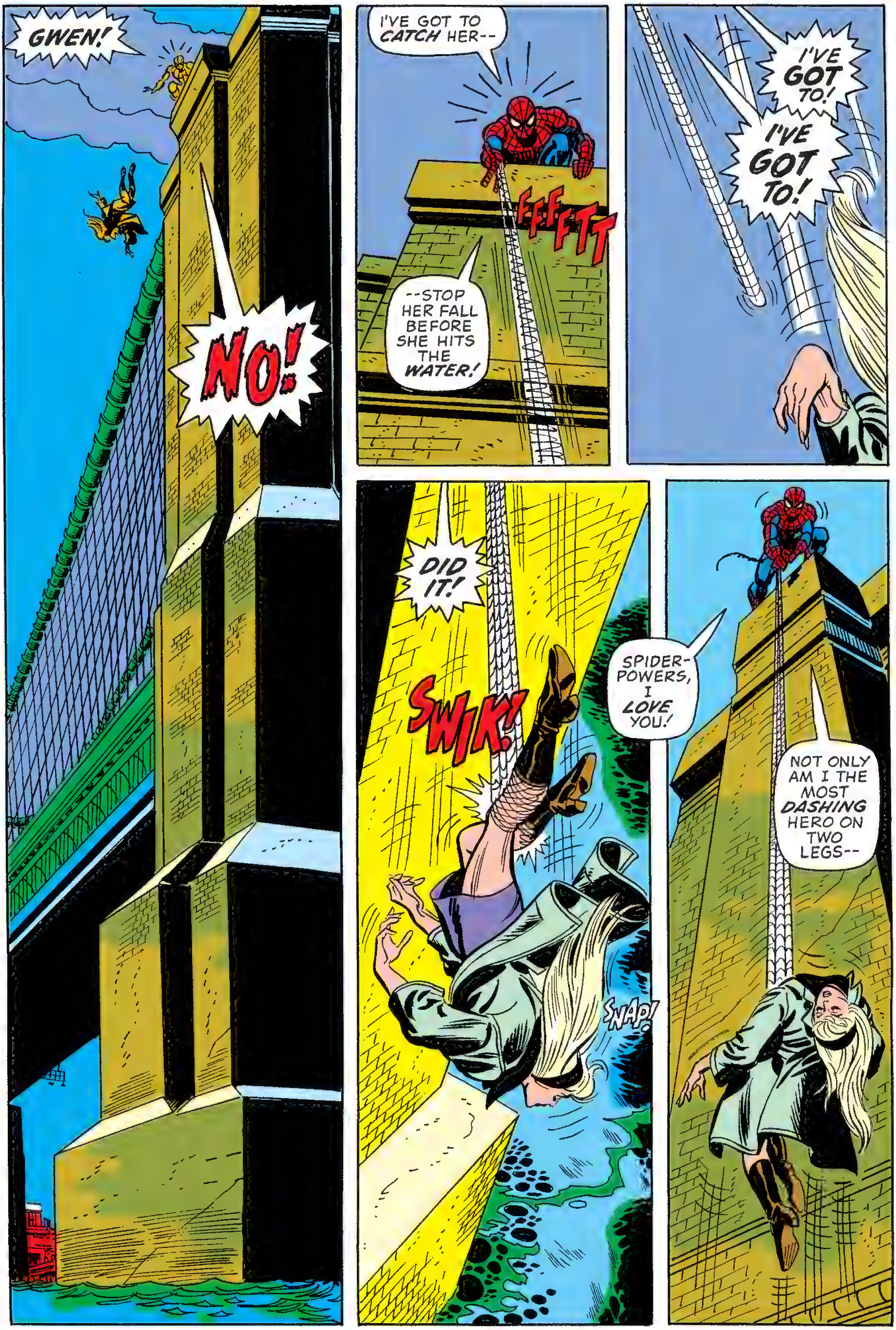

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, GOBLIN?
SPUNCH
I THINK YOU MEAN IT!

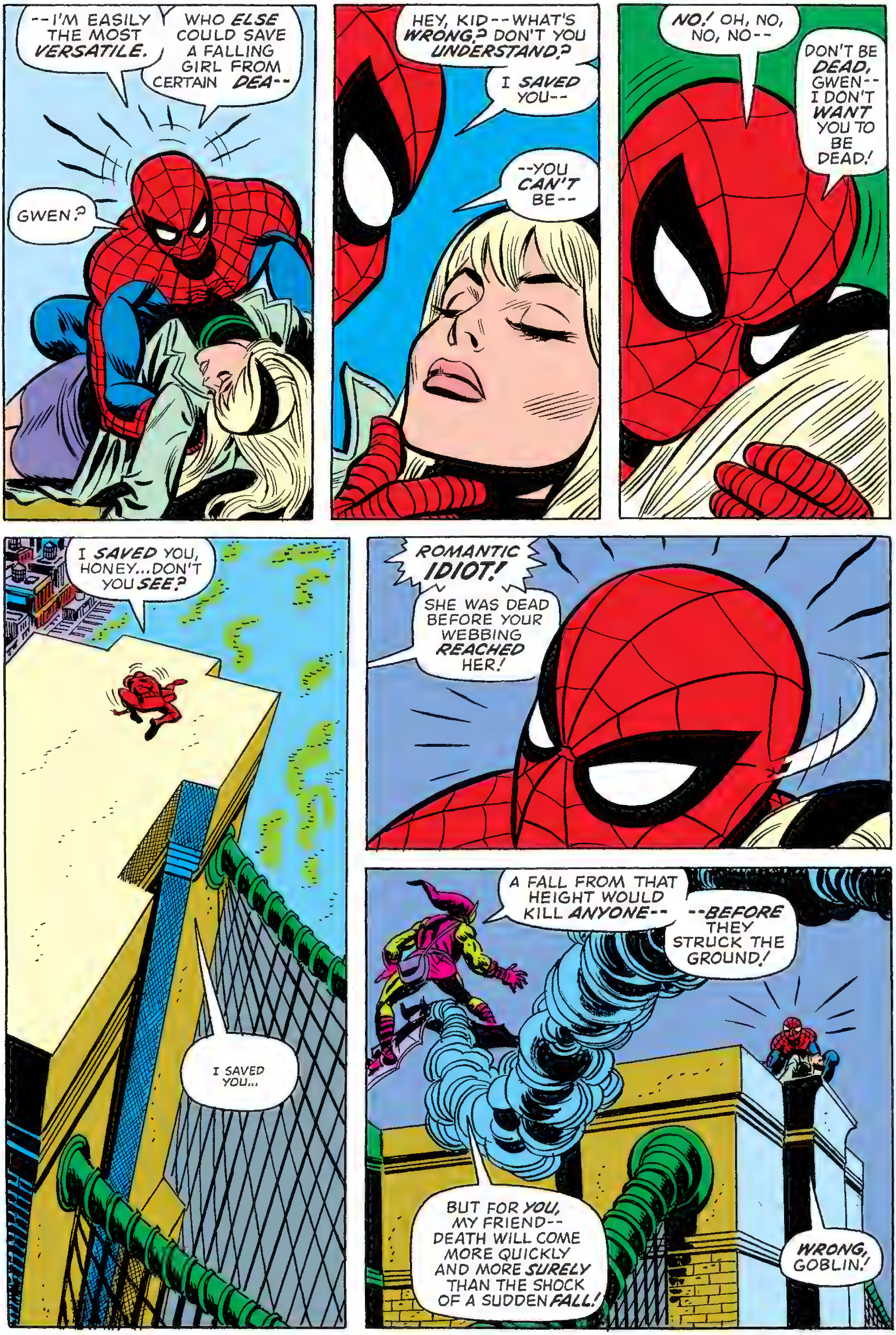

CLOSE... VERY CLOSE.
MY COLD'S MAKING ME SO DIZZY I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY BALANCE--DON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING TRICKY.
ONCE THE GOBLIN CATCHES ON TO HOW SICK I AM--I'VE HAD IT!
SOOOO...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CUT THIS SHORT...
...GET MY LADY LOVE OUT OF HERE...
...AND FINISH THINGS WITH GOBBIE LATER!
BRASH FOOL!
YOUR END IS NEAR--
--WHY BE SO BLIND AS NOT TO SEE IT?
NOW! I'VE GOT TO MOVE NOW!
I MAY NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE--
--AND FOR GWENDY'S SAKE--
--I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS ONE COUNT!

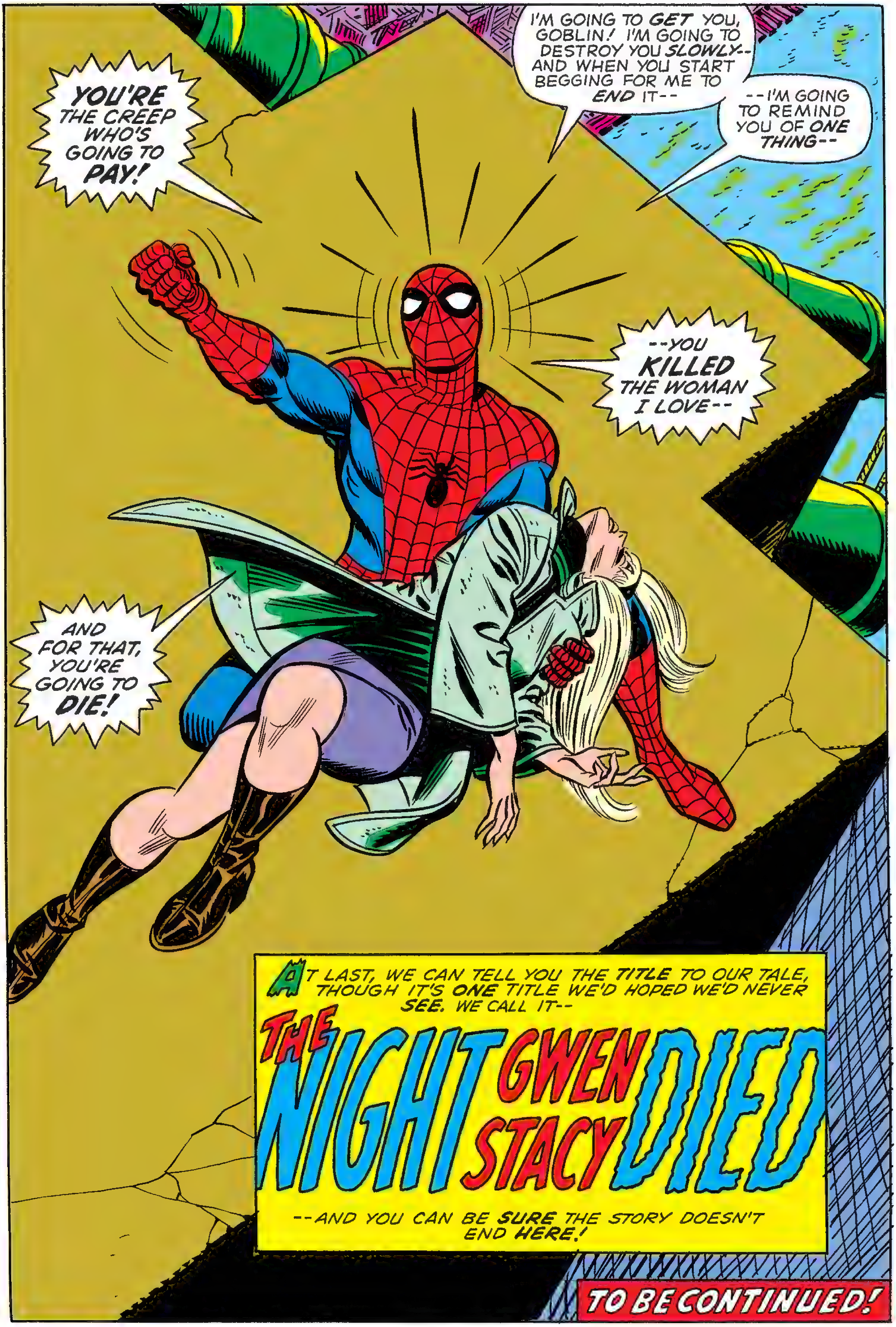

SPIDER-STRENGTH, IF EVER I NEEDED YOU--I NEED YOU *NOW!*
DON'T *BUM OUT* ON ME-- I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH *ENERGY* FOR ANOTHER TRY--
--I'VE GOT TO PUT *EVERYTHING* INTO THIS ONE PUNCH--
YOU *UNDERSTAND,* SPIDER-STRENGTH?

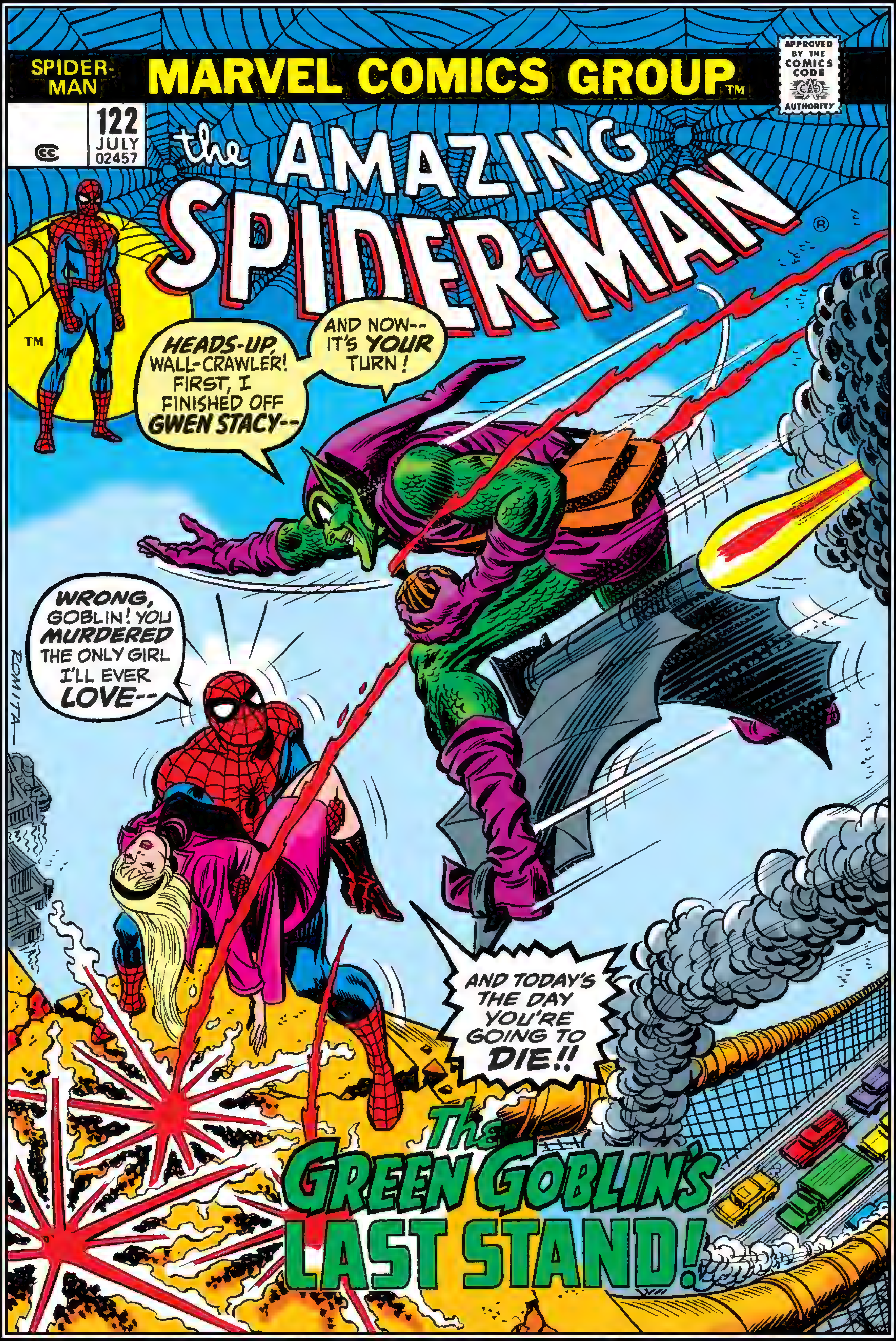

EVERYTHING I *HAVE!*
WHA-KOW!!


HE'S DOWN--FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST.
EVEN GETTING TOGETHER WHAT STRENGTH I HAVE LEFT--
--I COULDN'T PACK MUCH OF A WALLOP.
MY BEST BET IS TO PICK UP GWEN AND RUN.
AND THERE'S THE LADY NOW--OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
GOOD THING, TOO--IF SPIDEY'S TO SAVE HIS SECRET I.D.!
BUT, AS SPIDEY HURRIES TOWARD A JUBILANT REUNION--
--THE GREEN GOBLIN PERFORMS A REUNION OF HIS OWN, AIDED BY THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED FLYER OF HIS OWN DESIGN!
GWEN!
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK!
I'D BETTER GET HER TO A HOSPITAL--HAVE THEM GIVE HER A SEDATIVE OF SOME KIND--
YOU CURSED INTER-LOPER!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THAT GIRL ANYWHERE!
SHE'S DOOMED, DO YOU HEAR ME?
WHAK!
DOOMED--AND SO ARE YOU!

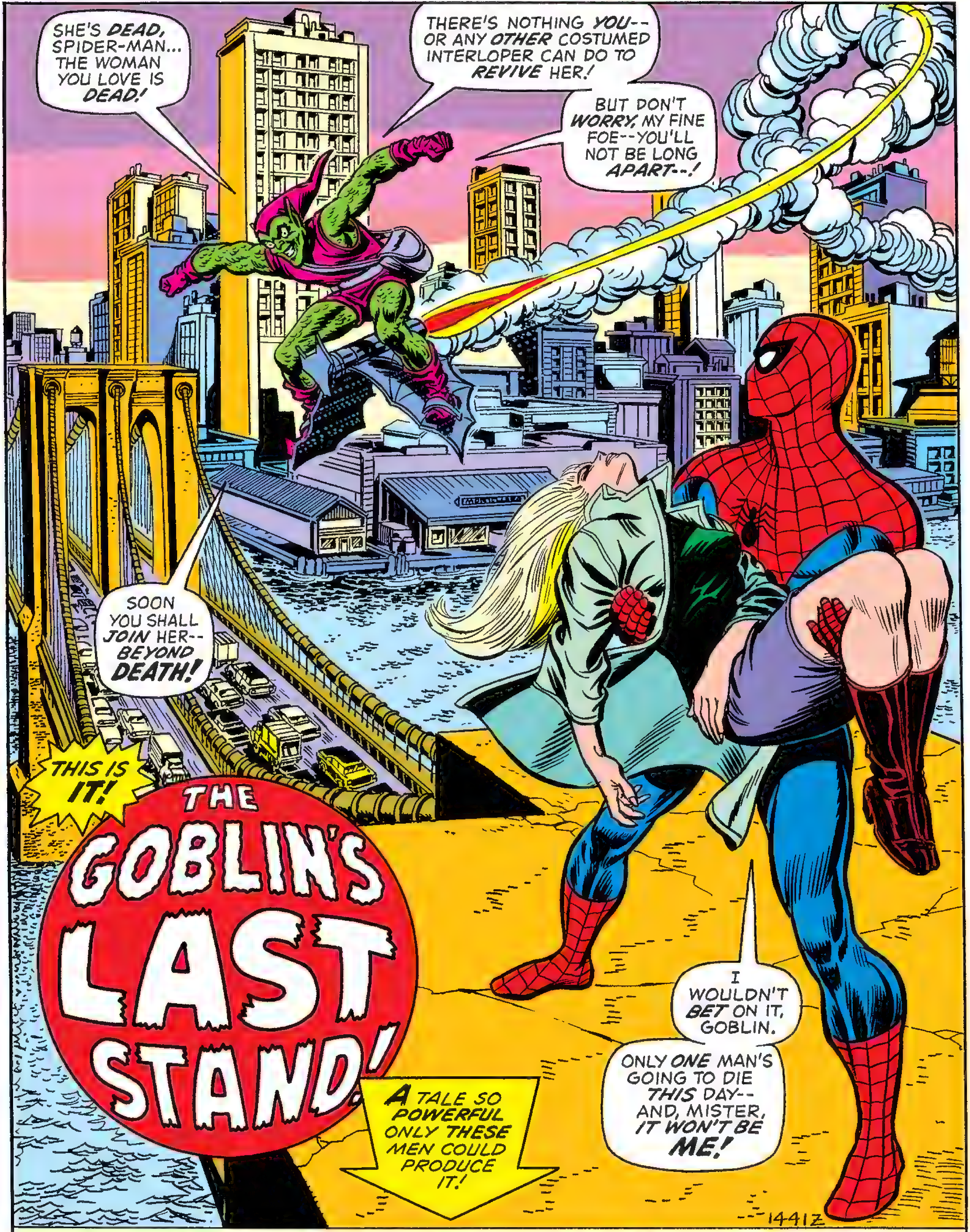

GWEN!
NO!
I'VE GOT TO CATCH HER--
FFFFTT
--STOP HER FALL BEFORE SHE HITS THE WATER!
I'VE GOT TO!
I'VE GOT TO!
DID IT!
SWIK!
SNAP!
SPIDER-POWERS, I LOVE YOU!
NOT ONLY AM I THE MOST DASHING HERO ON TWO LEGS--


--I'M EASILY THE MOST *VERSATILE.*
WHO *ELSE* COULD SAVE A FALLING GIRL FROM CERTAIN *DEA--*
GWEN?
HEY, KID--WHAT'S *WRONG?* DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND?*
I *SAVED* YOU--
--YOU *CAN'T* BE--
NO! OH, NO, NO, NO--
DON'T BE *DEAD,* GWEN-- I DON'T *WANT* YOU TO BE DEAD!
I *SAVED* YOU, HONEY...DON'T YOU *SEE?*
I SAVED YOU...
ROMANTIC IDIOT!
SHE WAS DEAD BEFORE YOUR WEBBING *REACHED* HER!
A FALL FROM THAT HEIGHT WOULD KILL *ANYONE--*
--BEFORE THEY STRUCK THE GROUND!
BUT FOR *YOU,* MY FRIEND-- DEATH WILL COME MORE QUICKLY AND MORE *SURELY* THAN THE SHOCK OF A SUDDEN *FALL!*
WRONG, GOBLIN!

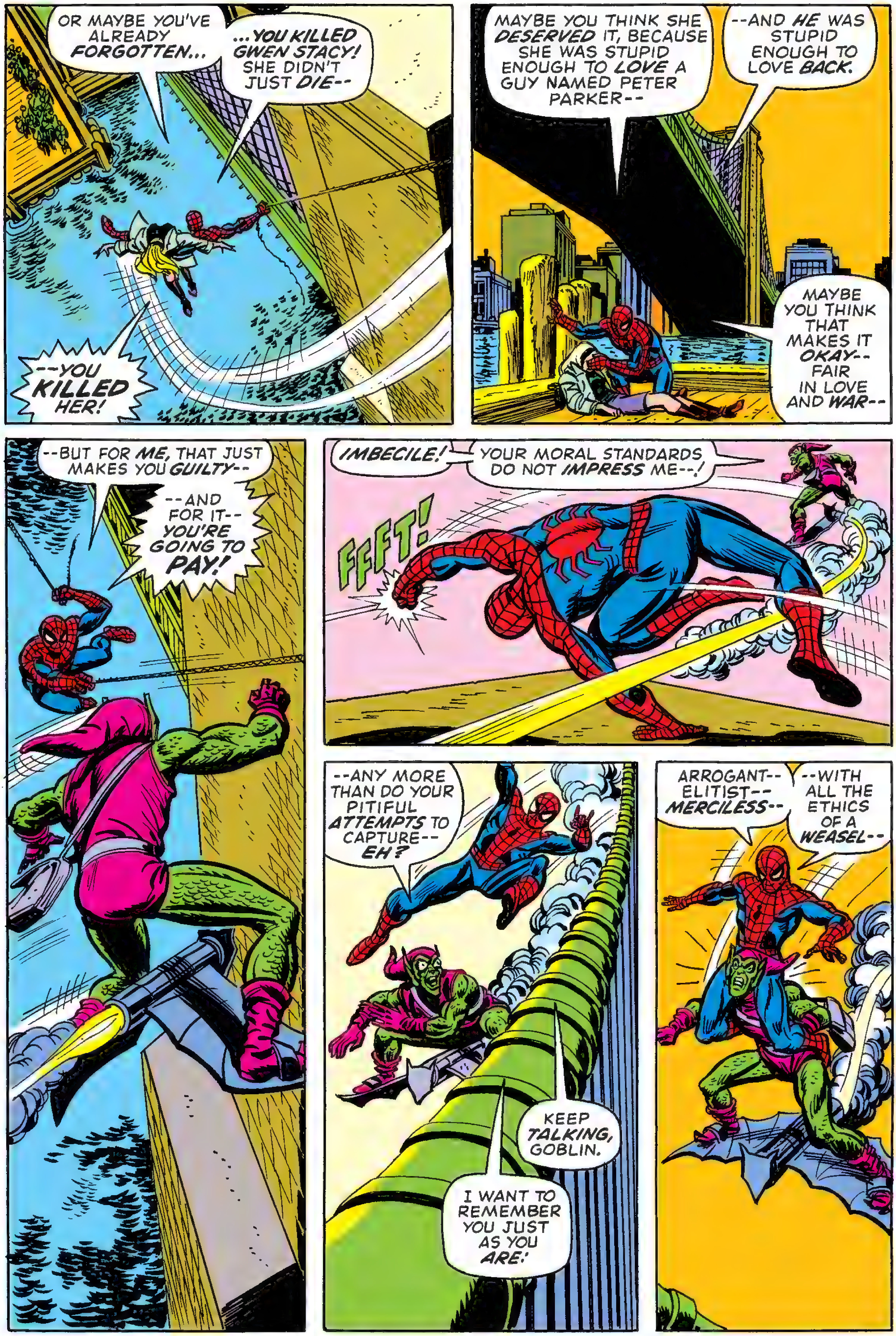

YOU'RE THE CREEP WHO'S GOING TO PAY!
I'M GOING TO GET YOU, GOBLIN! I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU SLOWLY-- AND WHEN YOU START BEGGING FOR ME TO END IT--
--I'M GOING TO REMIND YOU OF ONE THING--
--YOU KILLED THE WOMAN I LOVE--
AND FOR THAT, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!
AT LAST, WE CAN TELL YOU THE TITLE TO OUR TALE, THOUGH IT'S ONE TITLE WE'D HOPED WE'D NEVER SEE. WE CALL IT--
THE NIGHT GWEN STACY DIED
--AND YOU CAN BE SURE THE STORY DOESN'T END HERE!
TO BE CONTINUED!

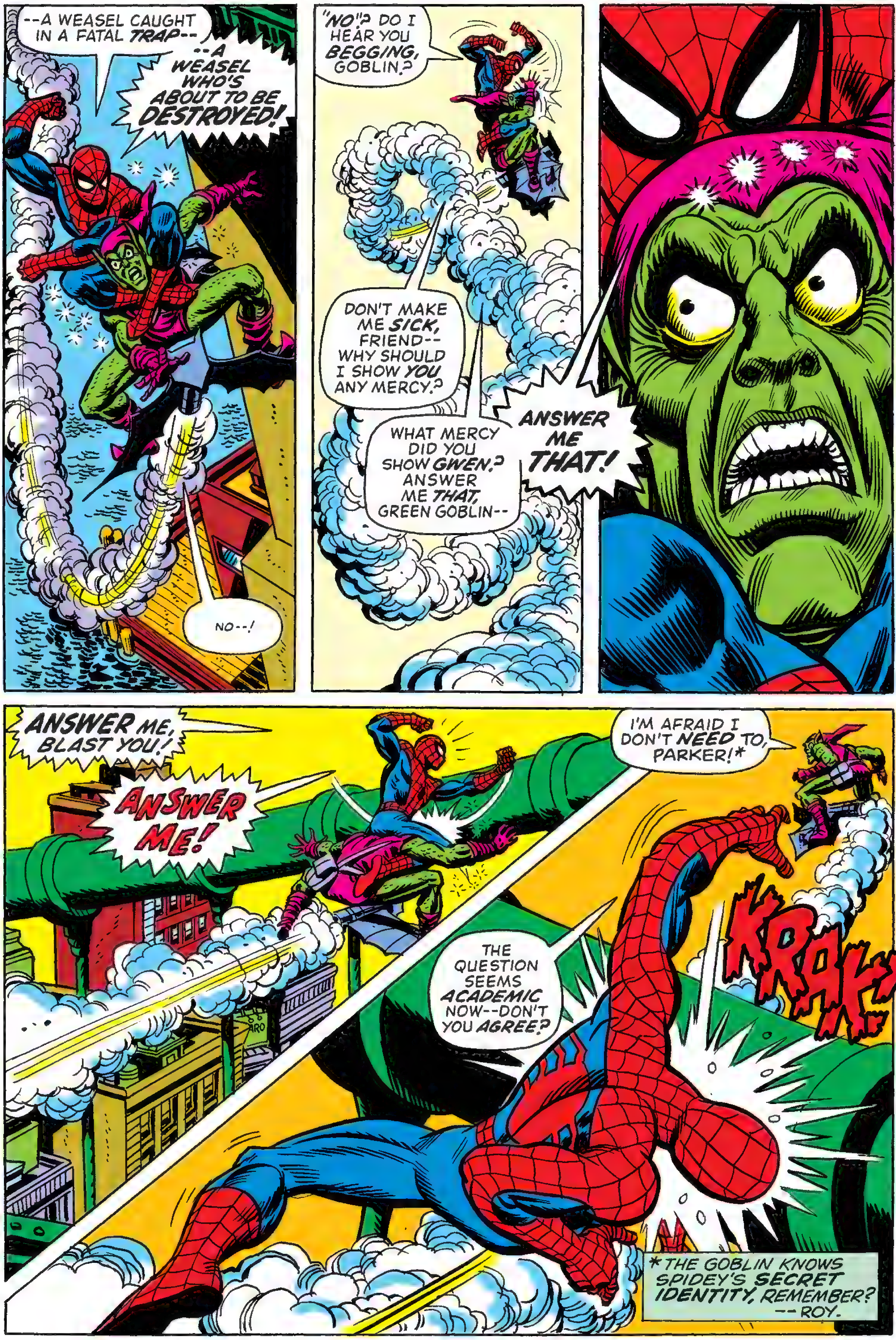

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
122
JULY
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
™
HEADS-UP, WALL-CRAWLER! FIRST, I FINISHED OFF GWEN STACY--
AND NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN!
WRONG, GOBLIN! YOU MURDERED THE ONLY GIRL I'LL EVER LOVE--
ROMITA
AND TODAY'S THE DAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!!
The GREEN GOBLIN'S LAST STAND!

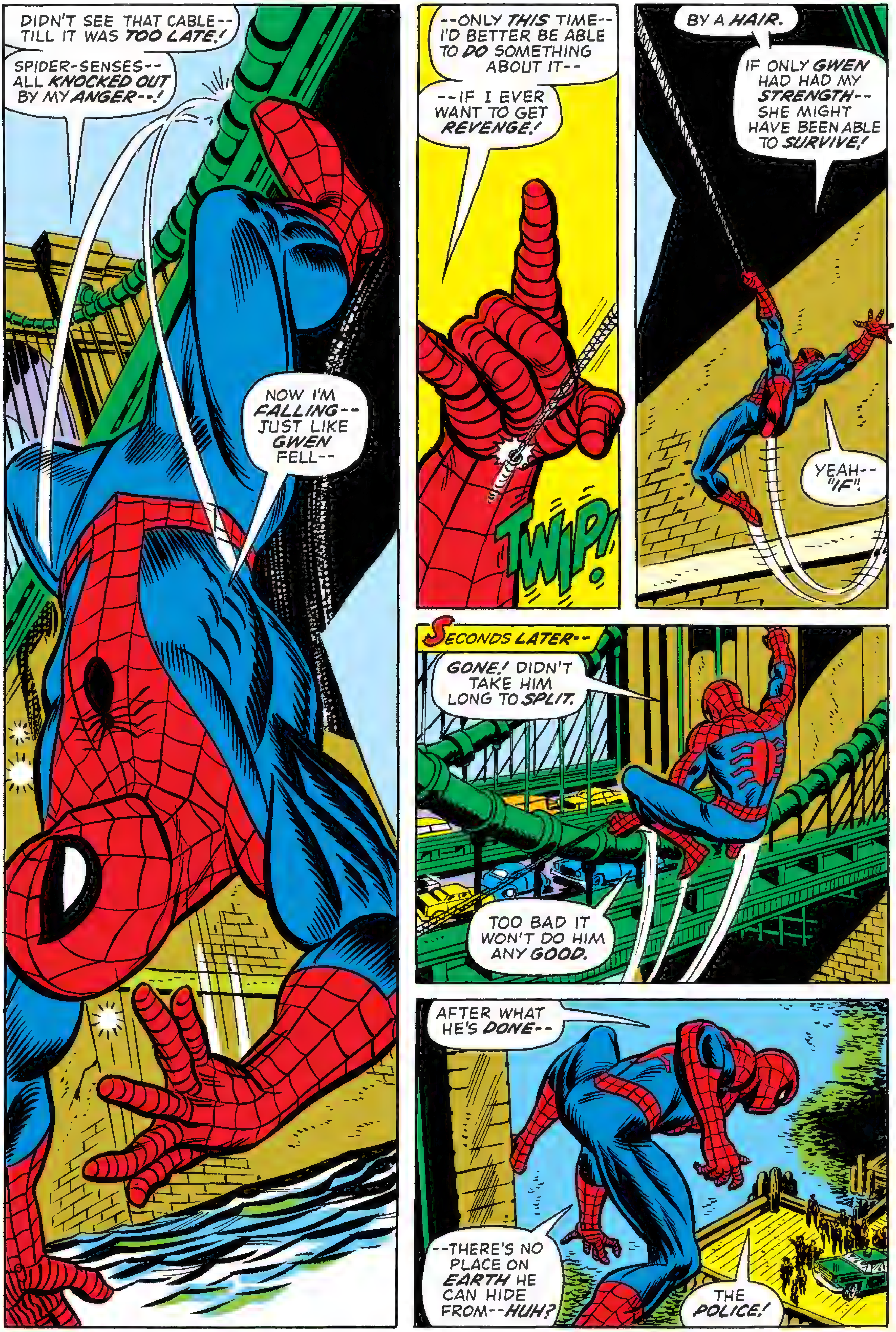
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**™

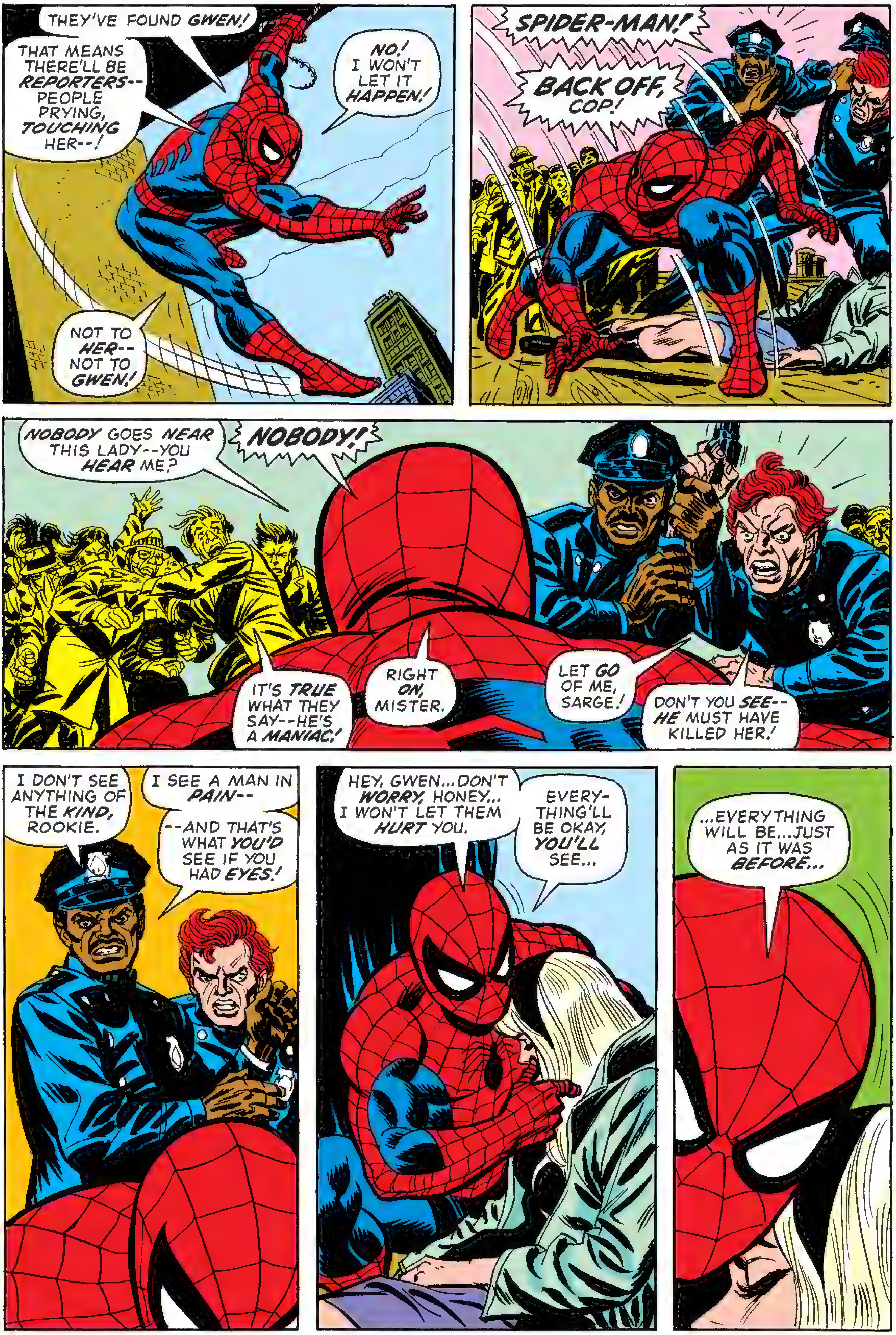

SHE'S *DEAD,* SPIDER-MAN... THE WOMAN YOU LOVE IS *DEAD!*
THERE'S NOTHING *YOU*-- OR ANY *OTHER* COSTUMED INTERLOPER CAN DO TO *REVIVE* HER!
BUT DON'T *WORRY,* MY FINE FOE--YOU'LL NOT BE LONG *APART--!*
SOON YOU SHALL *JOIN* HER-- *BEYOND DEATH!*
THIS IS IT!
THE GOBLIN'S LAST STAND!
A TALE SO POWERFUL ONLY THESE MEN COULD PRODUCE IT!
I WOULDN'T *BET* ON IT, GOBLIN.
ONLY *ONE* MAN'S GOING TO DIE *THIS* DAY-- AND, MISTER, *IT WON'T BE ME!*
14412

GERRY CONWAY *SCRIPTER* ★ GIL KANE *ARTIST* ★ JOHN ROMITA + T. MORTELLARO *INKERS* ★ ART SIMEK *LETTERER* DAVE HUNT *COLORIST* ★ ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

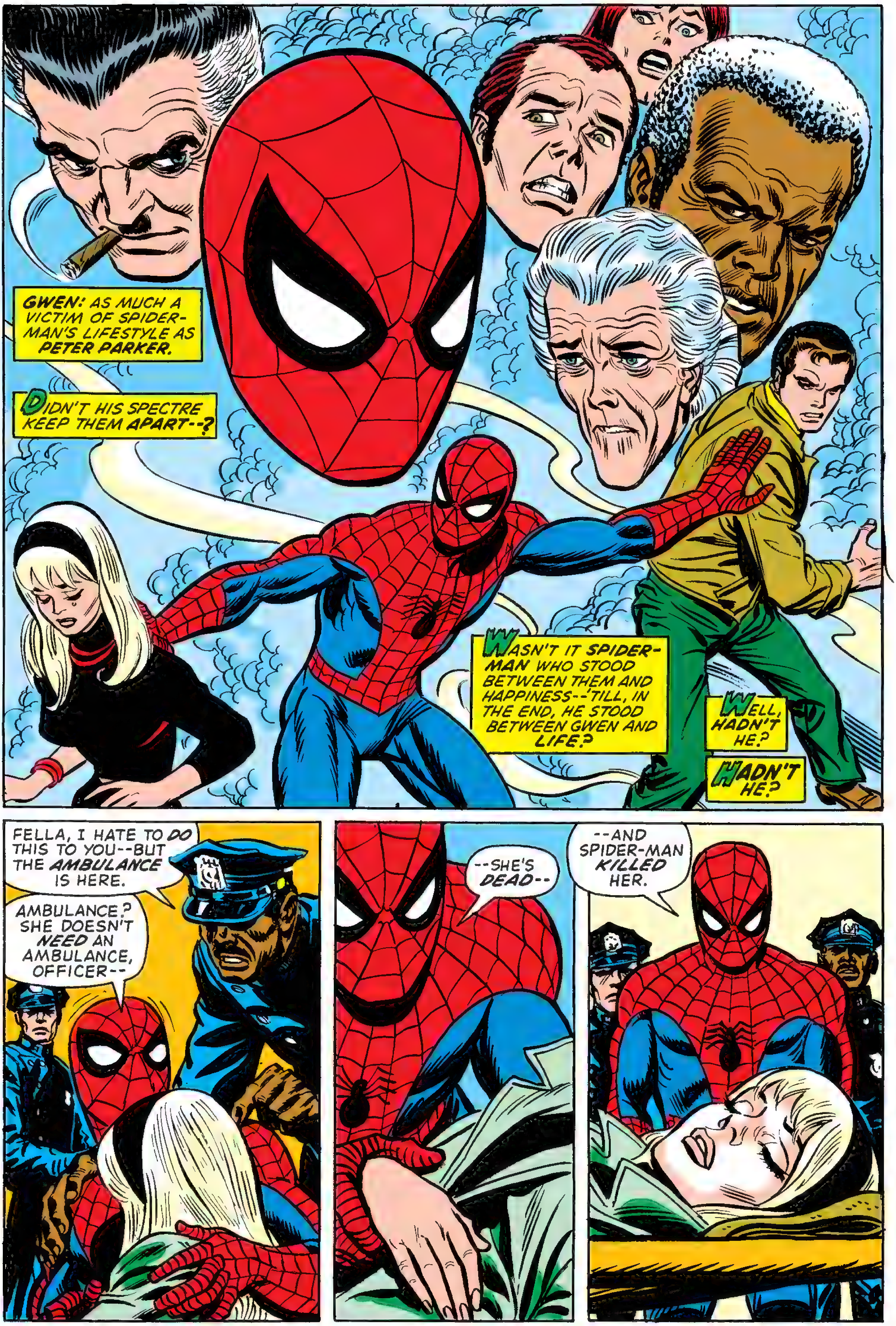

OR MAYBE YOU'VE ALREADY **FORGOTTEN...**
...YOU KILLED GWEN STACY! SHE DIDN'T JUST **DIE--**
--YOU KILLED HER!
MAYBE YOU THINK SHE **DESERVED** IT, BECAUSE SHE WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO **LOVE** A GUY NAMED PETER PARKER--
--AND **HE** WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO LOVE **BACK.**
MAYBE YOU THINK THAT MAKES IT **OKAY--** FAIR IN LOVE AND **WAR--**
--BUT FOR **ME,** THAT JUST MAKES YOU **GUILTY--**
--AND FOR IT-- **YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!**
IMBECILE!
YOUR MORAL STANDARDS DO NOT **IMPRESS** ME--!
FFFT!
--ANY MORE THAN DO YOUR PITIFUL **ATTEMPTS** TO CAPTURE-- **EH?**
KEEP **TALKING,** GOBLIN.
I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU JUST AS YOU **ARE!**
ARROGANT-- ELITIST-- **MERCILESS--**
--WITH ALL THE ETHICS OF A **WEASEL--**

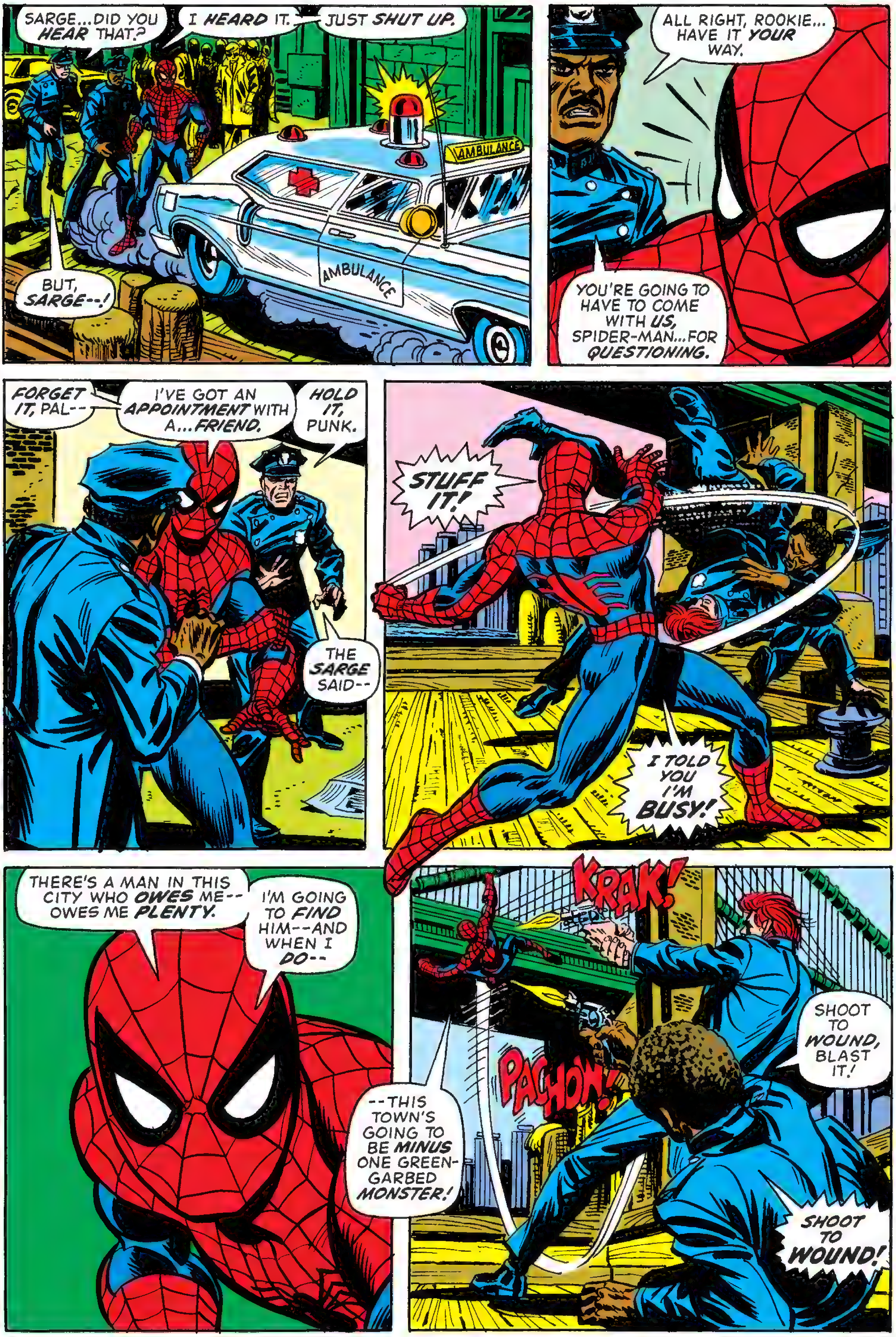

--A WEASEL CAUGHT IN A FATAL *TRAP*--
--A WEASEL WHO'S ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED!
NO--!
"*NO*"? DO I HEAR YOU *BEGGING*, GOBLIN?
DON'T MAKE ME *SICK*, FRIEND-- WHY SHOULD I SHOW *YOU* ANY MERCY?
WHAT MERCY DID YOU SHOW *GWEN*? ANSWER ME *THAT*, GREEN GOBLIN--
ANSWER ME THAT!
ANSWER ME, *BLAST YOU!*
ANSWER ME!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T *NEED* TO, PARKER!*
THE QUESTION SEEMS *ACADEMIC* NOW--DON'T YOU *AGREE*?
KRAK!
*THE GOBLIN KNOWS SPIDEY'S *SECRET IDENTITY*, REMEMBER? --ROY.

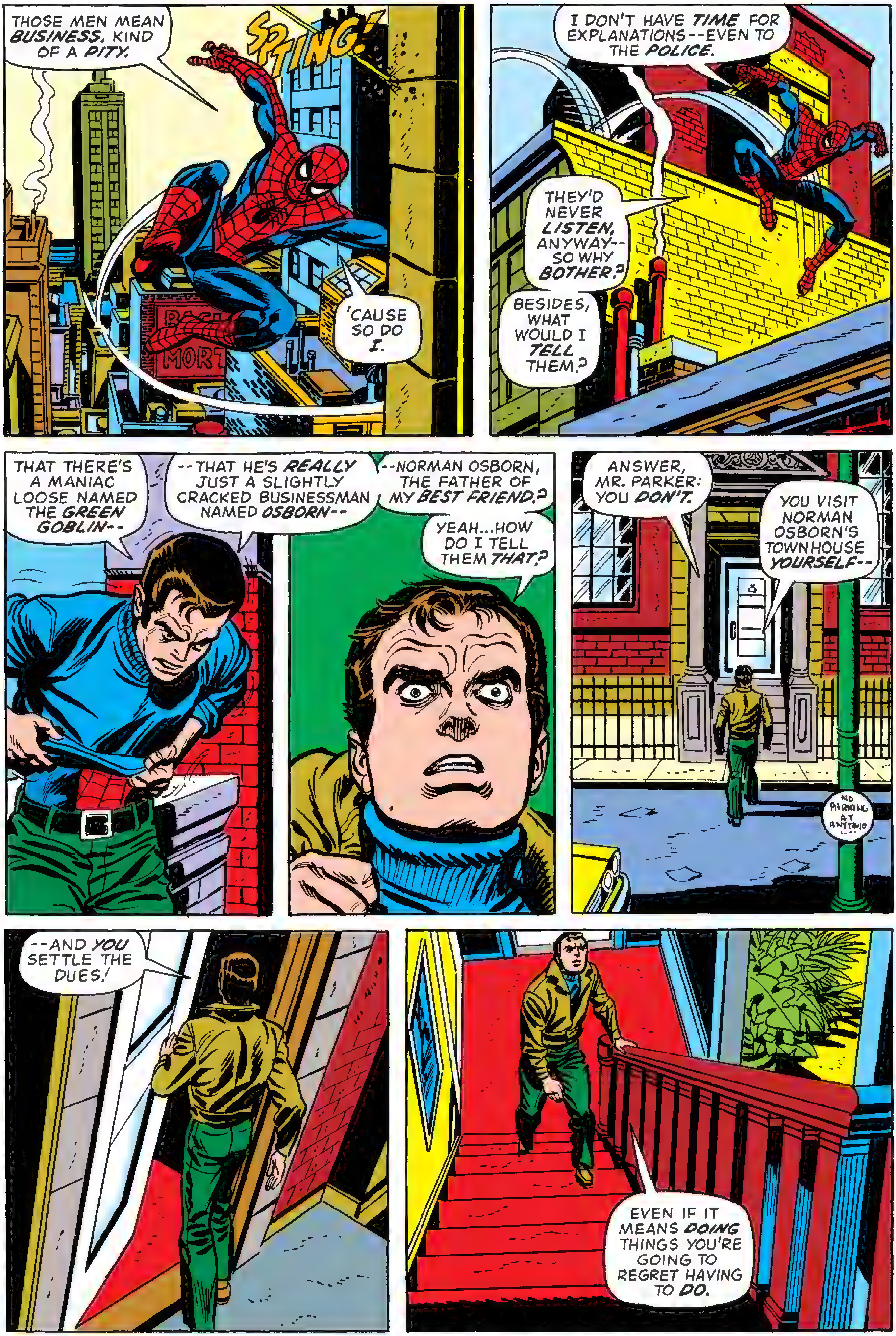

DIDN'T SEE THAT CABLE-- TILL IT WAS TOO LATE!
SPIDER-SENSES-- ALL KNOCKED OUT BY MY ANGER--!
NOW I'M FALLING-- JUST LIKE GWEN FELL--
--ONLY THIS TIME-- I'D BETTER BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT--
--IF I EVER WANT TO GET REVENGE!
TWIP!
BY A HAIR.
IF ONLY GWEN HAD HAD MY STRENGTH-- SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SURVIVE!
YEAH-- "IF".
SECONDS LATER--
GONE! DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO SPLIT.
TOO BAD IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD.
AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE--
--THERE'S NO PLACE ON EARTH HE CAN HIDE FROM--HUH?
THE POLICE!

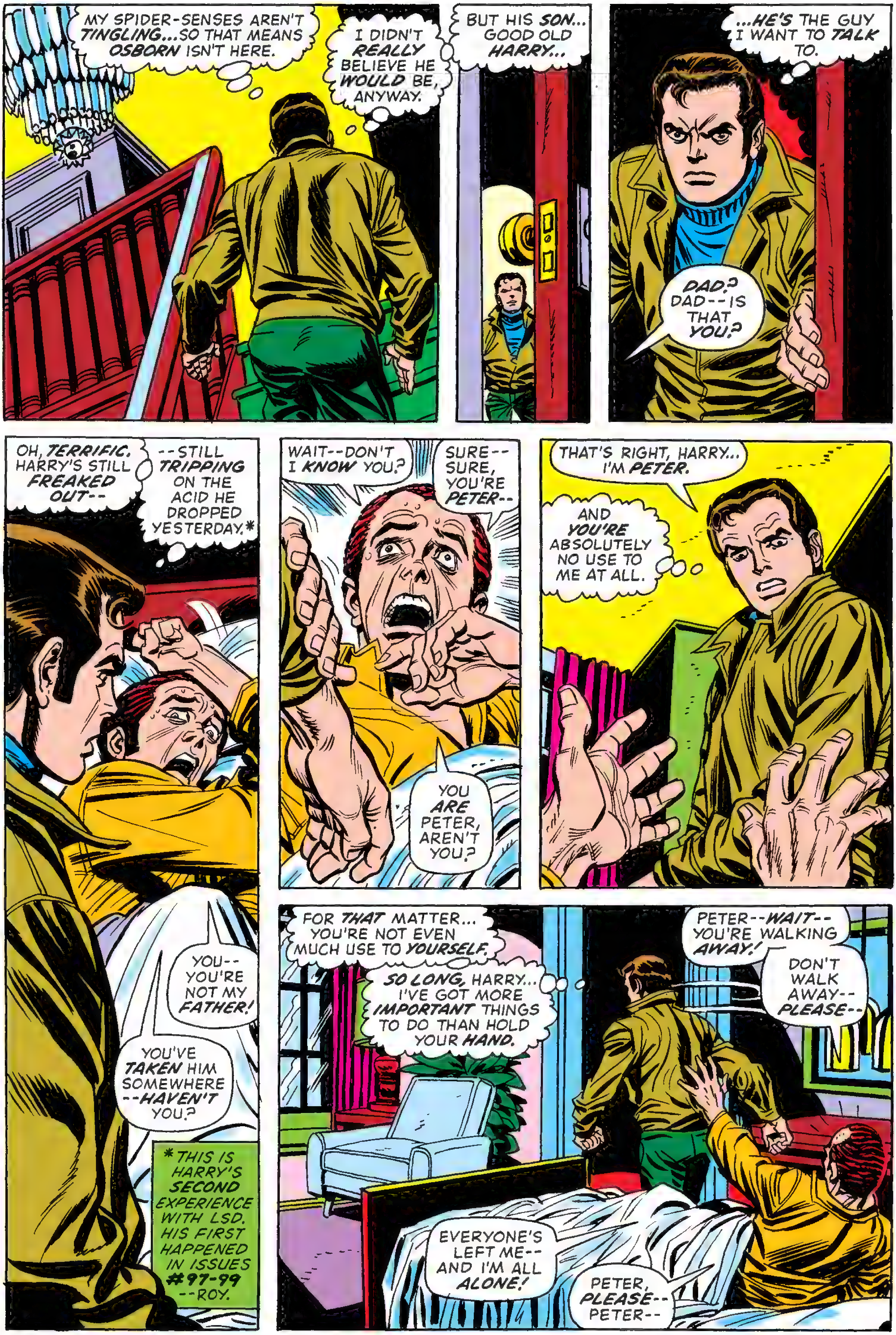

THEY'VE FOUND GWEN!
THAT MEANS THERE'LL BE REPORTERS-- PEOPLE PRYING, TOUCHING HER--!
NOT TO HER-- NOT TO GWEN!
NO! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN!
SPIDER-MAN!
BACK OFF, COP!
NOBODY GOES NEAR THIS LADY--YOU HEAR ME?
NOBODY!
IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY--HE'S A MANIAC!
RIGHT ON, MISTER.
LET GO OF ME, SARGE!
DON'T YOU SEE-- HE MUST HAVE KILLED HER!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING OF THE KIND, ROOKIE.
I SEE A MAN IN PAIN--
--AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'D SEE IF YOU HAD EYES!
HEY, GWEN...DON'T WORRY, HONEY... I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU.
EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY, YOU'LL SEE...
...EVERYTHING WILL BE...JUST AS IT WAS BEFORE...

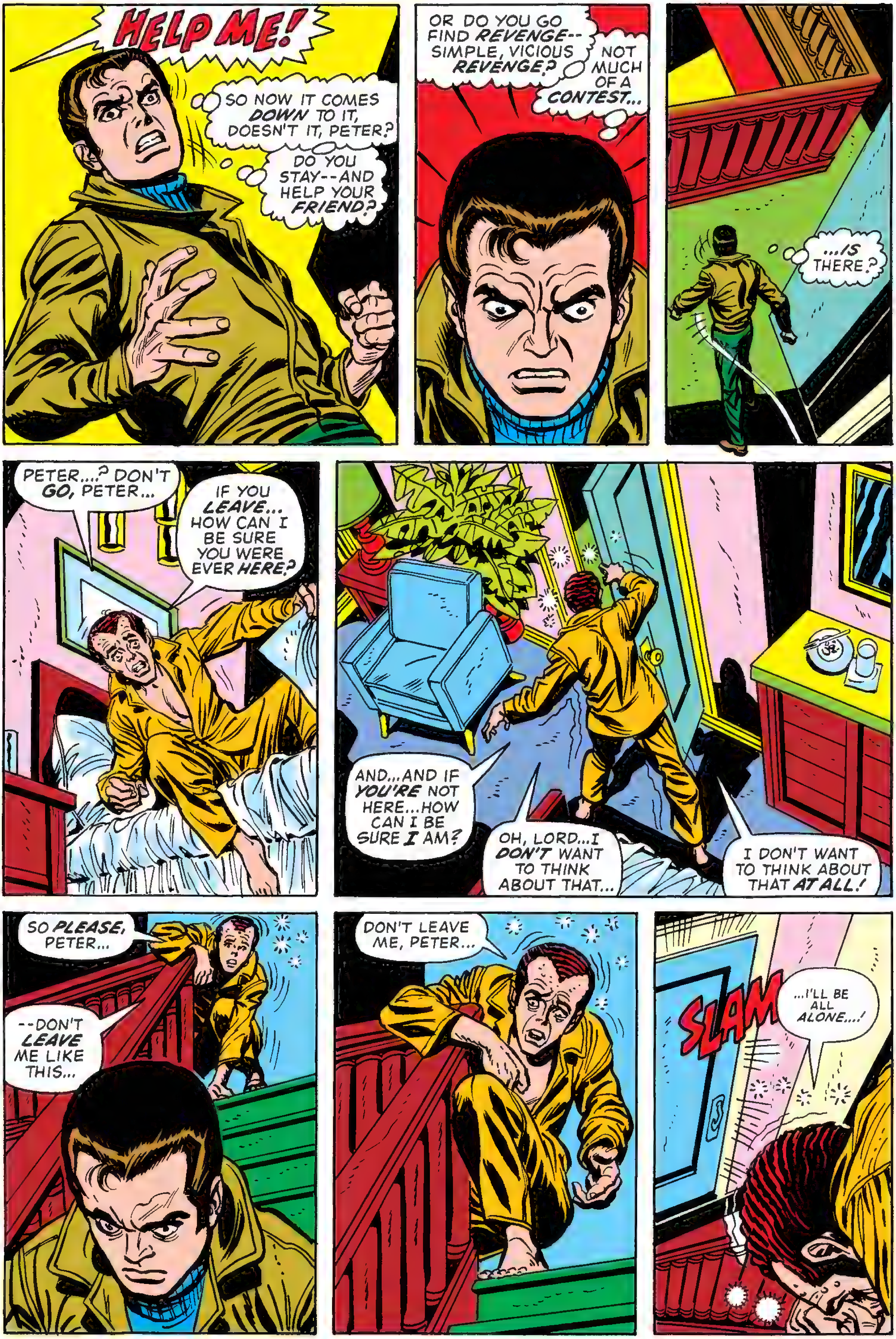
AS IT WAS BEFORE:
HE REMEMBERS THE DAY HE FIRST MET GWEN STACY... HIS FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE.
THEY'D EACH BEEN UNSURE OF THE OTHER'S FEELINGS--EACH UNWILLING TO TAKE THAT FIRST AWKWARD STEP--
--UNTIL, MIRACULOUSLY, THE STEP WAS TAKEN--
--AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN LOVE.
THE HAPPINESS-- THE TRAGEDY: IN A RUSH, IT ALL COMES BACK TO HIM.
THE EVENING GWEN'S FATHER DIED--AND SPIDER-MAN WAS BLAMED--BLAMED FOR THE DEATH OF A MAN HE'D ALMOST LOVED-- CAPTAIN STACY, WHO'D DIED TRYING TO SAVE A CHILD.
YES, HE REMEMBERS: THE SORROW AND THE SELF-PITY, THE JOY, THE FEAR--
--AND THROUGH IT ALL, A PART OF IT ALL-- HE REMEMBERS GWEN.

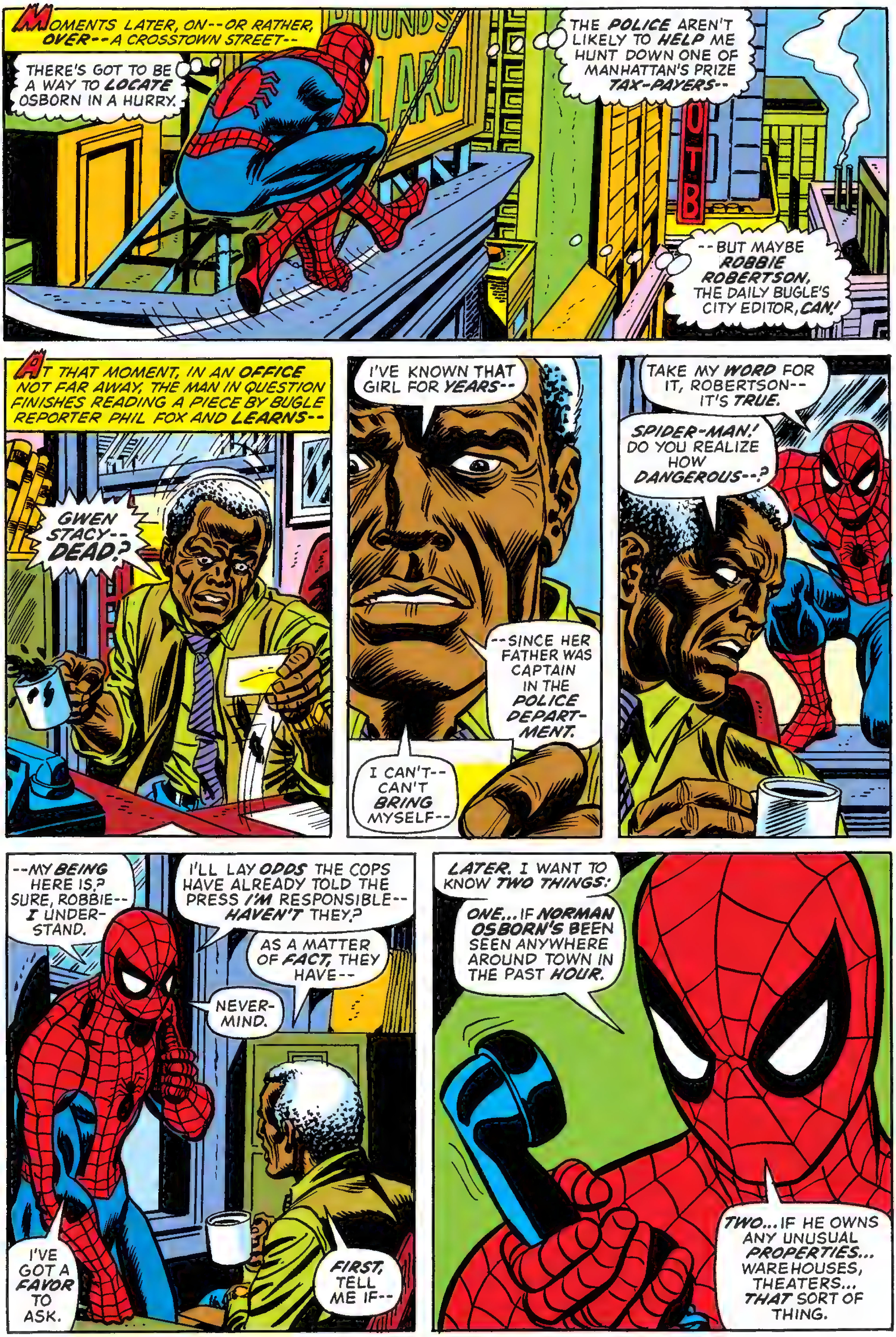

GWEN: AS MUCH A VICTIM OF SPIDER-MAN'S LIFESTYLE AS PETER PARKER.
DIDN'T HIS SPECTRE KEEP THEM APART--?
WASN'T IT SPIDER-MAN WHO STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND HAPPINESS--'TILL, IN THE END, HE STOOD BETWEEN GWEN AND LIFE?
WELL, HADN'T HE?
HADN'T HE?
FELLA, I HATE TO DO THIS TO YOU--BUT THE AMBULANCE IS HERE.
AMBULANCE? SHE DOESN'T NEED AN AMBULANCE, OFFICER--
--SHE'S DEAD--
--AND SPIDER-MAN KILLED HER.

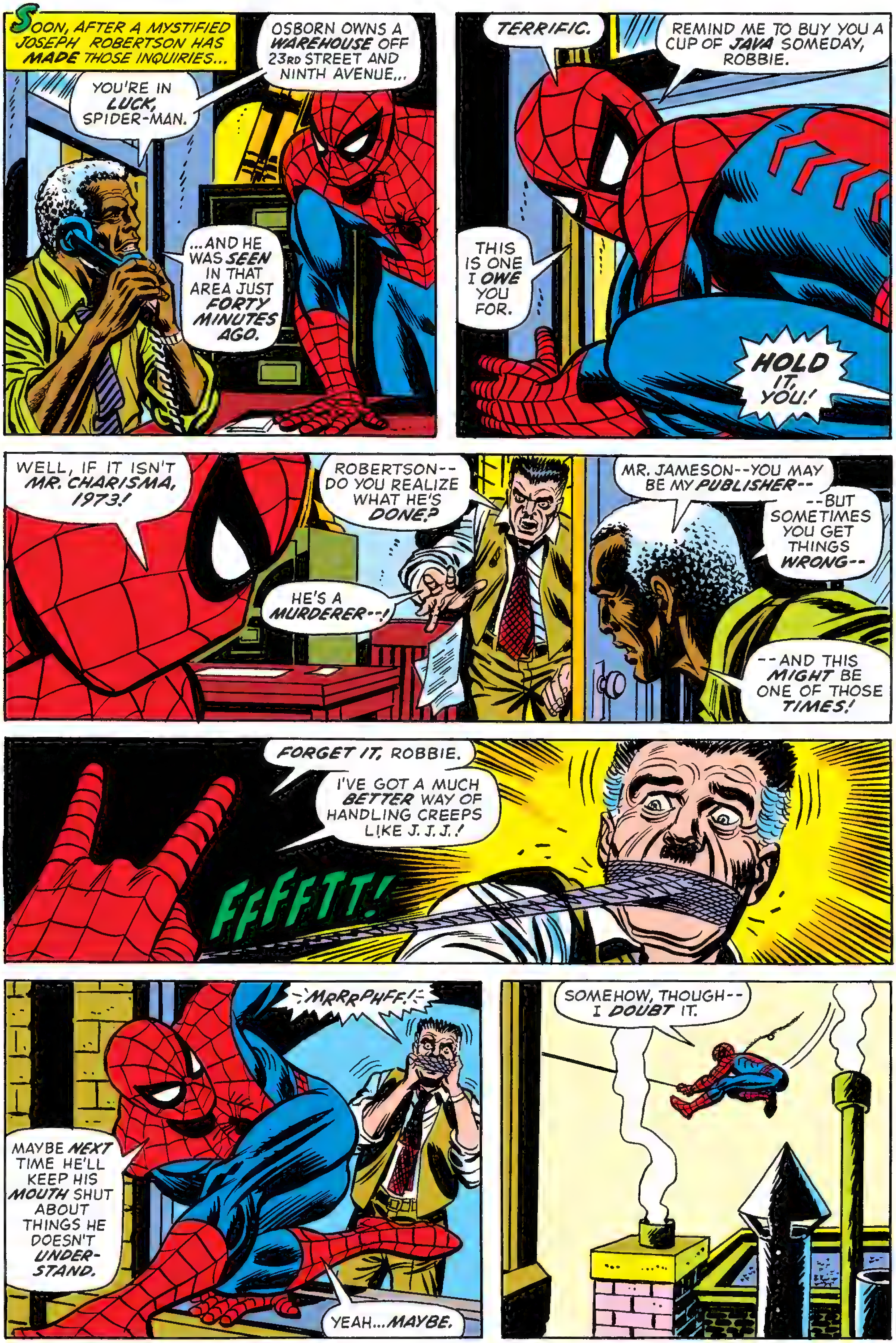

SARGE...DID YOU HEAR THAT?
I HEARD IT.
JUST SHUT UP.
AMBULANCE
AMBULANCE
BUT, SARGE--!
ALL RIGHT, ROOKIE... HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME WITH US, SPIDER-MAN...FOR QUESTIONING.
FORGET IT, PAL--
I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A...FRIEND.
HOLD IT, PUNK.
THE SARGE SAID--
STUFF IT!
I TOLD YOU I'M BUSY!
THERE'S A MAN IN THIS CITY WHO OWES ME-- OWES ME PLENTY.
I'M GOING TO FIND HIM--AND WHEN I DO--
KRAK!
PACHOW!
--THIS TOWN'S GOING TO BE MINUS ONE GREEN-GARBED MONSTER!
SHOOT TO WOUND, BLAST IT!
SHOOT TO WOUND!

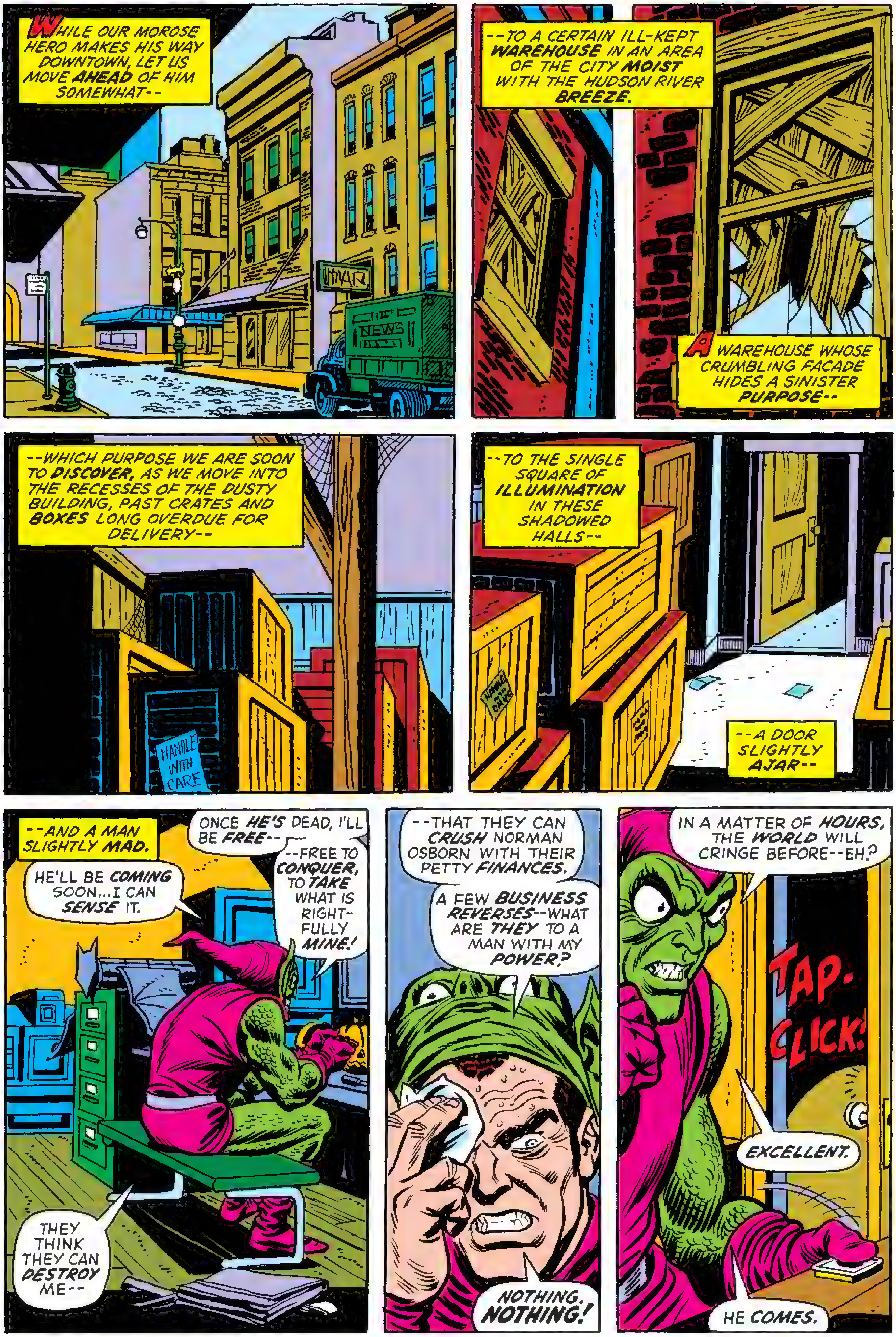

THOSE MEN MEAN *BUSINESS*. KIND OF A *PITY*.
SPTING!
'CAUSE SO DO *I*.
I DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR EXPLANATIONS--EVEN TO THE *POLICE*.
THEY'D NEVER *LISTEN*, ANYWAY--SO WHY *BOTHER*?
BESIDES, WHAT WOULD I *TELL* THEM?
THAT THERE'S A MANIAC LOOSE NAMED THE *GREEN GOBLIN*--
--THAT HE'S *REALLY* JUST A SLIGHTLY CRACKED BUSINESSMAN NAMED *OSBORN*--
--NORMAN OSBORN, THE FATHER OF MY *BEST FRIEND*?
YEAH...HOW DO I TELL THEM *THAT*?
ANSWER, MR. PARKER: YOU *DON'T*.
YOU VISIT NORMAN OSBORN'S TOWNHOUSE *YOURSELF*--
NO PARKING AT ANYTIME
--AND *YOU* SETTLE THE DUES!
EVEN IF IT MEANS *DOING* THINGS YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET HAVING TO *DO*.

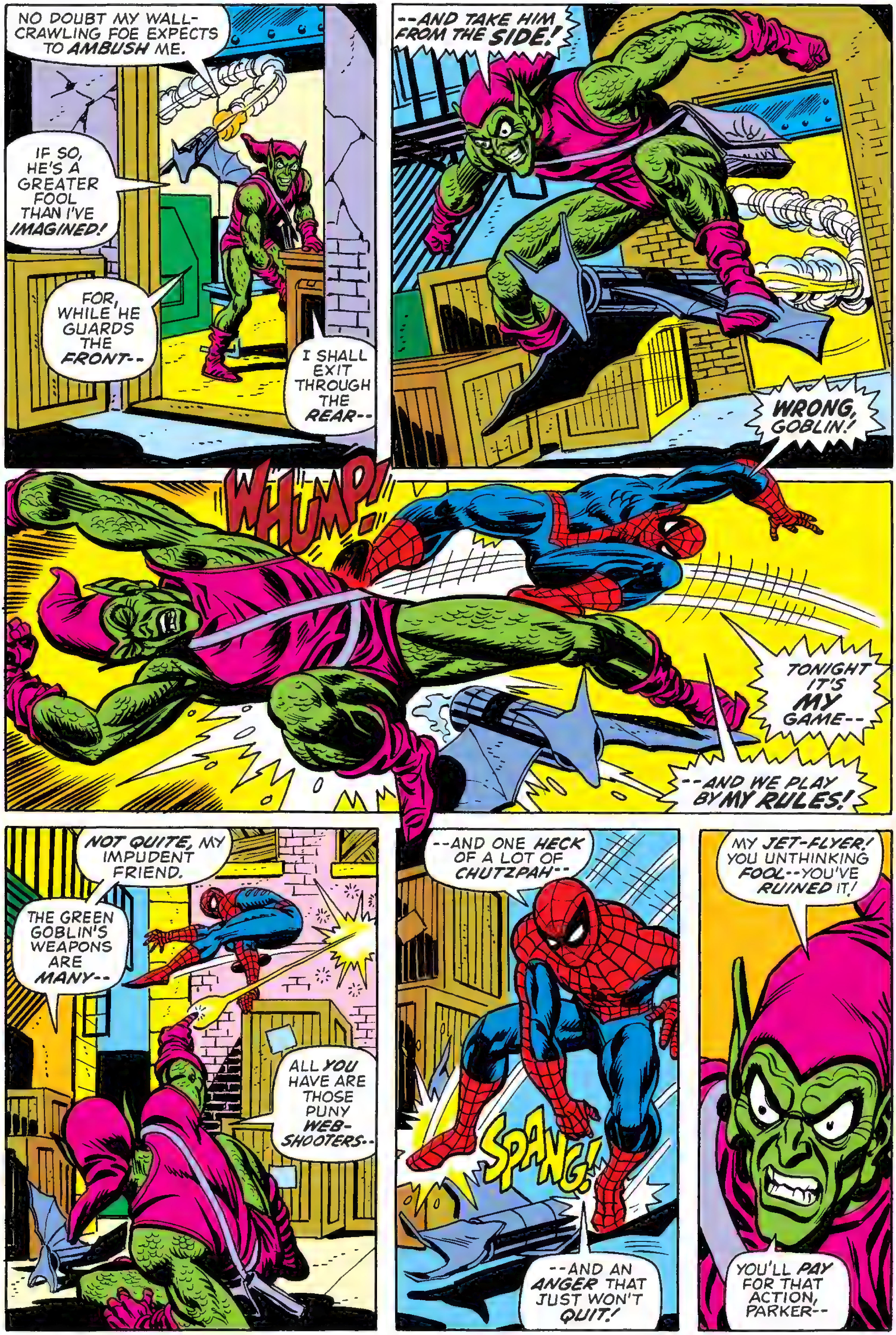

MY SPIDER-SENSES AREN'T *TINGLING*...SO THAT MEANS *OSBORN* ISN'T HERE.
I DIDN'T *REALLY* BELIEVE HE *WOULD* BE, ANYWAY.
BUT HIS *SON*... GOOD OLD *HARRY*...
...*HE'S* THE GUY I WANT TO *TALK* TO.
DAD? DAD--IS THAT *YOU?*
OH, *TERRIFIC*. HARRY'S STILL *FREAKED OUT*--
--STILL *TRIPPING* ON THE ACID HE DROPPED YESTERDAY.*
YOU--YOU'RE NOT MY *FATHER!*
YOU'VE *TAKEN* HIM SOMEWHERE --*HAVEN'T* YOU?
*THIS IS HARRY'S *SECOND* EXPERIENCE WITH LSD. HIS FIRST HAPPENED IN ISSUES *#97-99* --ROY.
WAIT--DON'T I *KNOW* YOU?
SURE--SURE, YOU'RE *PETER*--
YOU *ARE* PETER, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT, HARRY... I'M *PETER*.
AND *YOU'RE* ABSOLUTELY NO USE TO ME AT ALL.
FOR *THAT* MATTER... YOU'RE NOT EVEN MUCH USE TO *YOURSELF*.
SO LONG, HARRY... I'VE GOT MORE *IMPORTANT* THINGS TO DO THAN HOLD YOUR *HAND*.
PETER--*WAIT*--YOU'RE WALKING *AWAY!*
DON'T WALK AWAY--*PLEASE*--
EVERYONE'S LEFT ME--AND I'M ALL *ALONE!*
PETER, *PLEASE*--PETER--

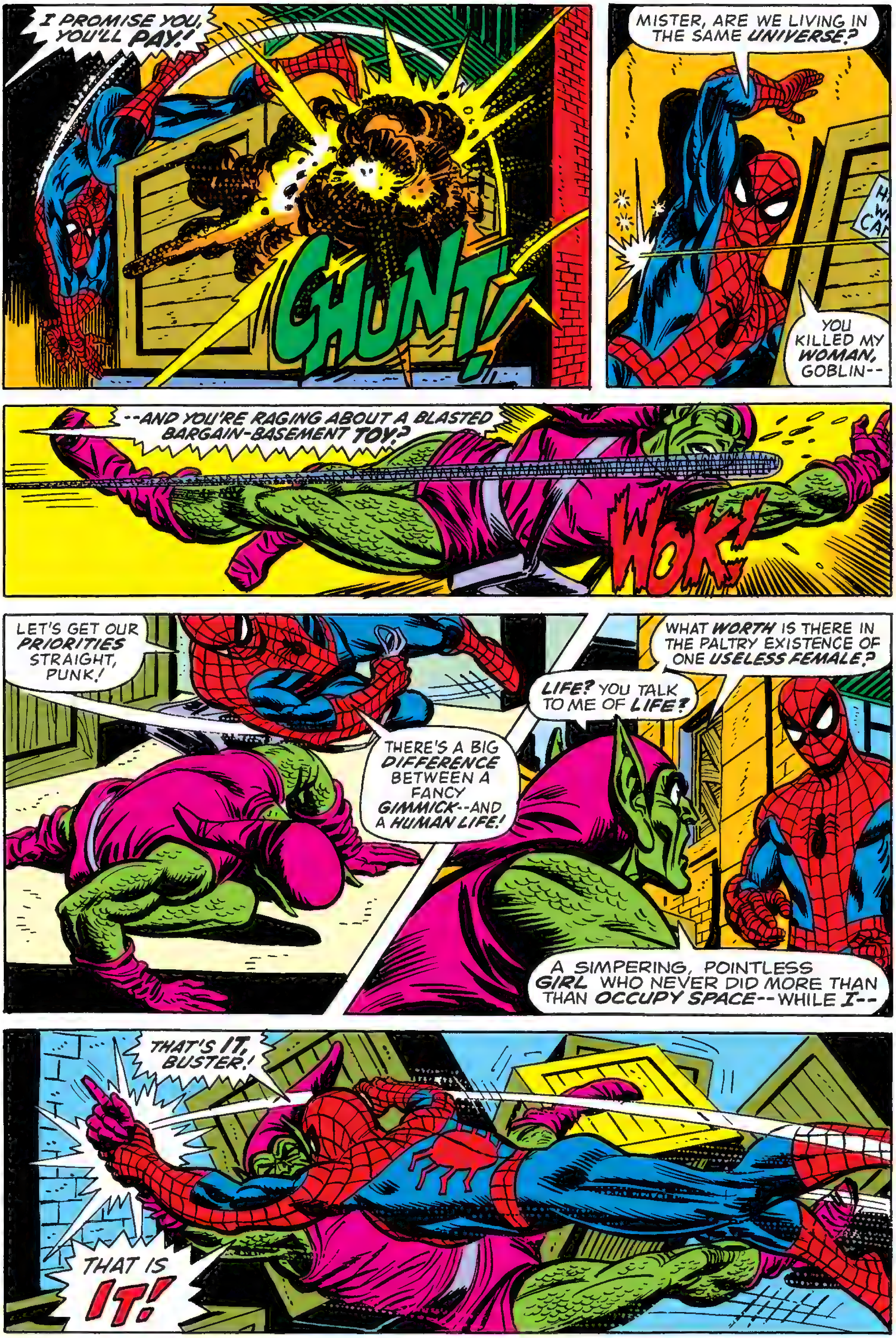

HELP ME!
SO NOW IT COMES *DOWN* TO IT, DOESN'T IT, PETER?
DO YOU STAY--AND HELP YOUR *FRIEND?*
OR DO YOU GO FIND *REVENGE*--SIMPLE, VICIOUS *REVENGE?*
NOT MUCH OF A *CONTEST...*
...*IS* THERE?
PETER....? DON'T *GO,* PETER...
IF YOU *LEAVE...* HOW CAN I BE SURE YOU WERE EVER *HERE?*
AND...AND IF *YOU'RE* NOT HERE...HOW CAN I BE SURE *I* AM?
OH, LORD...I *DON'T* WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT...
I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT *AT ALL!*
SO *PLEASE,* PETER...
--DON'T *LEAVE* ME LIKE THIS...
DON'T LEAVE ME, PETER...
SLAM
...I'LL BE ALL *ALONE....!*

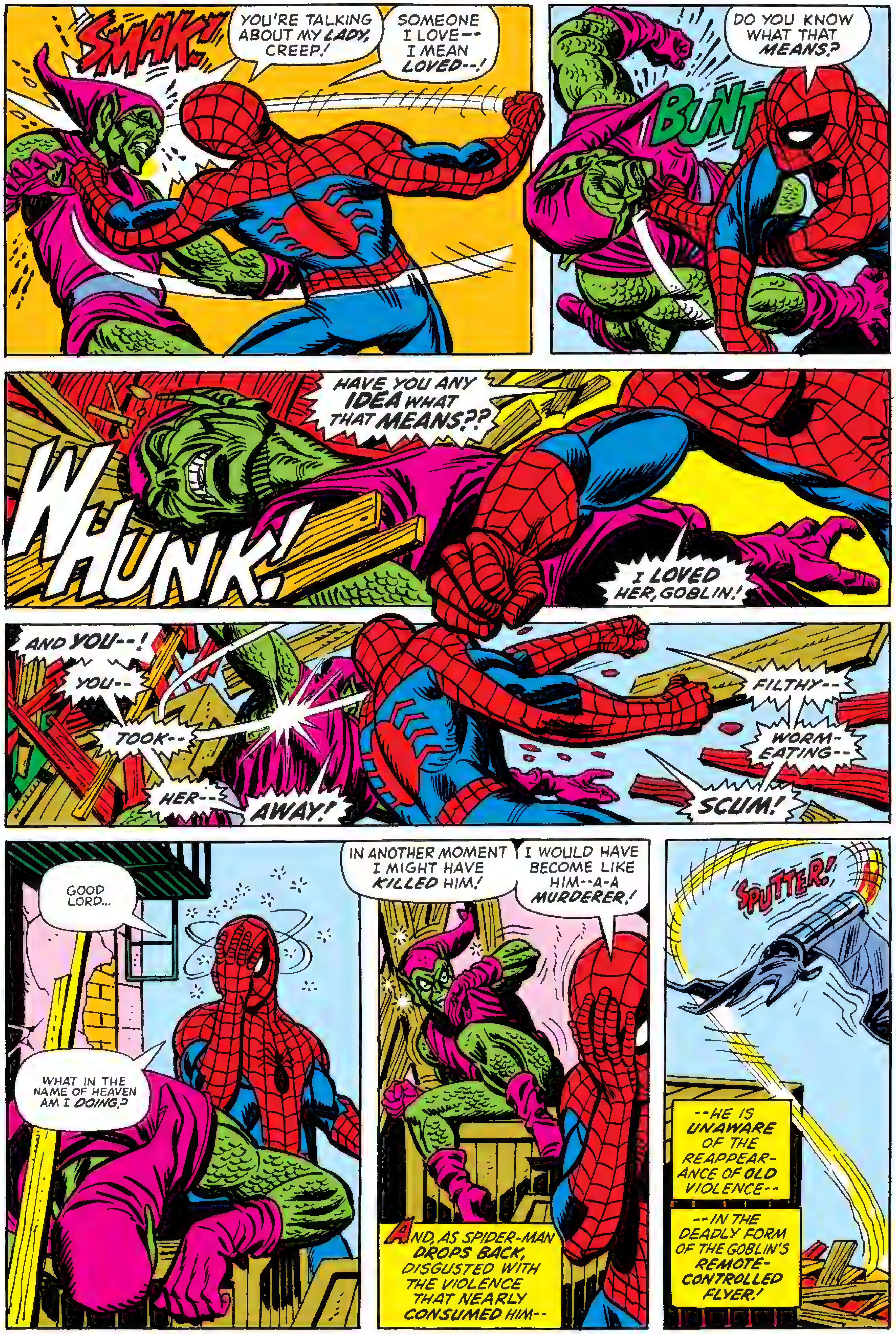

MOMENTS LATER, ON--OR RATHER, OVER--A CROSSTOWN STREET--
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO LOCATE OSBORN IN A HURRY.
THE POLICE AREN'T LIKELY TO HELP ME HUNT DOWN ONE OF MANHATTAN'S PRIZE TAX-PAYERS--
OTB
--BUT MAYBE ROBBIE ROBERTSON, THE DAILY BUGLE'S CITY EDITOR, CAN!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN OFFICE NOT FAR AWAY, THE MAN IN QUESTION FINISHES READING A PIECE BY BUGLE REPORTER PHIL FOX AND LEARNS--
GWEN STACY--DEAD?
I'VE KNOWN THAT GIRL FOR YEARS--
--SINCE HER FATHER WAS CAPTAIN IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.
I CAN'T--CAN'T BRING MYSELF--
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, ROBERTSON--IT'S TRUE.
SPIDER-MAN! DO YOU REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS--?
--MY BEING HERE IS? SURE, ROBBIE--I UNDERSTAND.
I'LL LAY ODDS THE COPS HAVE ALREADY TOLD THE PRESS I'M RESPONSIBLE--HAVEN'T THEY?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY HAVE--
NEVER-MIND.
I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK.
FIRST, TELL ME IF--
LATER. I WANT TO KNOW TWO THINGS:
ONE...IF NORMAN OSBORN'S BEEN SEEN ANYWHERE AROUND TOWN IN THE PAST HOUR.
TWO...IF HE OWNS ANY UNUSUAL PROPERTIES... WAREHOUSES, THEATERS... THAT SORT OF THING.

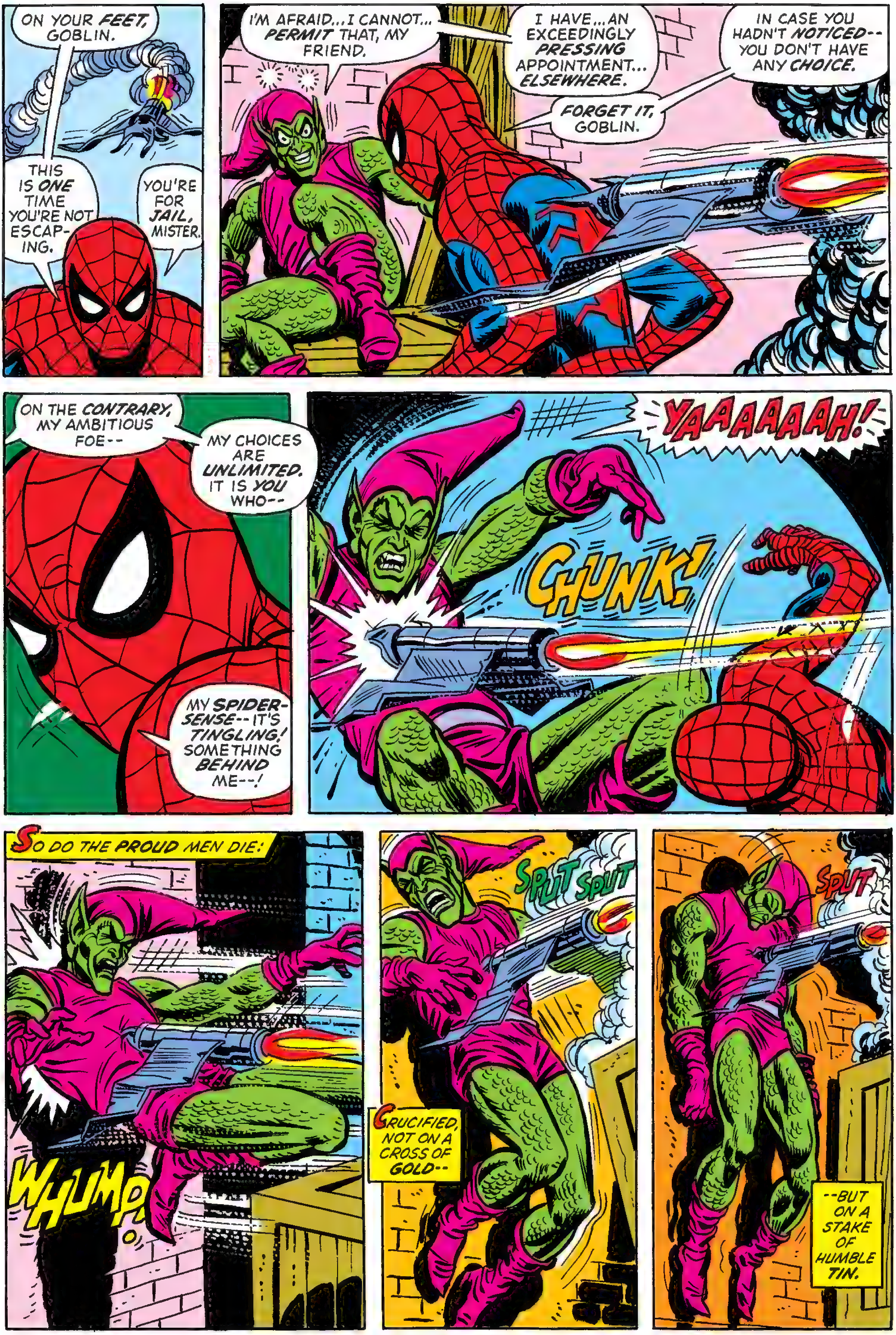

SOON, AFTER A MYSTIFIED JOSEPH ROBERTSON HAS *MADE* THOSE INQUIRIES...
YOU'RE IN *LUCK*, SPIDER-MAN.
OSBORN OWNS A *WAREHOUSE* OFF 23RD STREET AND NINTH AVENUE...
...AND HE WAS *SEEN* IN THAT AREA JUST *FORTY MINUTES* AGO.
TERRIFIC.
REMIND ME TO BUY YOU A CUP OF *JAVA* SOMEDAY, ROBBIE.
THIS IS ONE I *OWE* YOU FOR.
HOLD IT, YOU!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T *MR. CHARISMA, 1973!*
ROBERTSON--DO YOU REALIZE WHAT HE'S *DONE?*
HE'S A *MURDERER--!*
MR. JAMESON--YOU MAY BE MY *PUBLISHER--*
--BUT SOMETIMES YOU GET THINGS *WRONG--*
--AND THIS *MIGHT* BE ONE OF THOSE *TIMES!*
FORGET IT, ROBBIE.
I'VE GOT A MUCH *BETTER* WAY OF HANDLING CREEPS LIKE J.J.J.!
FFFFTT!
MRRPHFF!
MAYBE *NEXT* TIME HE'LL KEEP HIS *MOUTH* SHUT ABOUT THINGS HE DOESN'T *UNDERSTAND.*
YEAH... *MAYBE.*
SOMEHOW, THOUGH--I *DOUBT* IT.

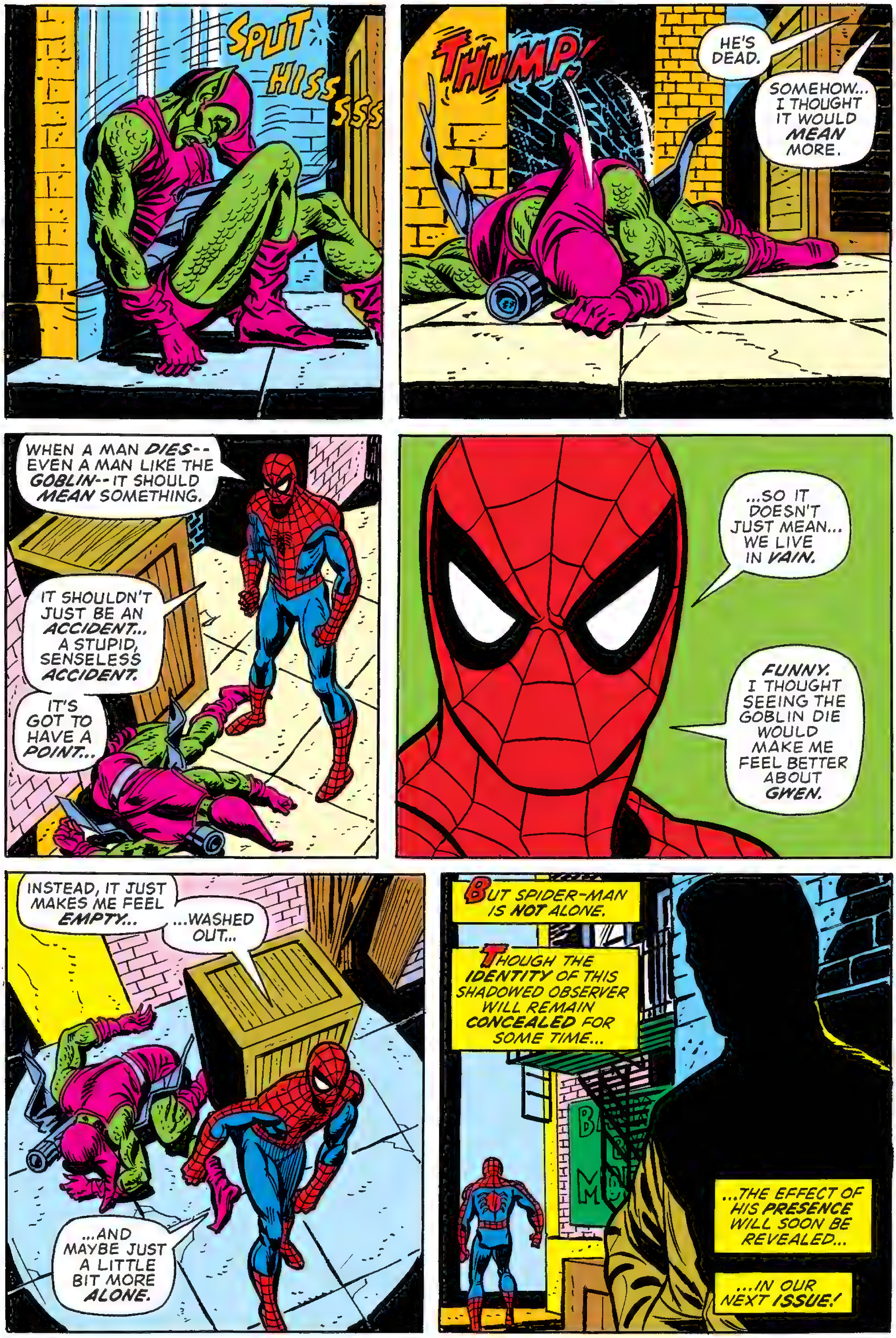

WHILE OUR MOROSE HERO MAKES HIS WAY DOWNTOWN, LET US MOVE AHEAD OF HIM SOMEWHAT--
NEWS
--TO A CERTAIN ILL-KEPT WAREHOUSE IN AN AREA OF THE CITY MOIST WITH THE HUDSON RIVER BREEZE.
A WAREHOUSE WHOSE CRUMBLING FACADE HIDES A SINISTER PURPOSE--
--WHICH PURPOSE WE ARE SOON TO DISCOVER, AS WE MOVE INTO THE RECESSES OF THE DUSTY BUILDING, PAST CRATES AND BOXES LONG OVERDUE FOR DELIVERY--
HANDLE WITH CARE
--TO THE SINGLE SQUARE OF ILLUMINATION IN THESE SHADOWED HALLS--
--A DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR--
--AND A MAN SLIGHTLY MAD.
HE'LL BE COMING SOON...I CAN SENSE IT.
ONCE HE'S DEAD, I'LL BE FREE--
--FREE TO CONQUER, TO TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!
THEY THINK THEY CAN DESTROY ME--
--THAT THEY CAN CRUSH NORMAN OSBORN WITH THEIR PETTY FINANCES.
A FEW BUSINESS REVERSES--WHAT ARE THEY TO A MAN WITH MY POWER?
NOTHING. NOTHING!
IN A MATTER OF HOURS, THE WORLD WILL CRINGE BEFORE--EH?
TAP. CLICK!
EXCELLENT.
HE COMES.

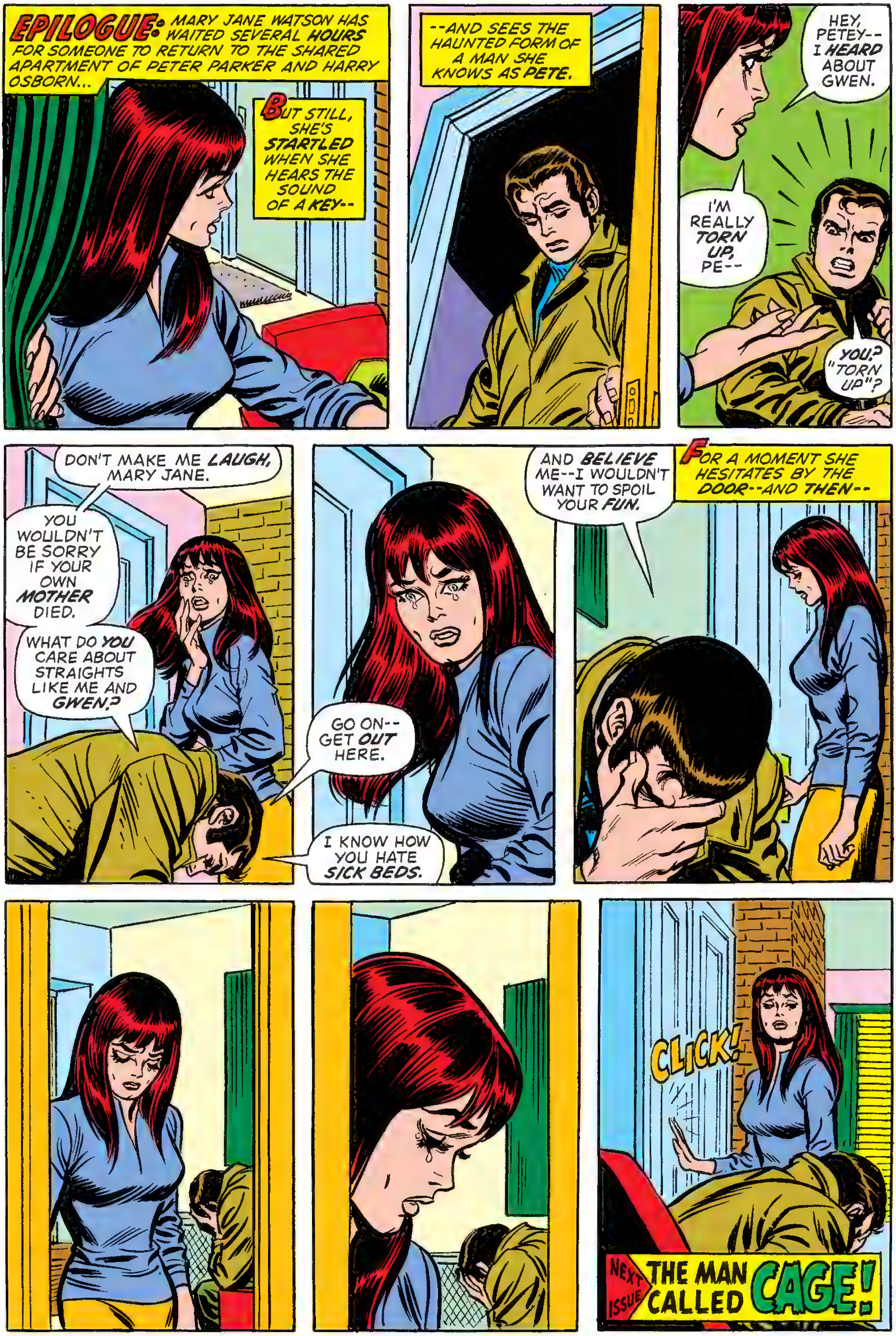

NO DOUBT MY WALL-CRAWLING FOE EXPECTS TO AMBUSH ME.
IF SO, HE'S A GREATER FOOL THAN I'VE IMAGINED!
FOR, WHILE HE GUARDS THE FRONT--
I SHALL EXIT THROUGH THE REAR--
--AND TAKE HIM FROM THE SIDE!
WRONG, GOBLIN!
WHUMP!
TONIGHT IT'S MY GAME--
--AND WE PLAY BY MY RULES!
NOT QUITE, MY IMPUDENT FRIEND.
THE GREEN GOBLIN'S WEAPONS ARE MANY--
ALL YOU HAVE ARE THOSE PUNY WEB-SHOOTERS--
--AND ONE HECK OF A LOT OF CHUTZPAH--
SPANG!
--AND AN ANGER THAT JUST WON'T QUIT!
MY JET-FLYER! YOU UNTHINKING FOOL--YOU'VE RUINED IT!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT ACTION, PARKER--

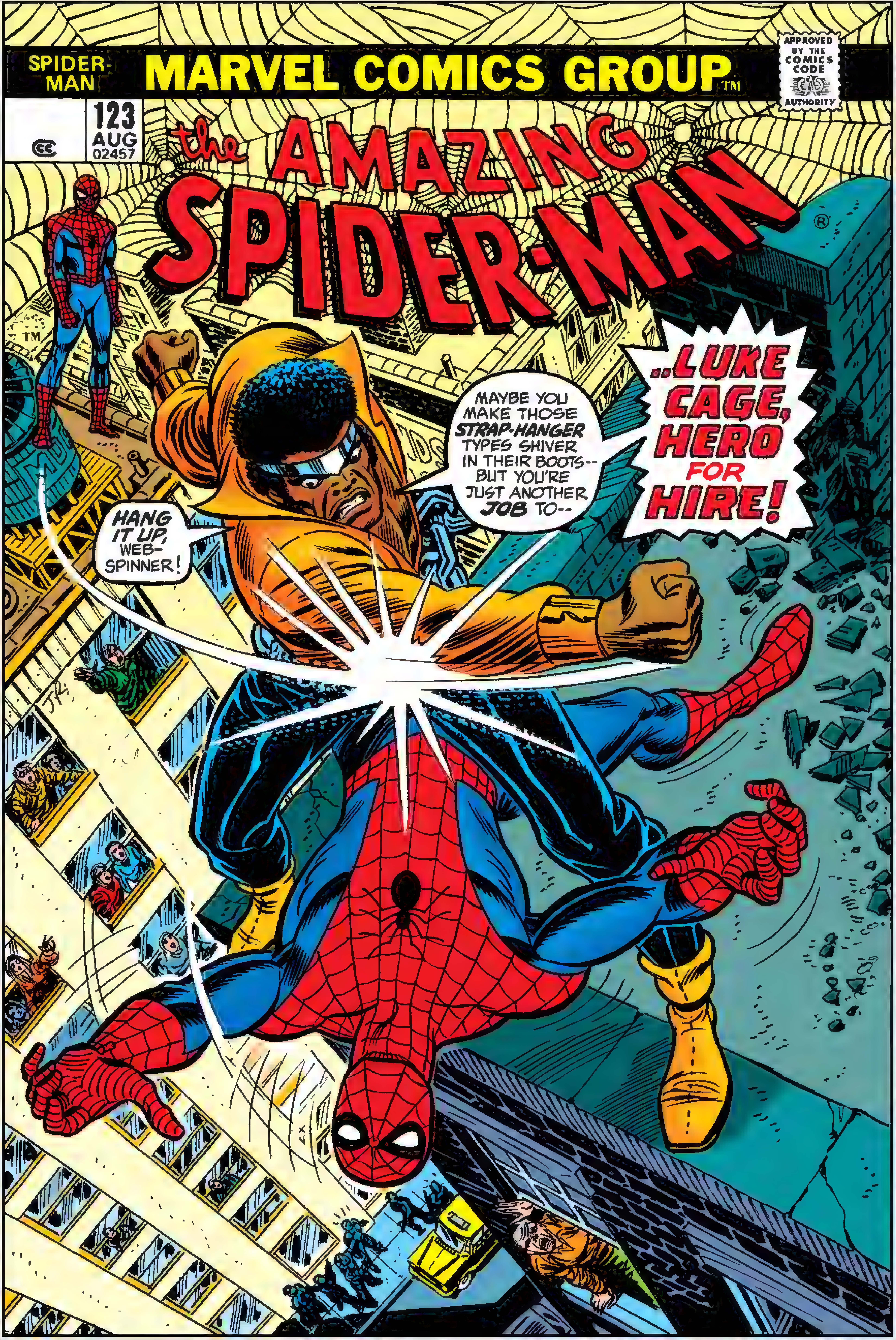

I PROMISE YOU, YOU'LL PAY!
CHUNT!
MISTER, ARE WE LIVING IN THE SAME UNIVERSE?
YOU KILLED MY WOMAN, GOBLIN--
--AND YOU'RE RAGING ABOUT A BLASTED BARGAIN-BASEMENT TOY?
WOK!
LET'S GET OUR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT, PUNK!
THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FANCY GIMMICK--AND A HUMAN LIFE!
LIFE? YOU TALK TO ME OF LIFE?
WHAT WORTH IS THERE IN THE PALTRY EXISTENCE OF ONE USELESS FEMALE?
A SIMPERING, POINTLESS GIRL WHO NEVER DID MORE THAN THAN OCCUPY SPACE--WHILE I--
THAT'S IT, BUSTER!
THAT IS IT!

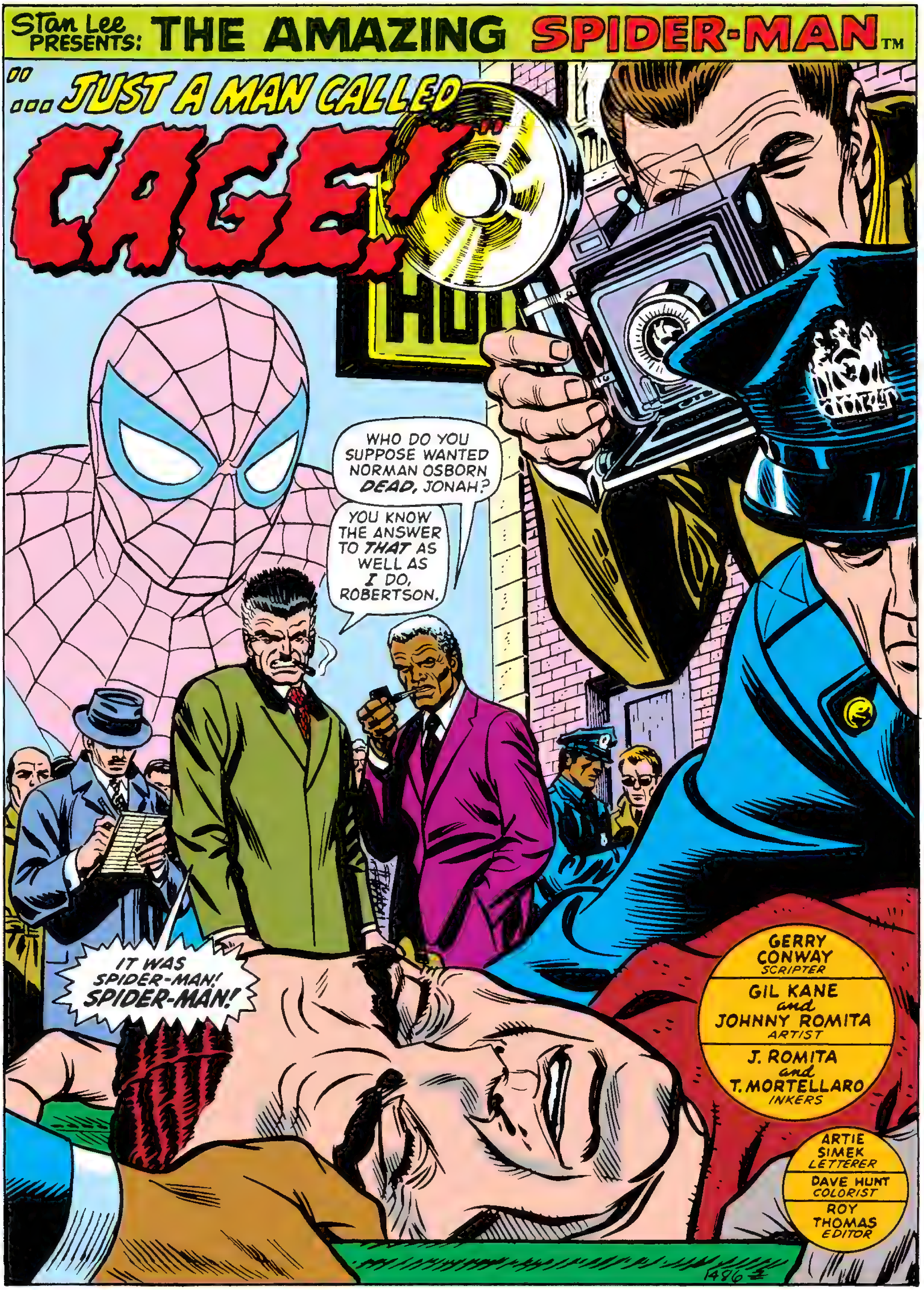

SMAK!
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MY LADY, CREEP!
SOMEONE I LOVE-- I MEAN LOVED--!
BUNT
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS??
WHUNK!
I LOVED HER, GOBLIN!
AND YOU--!
YOU--
TOOK--
HER--
AWAY!
FILTHY--
WORM-EATING--
SCUM!
GOOD LORD...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN AM I DOING?
IN ANOTHER MOMENT I MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!
I WOULD HAVE BECOME LIKE HIM--A-A MURDERER!
AND, AS SPIDER-MAN DROPS BACK, DISGUSTED WITH THE VIOLENCE THAT NEARLY CONSUMED HIM--
SPUTTER!
--HE IS UNAWARE OF THE REAPPEARANCE OF OLD VIOLENCE--
--IN THE DEADLY FORM OF THE GOBLIN'S REMOTE-CONTROLLED FLYER!

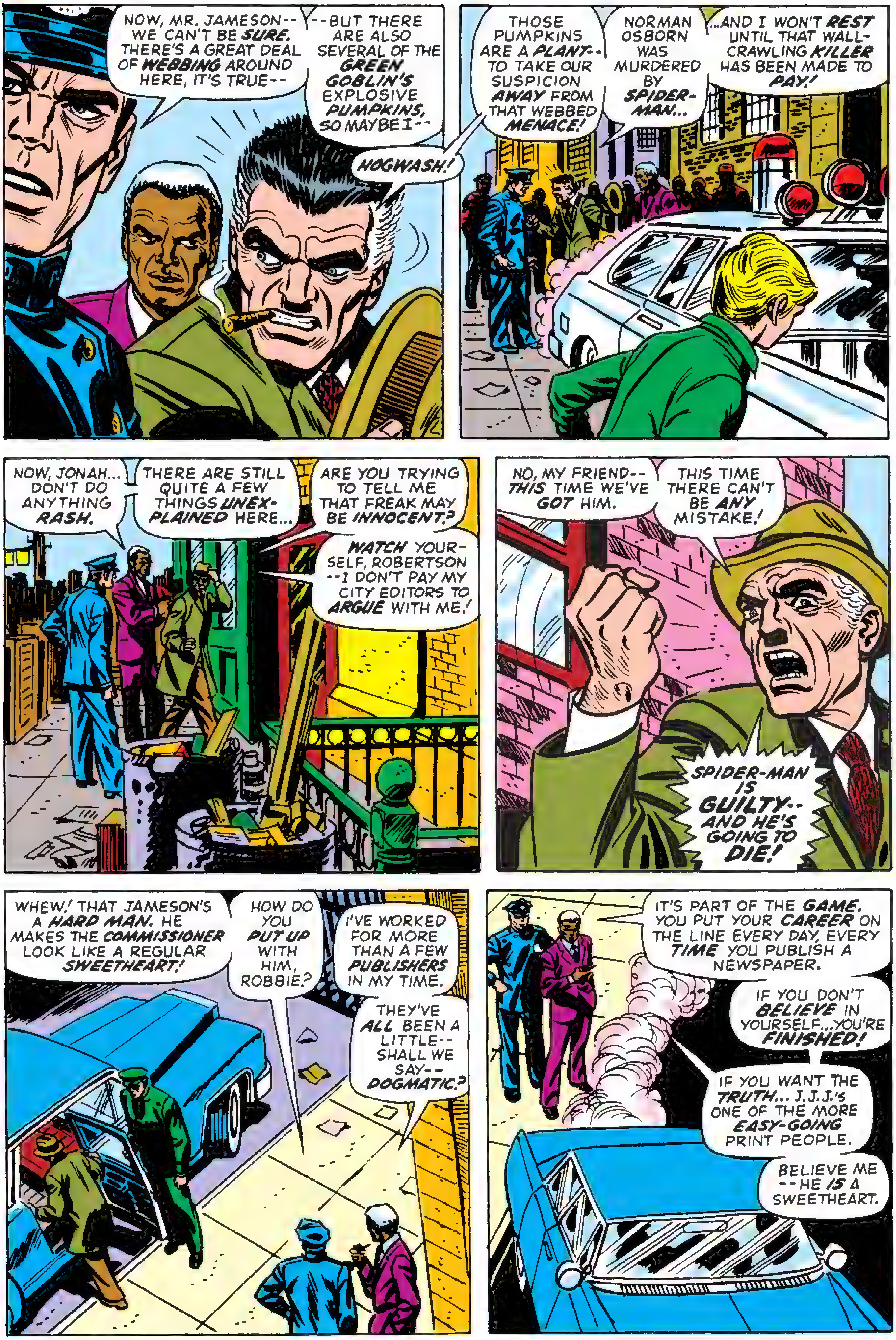

ON YOUR *FEET,* GOBLIN.
THIS IS *ONE* TIME YOU'RE NOT ESCAPING.
YOU'RE FOR *JAIL,* MISTER.
I'M AFRAID...I CANNOT... *PERMIT* THAT, MY FRIEND.
I HAVE...AN EXCEEDINGLY *PRESSING* APPOINTMENT... *ELSEWHERE.*
FORGET IT, GOBLIN.
IN CASE YOU HADN'T *NOTICED*-- YOU DON'T HAVE ANY *CHOICE.*
ON THE *CONTRARY,* MY AMBITIOUS FOE--
MY CHOICES ARE *UNLIMITED.* IT IS *YOU* WHO--
MY *SPIDER-SENSE*-- IT'S *TINGLING!* SOMETHING *BEHIND* ME--!
YAAAAAAH!
CHUNK!
SO DO THE *PROUD* MEN DIE:
WHUMP!
SPUT SPUT
CRUCIFIED, NOT ON A CROSS OF GOLD--
SPUT
--BUT ON A STAKE OF HUMBLE TIN.

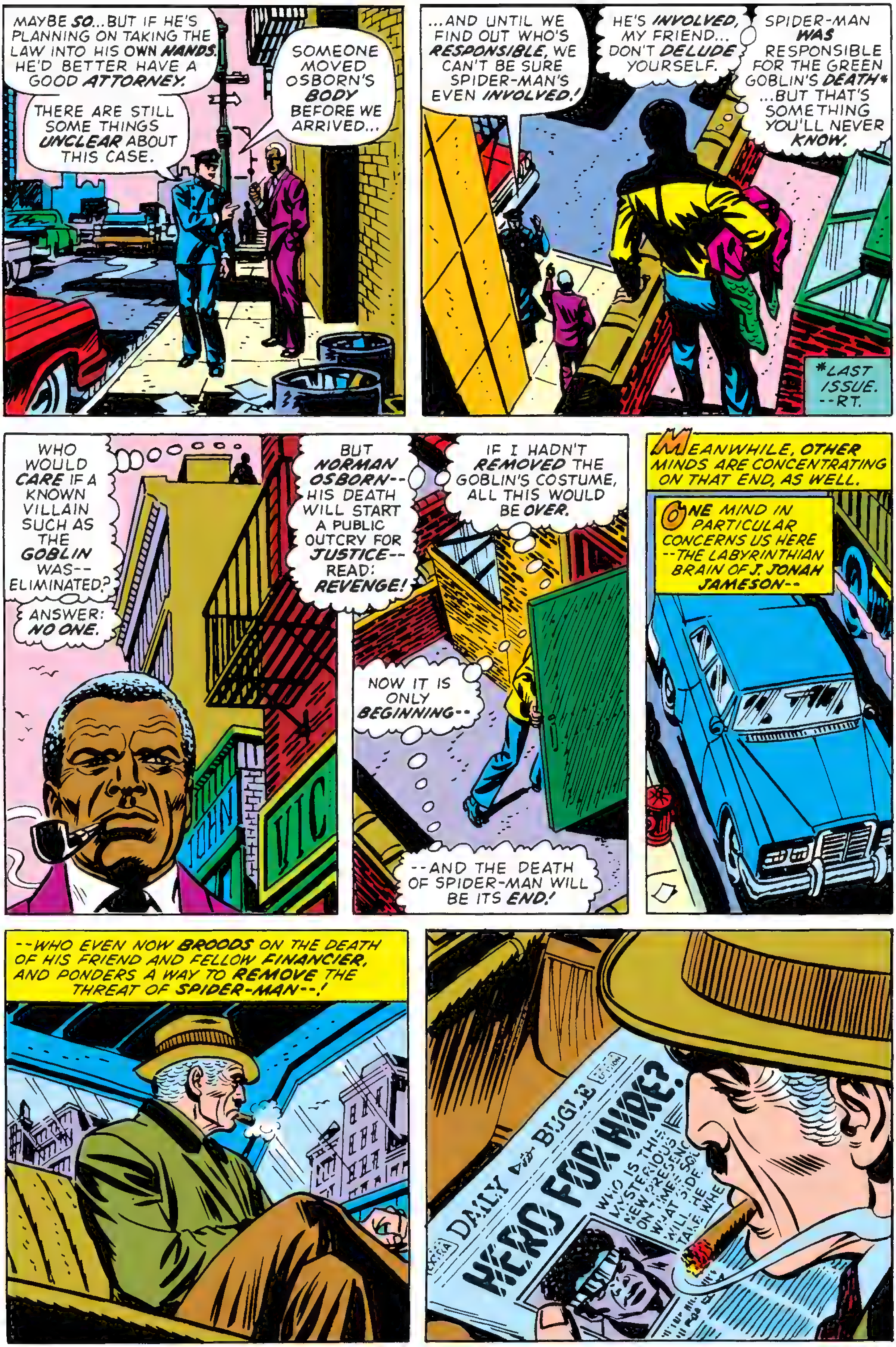

SPUT
HISSSSS
THUMP!
HE'S DEAD.
SOMEHOW... I THOUGHT IT WOULD *MEAN* MORE.
WHEN A MAN *DIES*-- EVEN A MAN LIKE THE *GOBLIN*-- IT SHOULD *MEAN* SOMETHING.
IT SHOULDN'T JUST BE AN *ACCIDENT...* A STUPID, SENSELESS *ACCIDENT.*
IT'S GOT TO HAVE A *POINT...*
...SO IT DOESN'T JUST MEAN... WE LIVE IN *VAIN.*
FUNNY. I THOUGHT SEEING THE GOBLIN DIE WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT *GWEN.*
INSTEAD, IT JUST MAKES ME FEEL *EMPTY...*
...WASHED OUT...
...AND MAYBE JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE *ALONE.*
BUT SPIDER-MAN IS *NOT* ALONE.
THOUGH THE *IDENTITY* OF THIS SHADOWED OBSERVER WILL REMAIN *CONCEALED* FOR SOME TIME...
...THE EFFECT OF HIS *PRESENCE* WILL SOON BE REVEALED...
...IN OUR NEXT *ISSUE!*

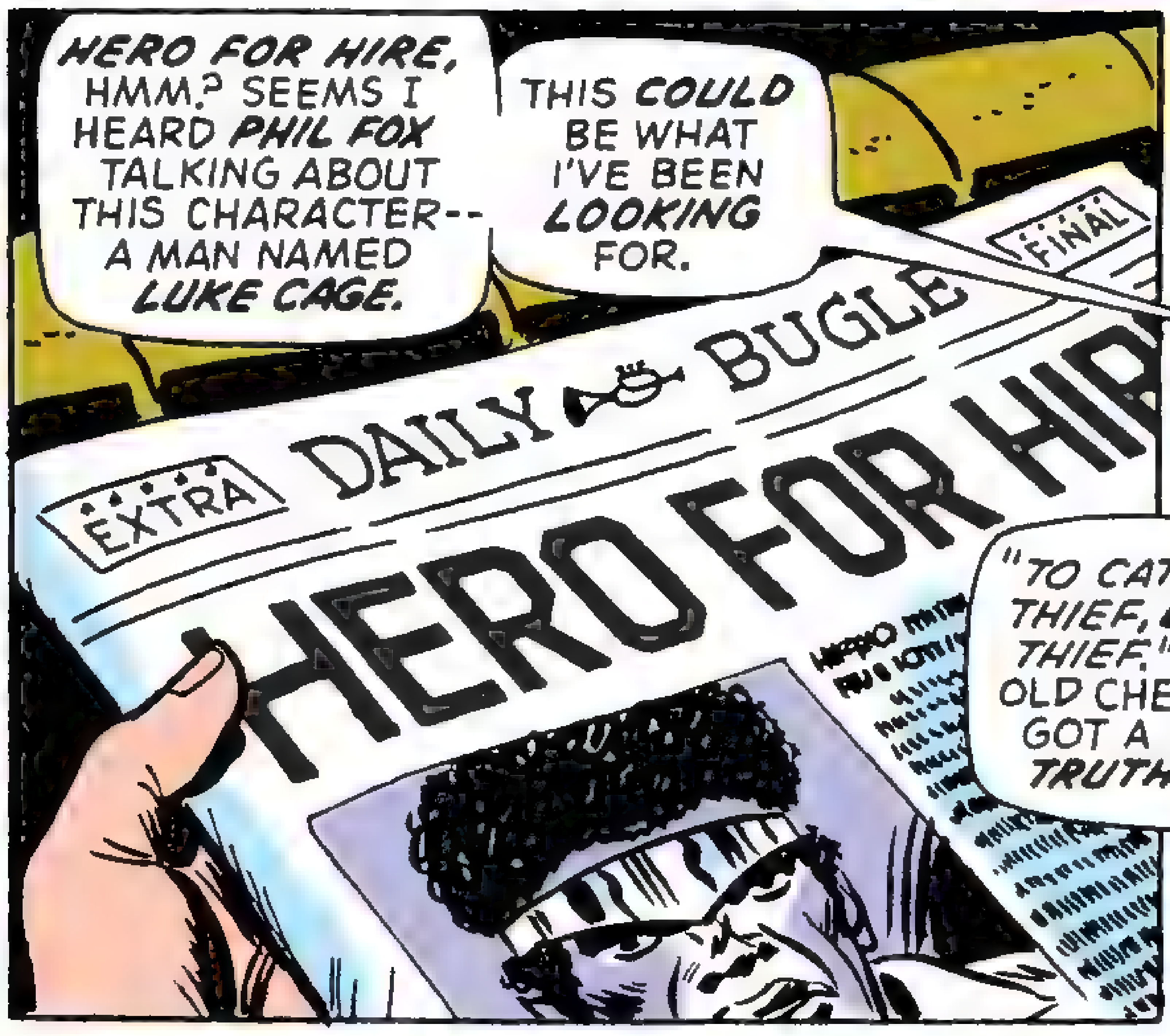

EPILOGUE: MARY JANE WATSON HAS WAITED SEVERAL HOURS FOR SOMEONE TO RETURN TO THE SHARED APARTMENT OF PETER PARKER AND HARRY OSBORN...
BUT STILL, SHE'S STARTLED WHEN SHE HEARS THE SOUND OF A KEY--
--AND SEES THE HAUNTED FORM OF A MAN SHE KNOWS AS PETE.
HEY, PETEY-- I HEARD ABOUT GWEN.
I'M REALLY TORN UP, PE--
YOU? "TORN UP"?
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, MARY JANE.
YOU WOULDN'T BE SORRY IF YOUR OWN MOTHER DIED.
WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT STRAIGHTS LIKE ME AND GWEN?
GO ON-- GET OUT HERE.
I KNOW HOW YOU HATE SICK BEDS.
AND BELIEVE ME--I WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR FUN.
FOR A MOMENT SHE HESITATES BY THE DOOR--AND THEN--
CLICK!
NEXT ISSUE THE MAN CALLED CAGE!

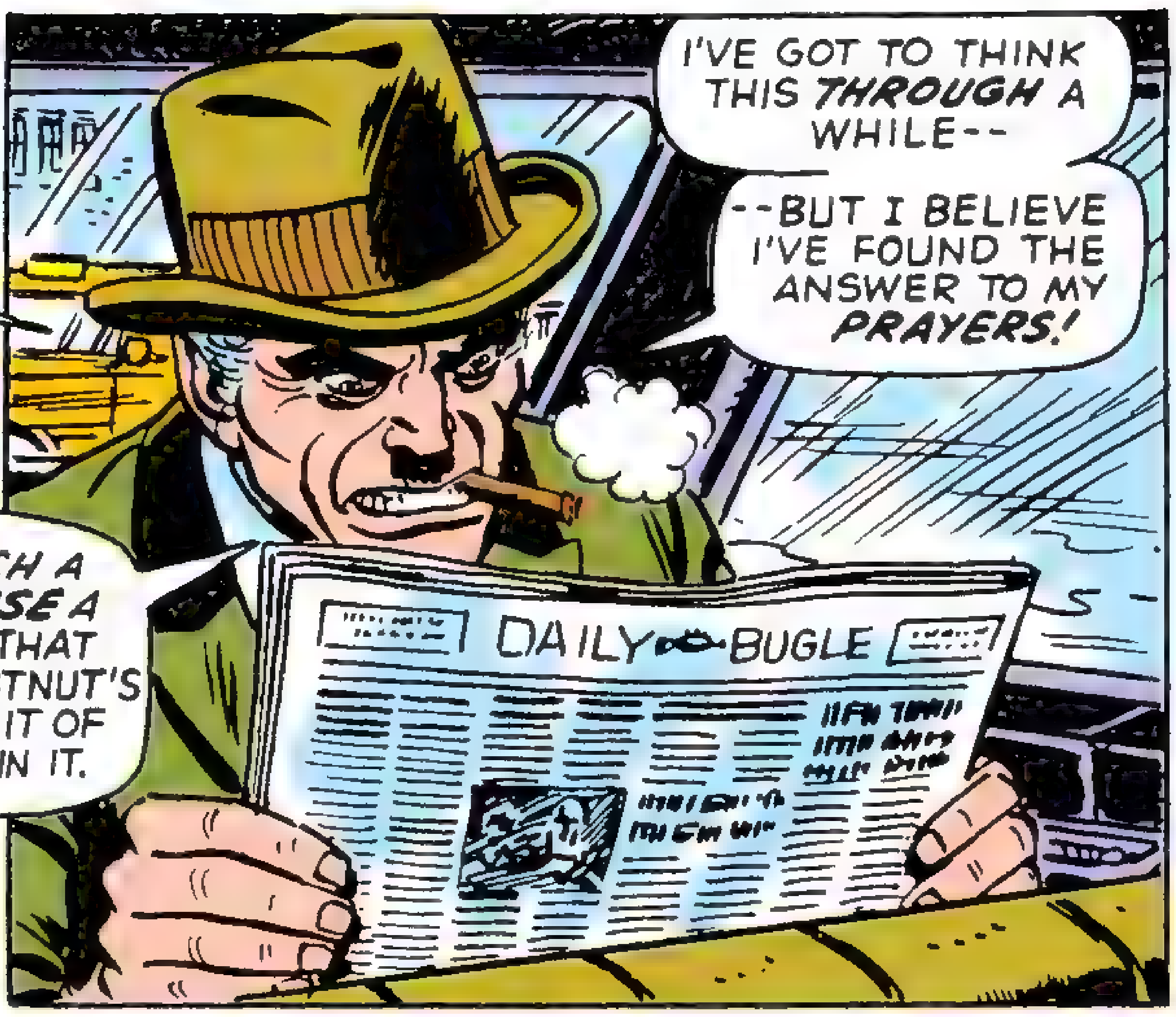

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
123 AUG 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
MAYBE YOU MAKE THOSE STRAP-HANGER TYPES SHIVER IN THEIR BOOTS-- BUT YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER JOB TO--
..LUKE CAGE, HERO FOR HIRE!
HANG IT UP, WEB-SPINNER!

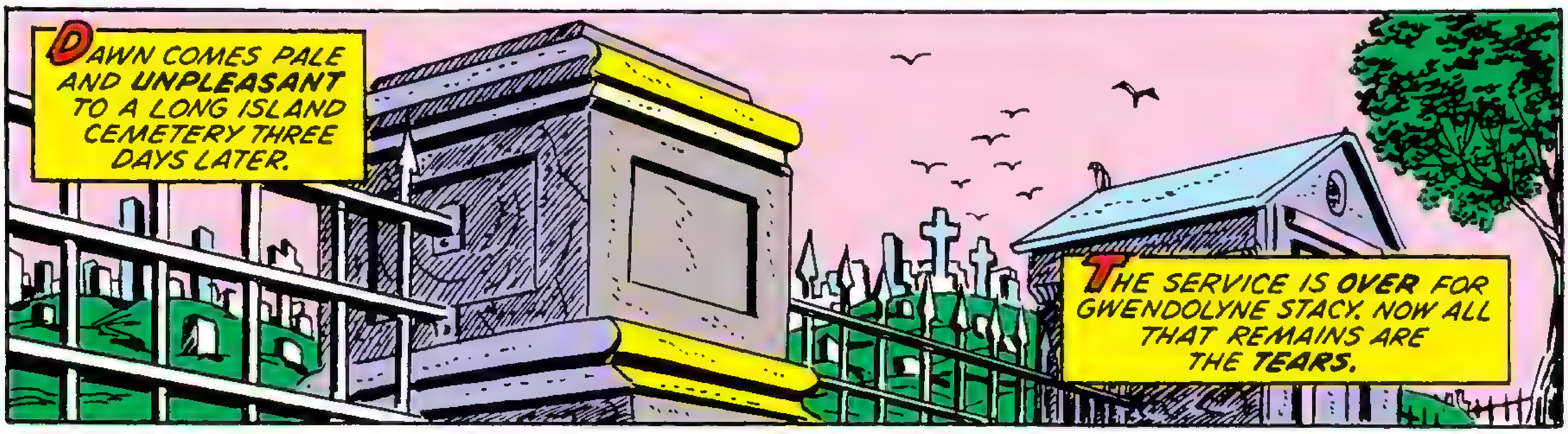

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™
"...JUST A MAN CALLED CAGE!"
WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE WANTED NORMAN OSBORN *DEAD*, JONAH?
YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO *THAT* AS WELL AS *I* DO, ROBERTSON.
IT WAS SPIDER-MAN! SPIDER-MAN!
GERRY CONWAY SCRIPTER
GIL KANE and JOHNNY ROMITA ARTIST
J. ROMITA and T. MORTELLARO INKERS
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER
DAVE HUNT COLORIST
ROY THOMAS EDITOR

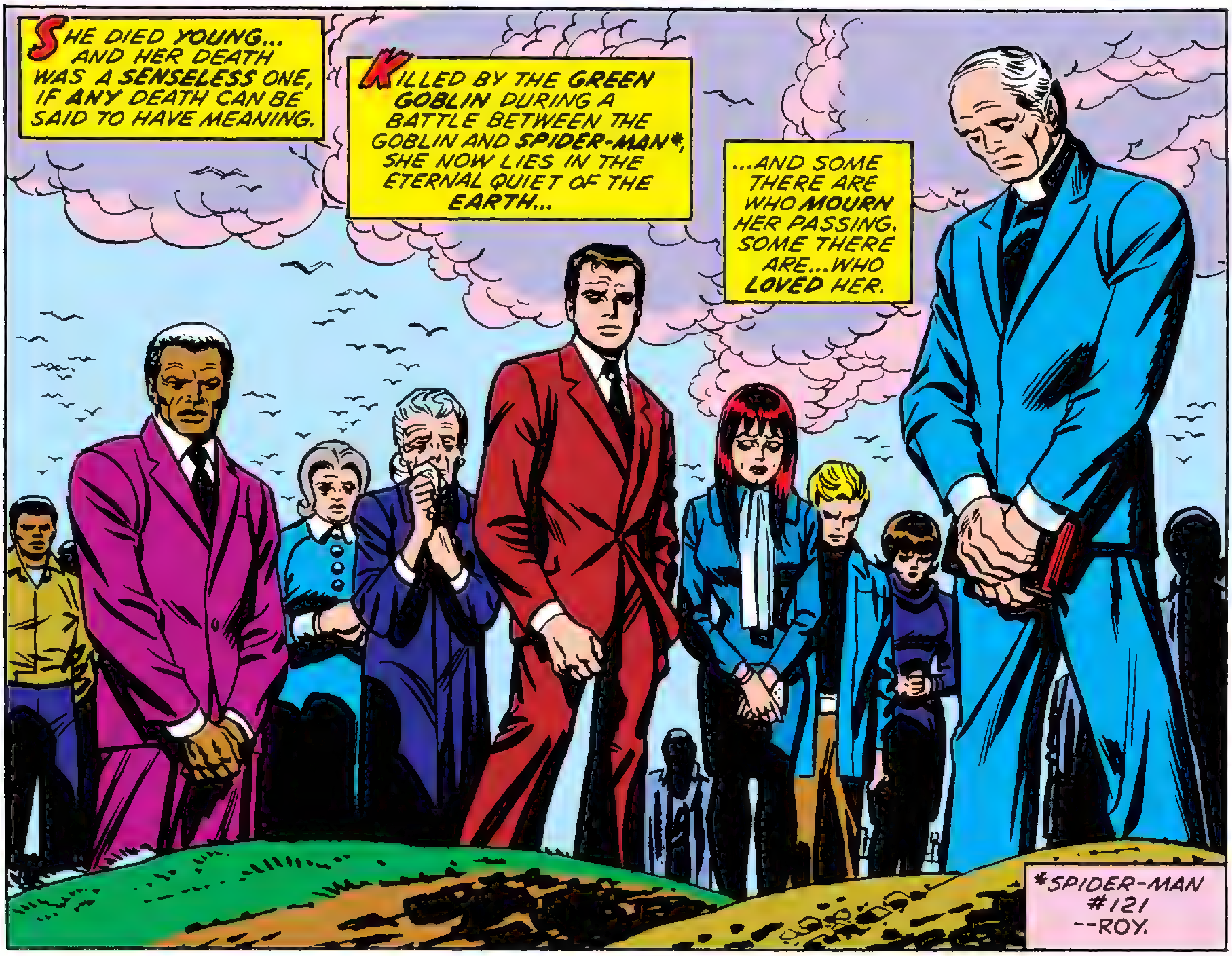

NOW, MR. JAMESON-- WE CAN'T BE **SURE.** THERE'S A GREAT DEAL OF **WEBBING** AROUND HERE, IT'S TRUE--
--BUT THERE ARE ALSO SEVERAL OF THE **GREEN GOBLIN'S** EXPLOSIVE **PUMPKINS,** SO MAYBE I--
HOGWASH!
THOSE PUMPKINS ARE A **PLANT**-- TO TAKE OUR SUSPICION **AWAY** FROM THAT WEBBED **MENACE!**
NORMAN OSBORN WAS MURDERED BY **SPIDER-MAN...**
...AND I WON'T **REST** UNTIL THAT WALL-CRAWLING **KILLER** HAS BEEN MADE TO **PAY!**
NOW, JONAH... DON'T DO ANYTHING **RASH.**
THERE ARE STILL QUITE A FEW THINGS **UNEXPLAINED** HERE...
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT FREAK MAY BE **INNOCENT?**
WATCH YOURSELF, ROBERTSON --I DON'T PAY MY CITY EDITORS TO **ARGUE** WITH ME!
NO, MY FRIEND-- **THIS** TIME WE'VE **GOT** HIM.
THIS TIME THERE CAN'T BE **ANY** MISTAKE!
SPIDER-MAN IS GUILTY-- AND HE'S GOING TO DIE!
WHEW! THAT JAMESON'S A **HARD MAN.** HE MAKES THE **COMMISSIONER** LOOK LIKE A REGULAR **SWEETHEART!**
HOW DO YOU **PUT UP** WITH HIM, ROBBIE?
I'VE WORKED FOR MORE THAN A FEW **PUBLISHERS** IN MY TIME.
THEY'VE **ALL** BEEN A LITTLE-- SHALL WE SAY-- **DOGMATIC?**
IT'S PART OF THE **GAME.** YOU PUT YOUR **CAREER** ON THE LINE EVERY DAY, EVERY **TIME** YOU PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER.
IF YOU DON'T **BELIEVE** IN YOURSELF...YOU'RE **FINISHED!**
IF YOU WANT THE **TRUTH...** J.J.J.'s ONE OF THE MORE **EASY-GOING** PRINT PEOPLE.
BELIEVE ME --HE **IS** A SWEETHEART.

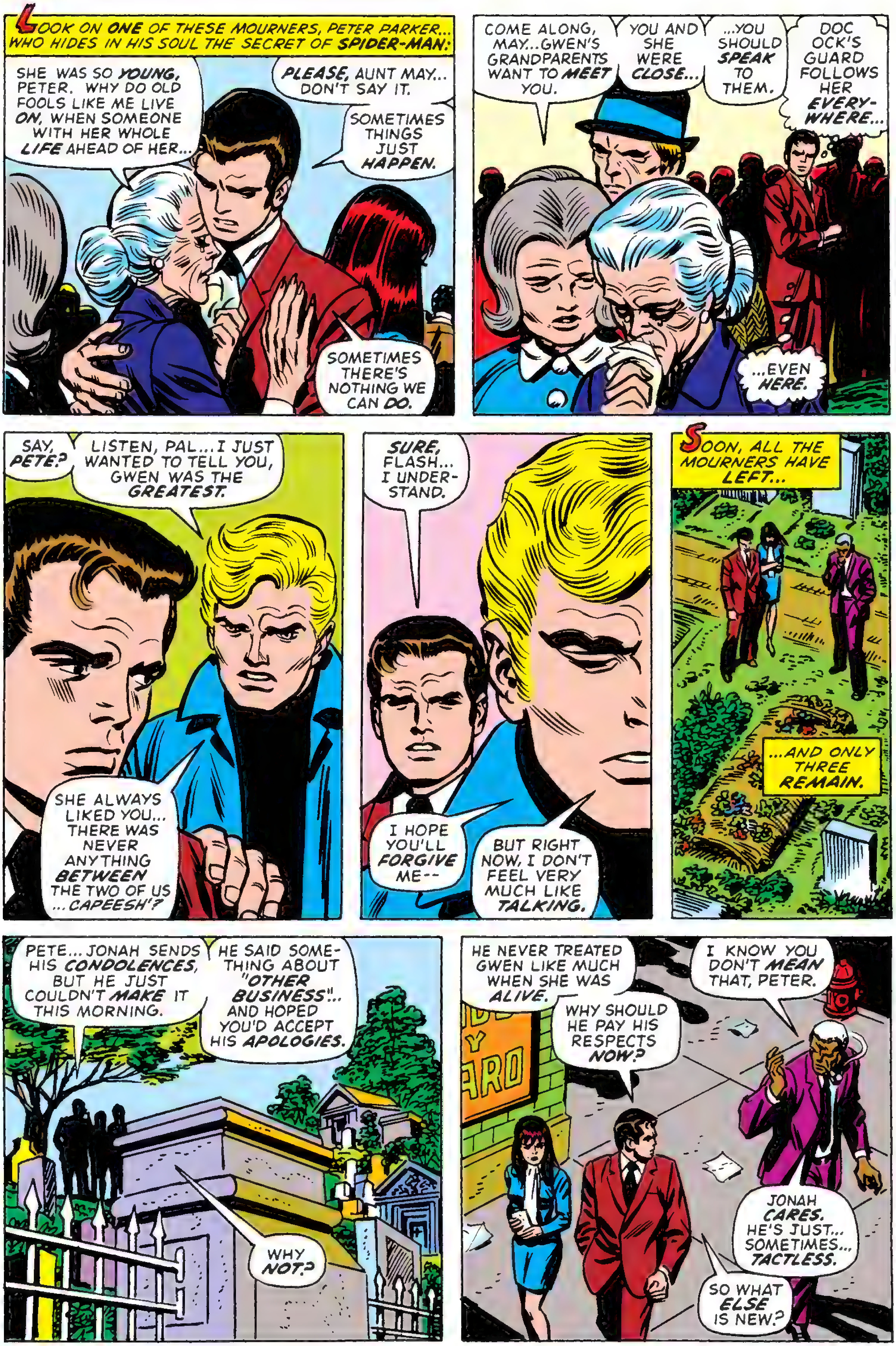

MAYBE SO...BUT IF HE'S PLANNING ON TAKING THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS, HE'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD ATTORNEY.
THERE ARE STILL SOME THINGS UNCLEAR ABOUT THIS CASE.
SOMEONE MOVED OSBORN'S BODY BEFORE WE ARRIVED...
...AND UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE, WE CAN'T BE SURE SPIDER-MAN'S EVEN INVOLVED!
HE'S INVOLVED, MY FRIEND... DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF.
SPIDER-MAN WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREEN GOBLIN'S DEATH* ...BUT THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
*LAST ISSUE. --RT.
WHO WOULD CARE IF A KNOWN VILLAIN SUCH AS THE GOBLIN WAS--ELIMINATED?
ANSWER: NO ONE.
BUT NORMAN OSBORN--HIS DEATH WILL START A PUBLIC OUTCRY FOR JUSTICE--READ: REVENGE!
IF I HADN'T REMOVED THE GOBLIN'S COSTUME, ALL THIS WOULD BE OVER.
NOW IT IS ONLY BEGINNING--
--AND THE DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN WILL BE ITS END!
JOHN
VIC
MEANWHILE, OTHER MINDS ARE CONCENTRATING ON THAT END, AS WELL.
ONE MIND IN PARTICULAR CONCERNS US HERE --THE LABYRINTHIAN BRAIN OF J. JONAH JAMESON--
--WHO EVEN NOW BROODS ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND AND FELLOW FINANCIER, AND PONDERS A WAY TO REMOVE THE THREAT OF SPIDER-MAN--!
DAILY BUGLE
HERO FOR HIRE?

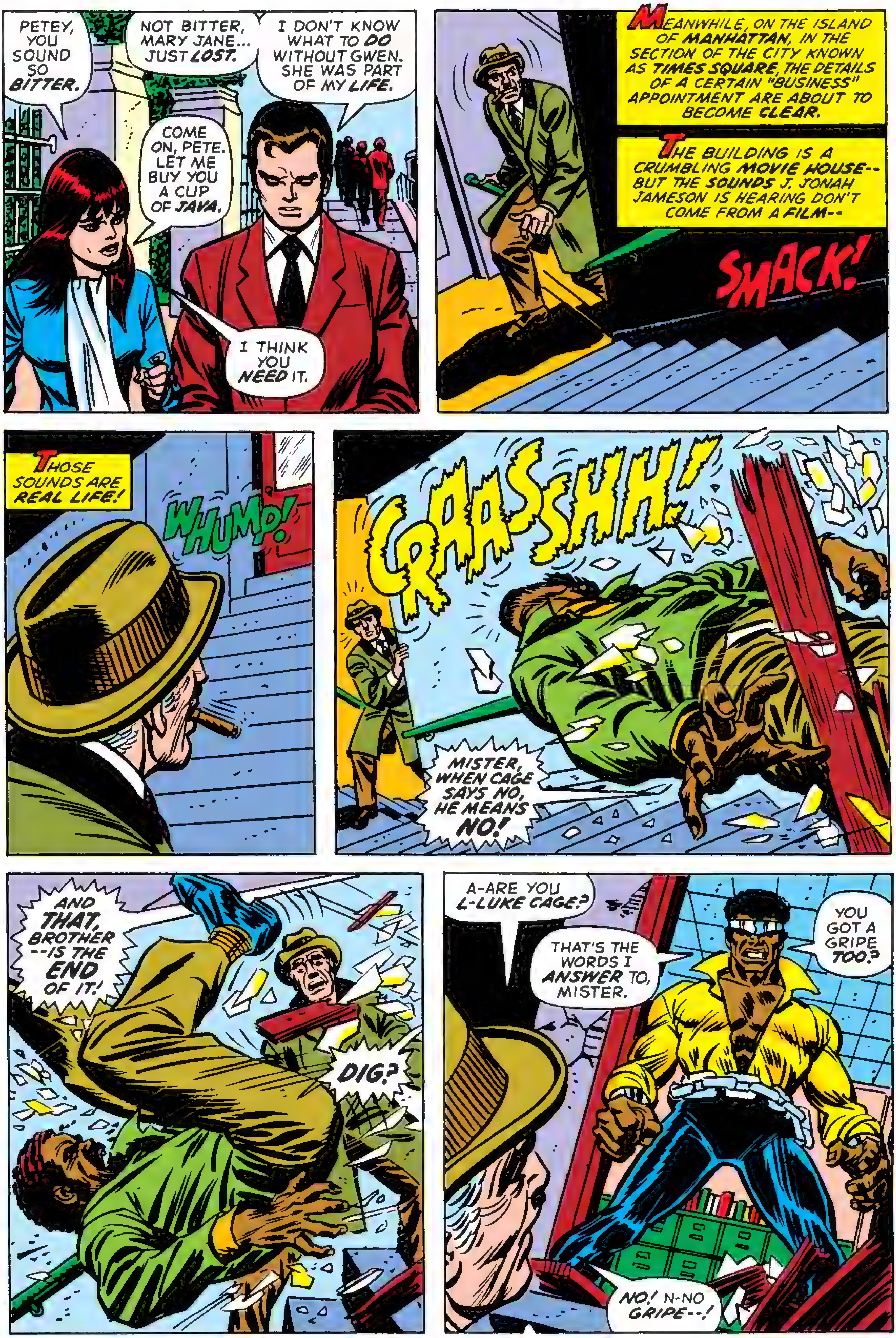

HERO FOR HIRE, HMM? SEEMS I HEARD PHIL FOX TALKING ABOUT THIS CHARACTER-- A MAN NAMED LUKE CAGE.
THIS COULD BE WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.
EXTRA
DAILY BUGLE
FINAL
HERO FOR HI

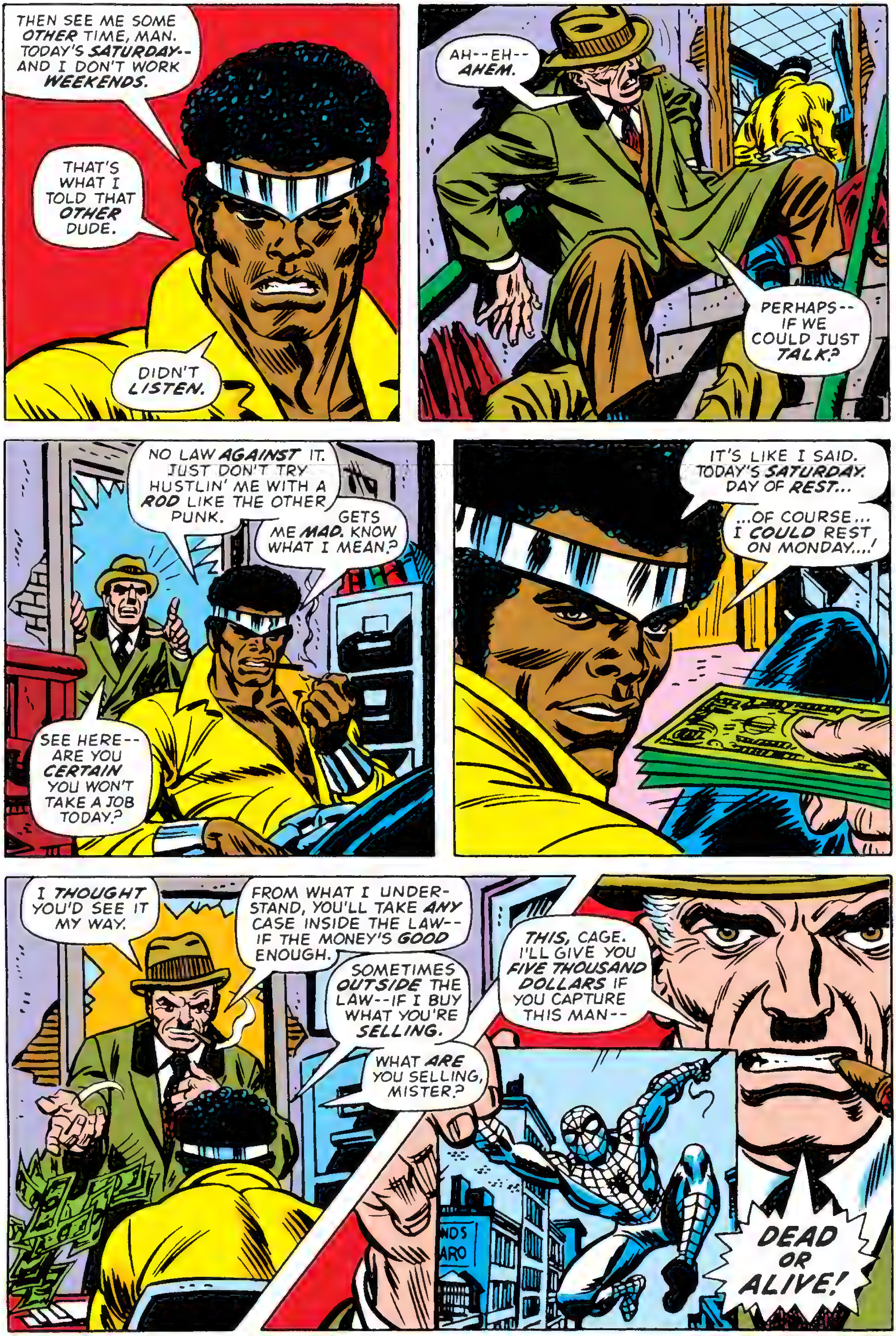

I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THROUGH A WHILE--
--BUT I BELIEVE I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS!
"TO CATCH A THIEF, USE A THIEF." THAT OLD CHESTNUT'S GOT A BIT OF TRUTH IN IT.
DAILY BUGLE

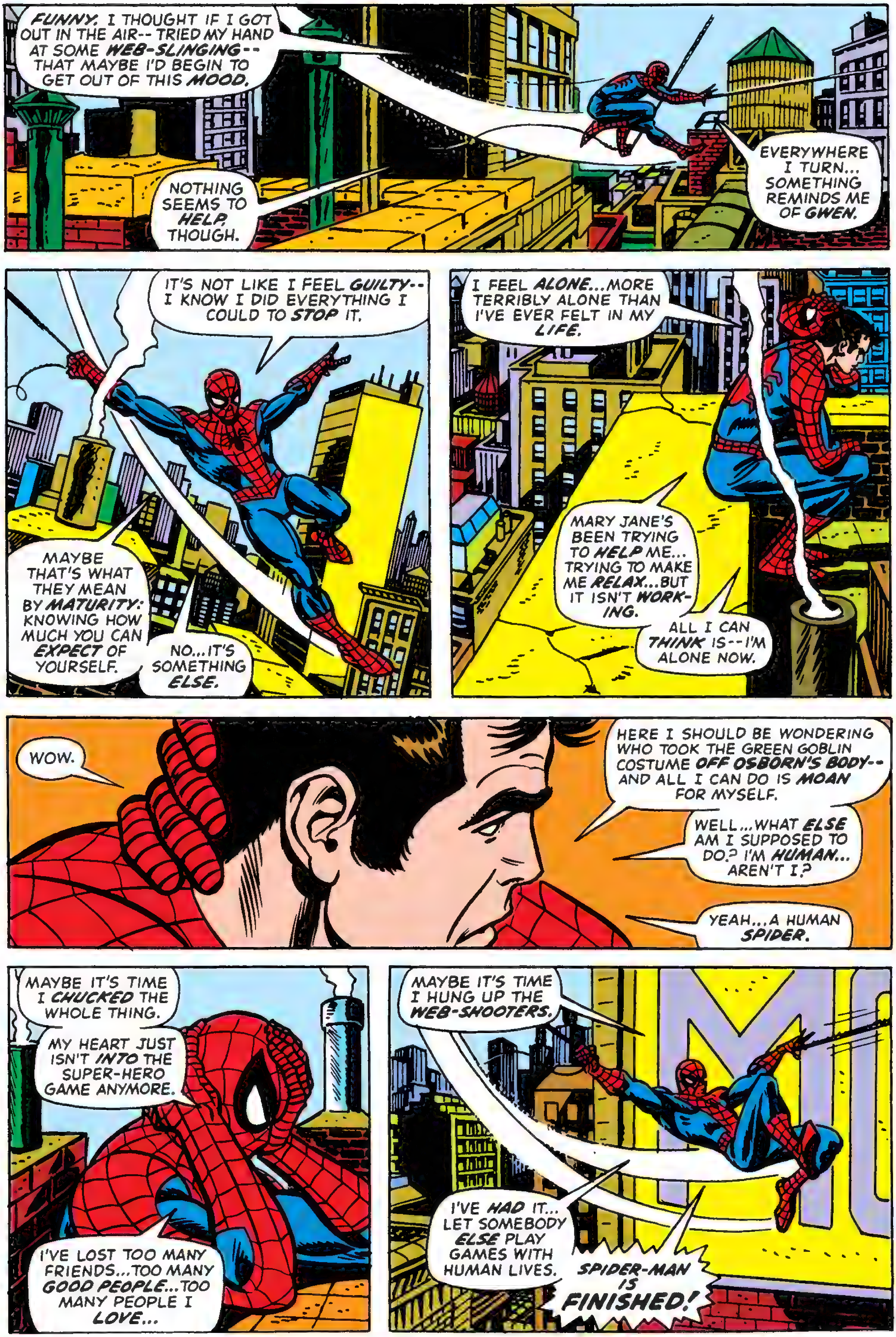

DAWN COMES PALE AND UNPLEASANT TO A LONG ISLAND CEMETERY THREE DAYS LATER.
THE SERVICE IS OVER FOR GWENDOLYNE STACY. NOW ALL THAT REMAINS ARE THE TEARS.

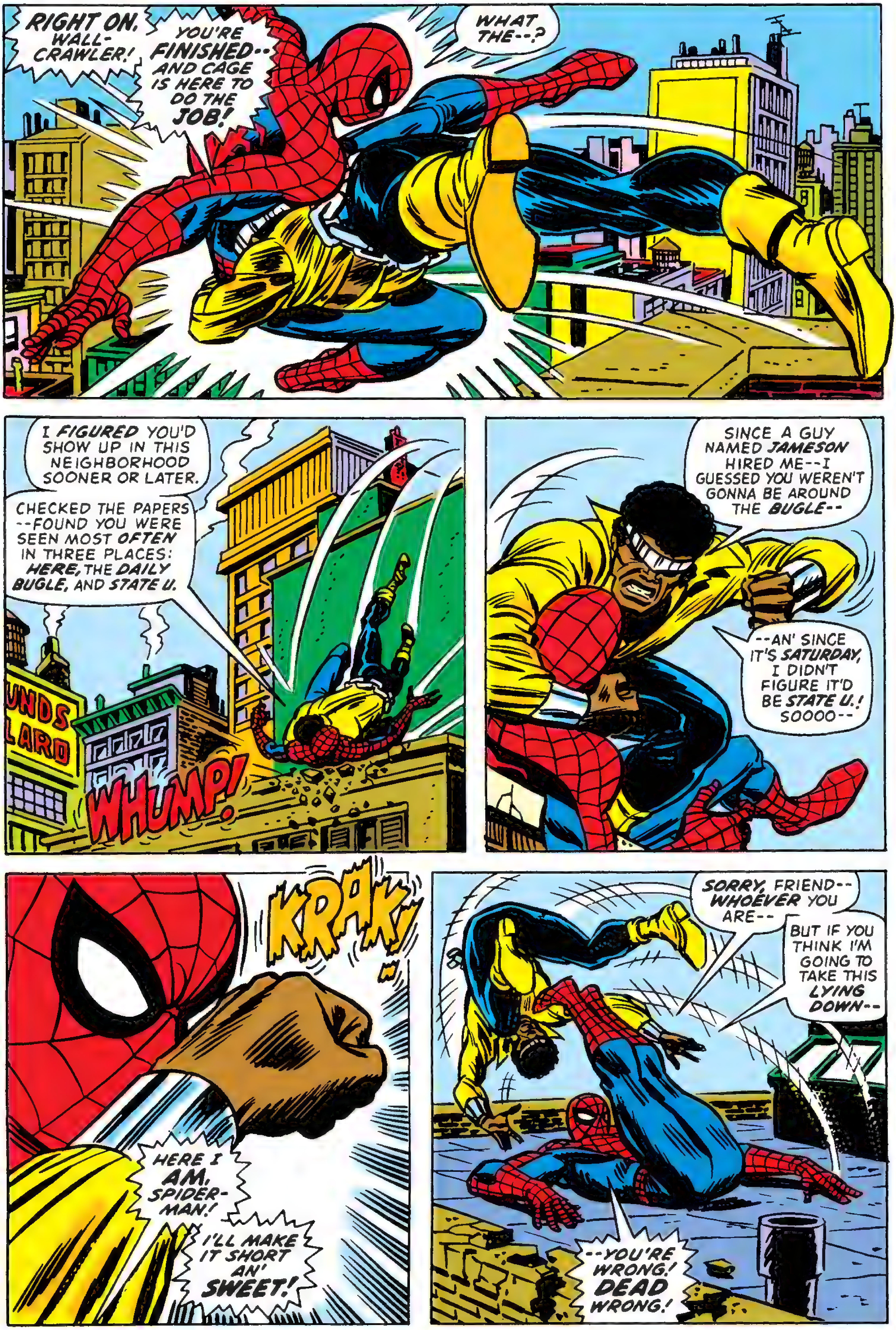

SHE DIED YOUNG... AND HER DEATH WAS A SENSELESS ONE, IF ANY DEATH CAN BE SAID TO HAVE MEANING.
KILLED BY THE GREEN GOBLIN DURING A BATTLE BETWEEN THE GOBLIN AND SPIDER-MAN*, SHE NOW LIES IN THE ETERNAL QUIET OF THE EARTH...
...AND SOME THERE ARE WHO MOURN HER PASSING. SOME THERE ARE...WHO LOVED HER.
*SPIDER-MAN #121 --ROY.

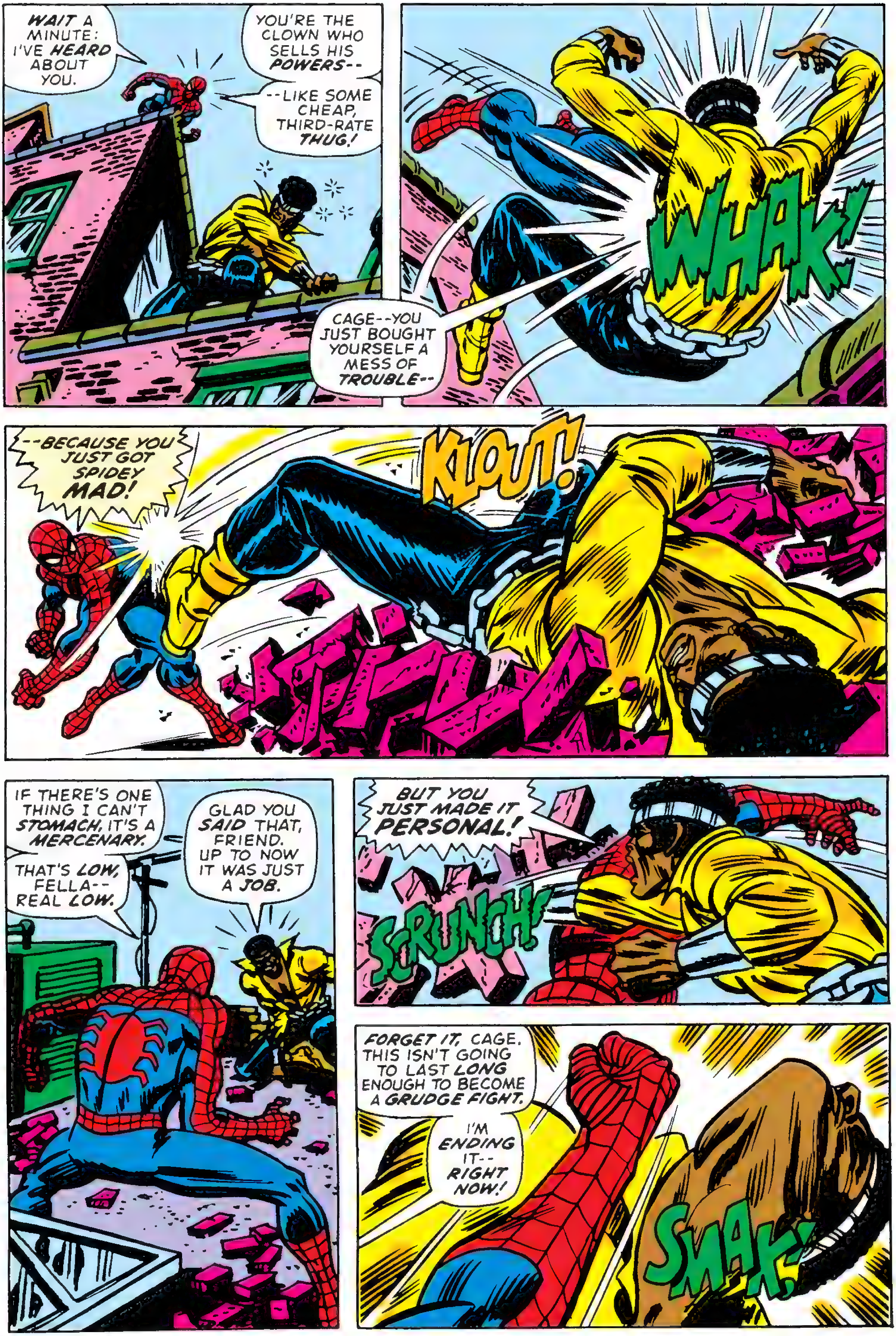

LOOK ON ONE OF THESE MOURNERS, PETER PARKER... WHO HIDES IN HIS SOUL THE SECRET OF SPIDER-MAN:
SHE WAS SO YOUNG, PETER. WHY DO OLD FOOLS LIKE ME LIVE ON, WHEN SOMEONE WITH HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER...
PLEASE, AUNT MAY... DON'T SAY IT.
SOMETIMES THINGS JUST HAPPEN.
SOMETIMES THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.
COME ALONG, MAY... GWEN'S GRANDPARENTS WANT TO MEET YOU.
YOU AND SHE WERE CLOSE...
...YOU SHOULD SPEAK TO THEM.
DOC OCK'S GUARD FOLLOWS HER EVERYWHERE...
...EVEN HERE.
SAY, PETE?
LISTEN, PAL... I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU, GWEN WAS THE GREATEST.
SHE ALWAYS LIKED YOU... THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING BETWEEN THE TWO OF US ...CAPEESH'?
SURE, FLASH... I UNDERSTAND.
I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME--
BUT RIGHT NOW, I DON'T FEEL VERY MUCH LIKE TALKING.
SOON, ALL THE MOURNERS HAVE LEFT...
...AND ONLY THREE REMAIN.
PETE... JONAH SENDS HIS CONDOLENCES, BUT HE JUST COULDN'T MAKE IT THIS MORNING.
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT "OTHER BUSINESS"... AND HOPED YOU'D ACCEPT HIS APOLOGIES.
WHY NOT?
HE NEVER TREATED GWEN LIKE MUCH WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE.
WHY SHOULD HE PAY HIS RESPECTS NOW?
I KNOW YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, PETER.
JONAH CARES. HE'S JUST... SOMETIMES... TACTLESS.
SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

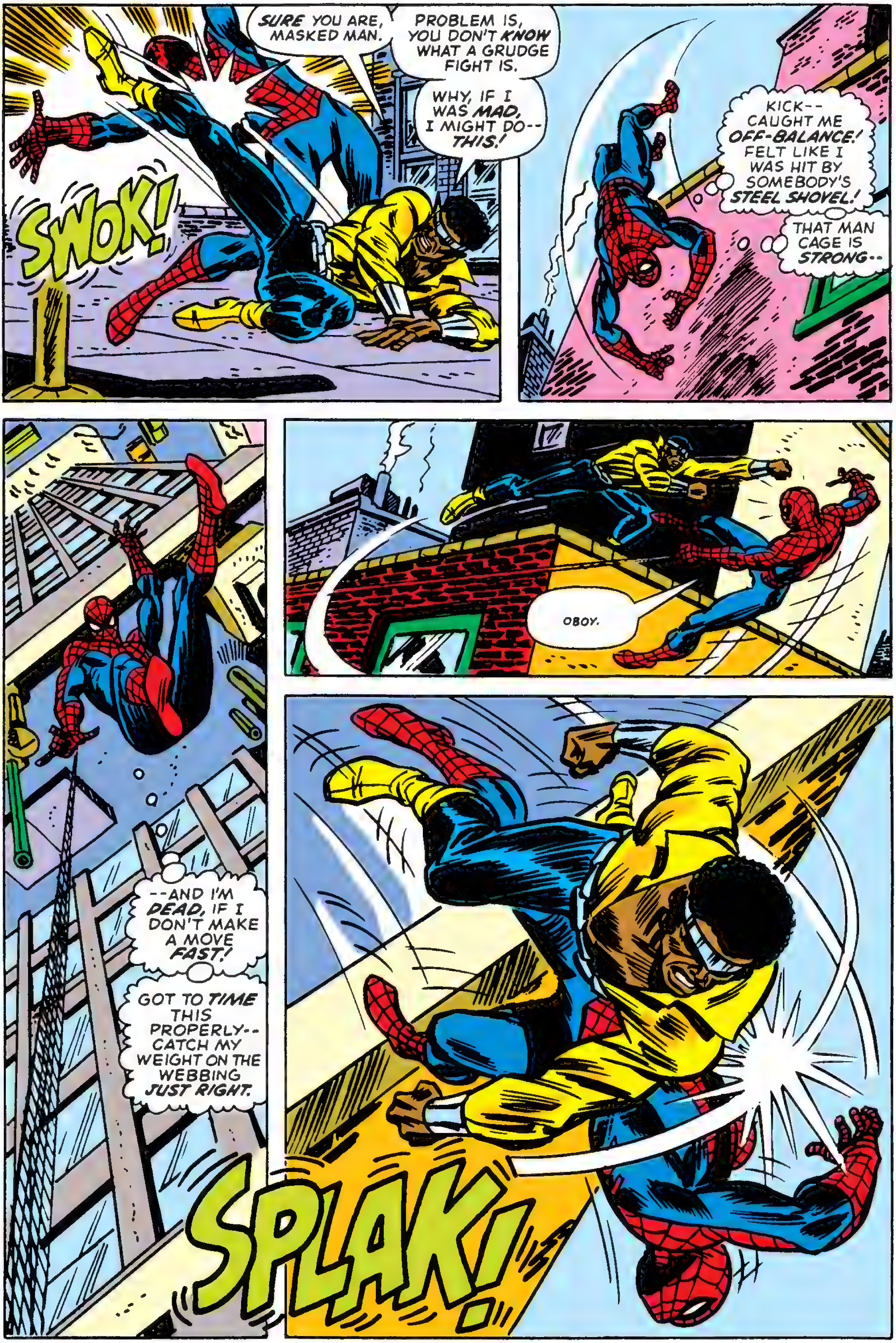

PETEY, YOU SOUND SO *BITTER.*
NOT BITTER, MARY JANE... JUST *LOST.*
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO* WITHOUT GWEN. SHE WAS PART OF MY *LIFE.*
COME ON, PETE. LET ME BUY YOU A CUP OF *JAVA.*
I THINK YOU *NEED* IT.
MEANWHILE, ON THE ISLAND OF *MANHATTAN,* IN THE SECTION OF THE CITY KNOWN AS *TIMES SQUARE,* THE DETAILS OF A CERTAIN "BUSINESS" APPOINTMENT ARE ABOUT TO BECOME *CLEAR.*
THE BUILDING IS A CRUMBLING *MOVIE HOUSE*-- BUT THE *SOUNDS* J. JONAH JAMESON IS HEARING DON'T COME FROM A *FILM*--
SMACK!
THOSE SOUNDS ARE *REAL LIFE!*
WHUMP!
CRAASSHH!
MISTER, WHEN CAGE SAYS NO, HE MEANS NO!
AND THAT, BROTHER --IS THE END OF IT!
DIG?
A-ARE YOU *L-LUKE CAGE?*
THAT'S THE WORDS I *ANSWER* TO, MISTER.
YOU GOT A GRIPE *TOO?*
NO! N-NO *GRIPE--!*

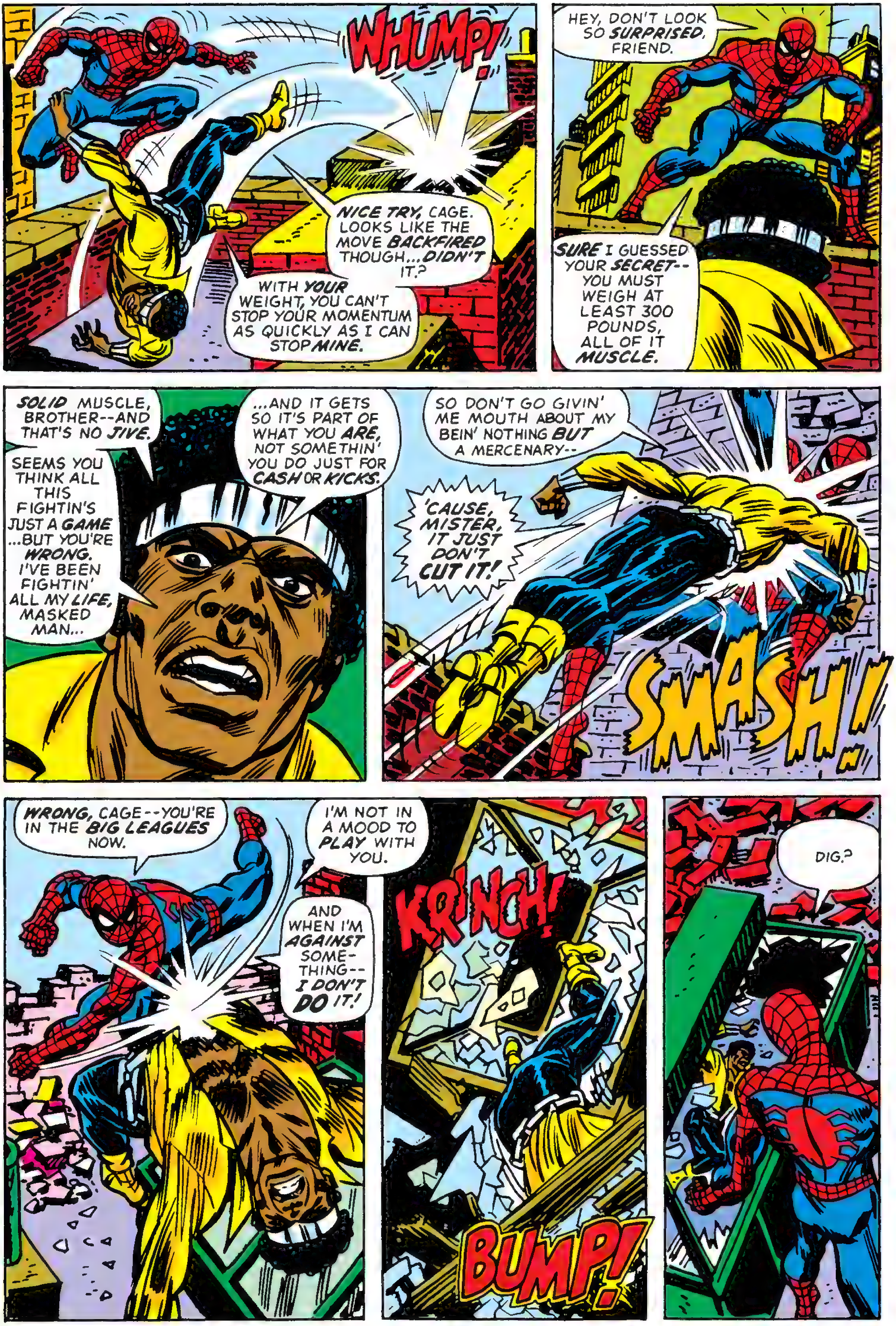

THEN SEE ME SOME *OTHER* TIME, MAN. TODAY'S *SATURDAY*-- AND I DON'T WORK *WEEKENDS*.
THAT'S WHAT I TOLD THAT *OTHER* DUDE.
DIDN'T *LISTEN*.
AH--EH-- *AHEM*.
PERHAPS-- IF WE COULD JUST *TALK?*
NO LAW *AGAINST* IT. JUST DON'T TRY HUSTLIN' ME WITH A *ROD* LIKE THE OTHER PUNK.
GETS ME *MAD*. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
SEE HERE-- ARE YOU *CERTAIN* YOU WON'T TAKE A JOB TODAY?
IT'S LIKE I SAID. TODAY'S *SATURDAY*. DAY OF *REST*...
...OF COURSE... I *COULD* REST ON MONDAY...!
I *THOUGHT* YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY.
FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, YOU'LL TAKE *ANY* CASE INSIDE THE LAW-- IF THE MONEY'S *GOOD* ENOUGH.
SOMETIMES *OUTSIDE* THE LAW--IF I BUY WHAT YOU'RE *SELLING*.
WHAT *ARE* YOU SELLING, MISTER?
THIS, CAGE. I'LL GIVE YOU *FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS* IF YOU CAPTURE THIS MAN--
DEAD OR ALIVE!

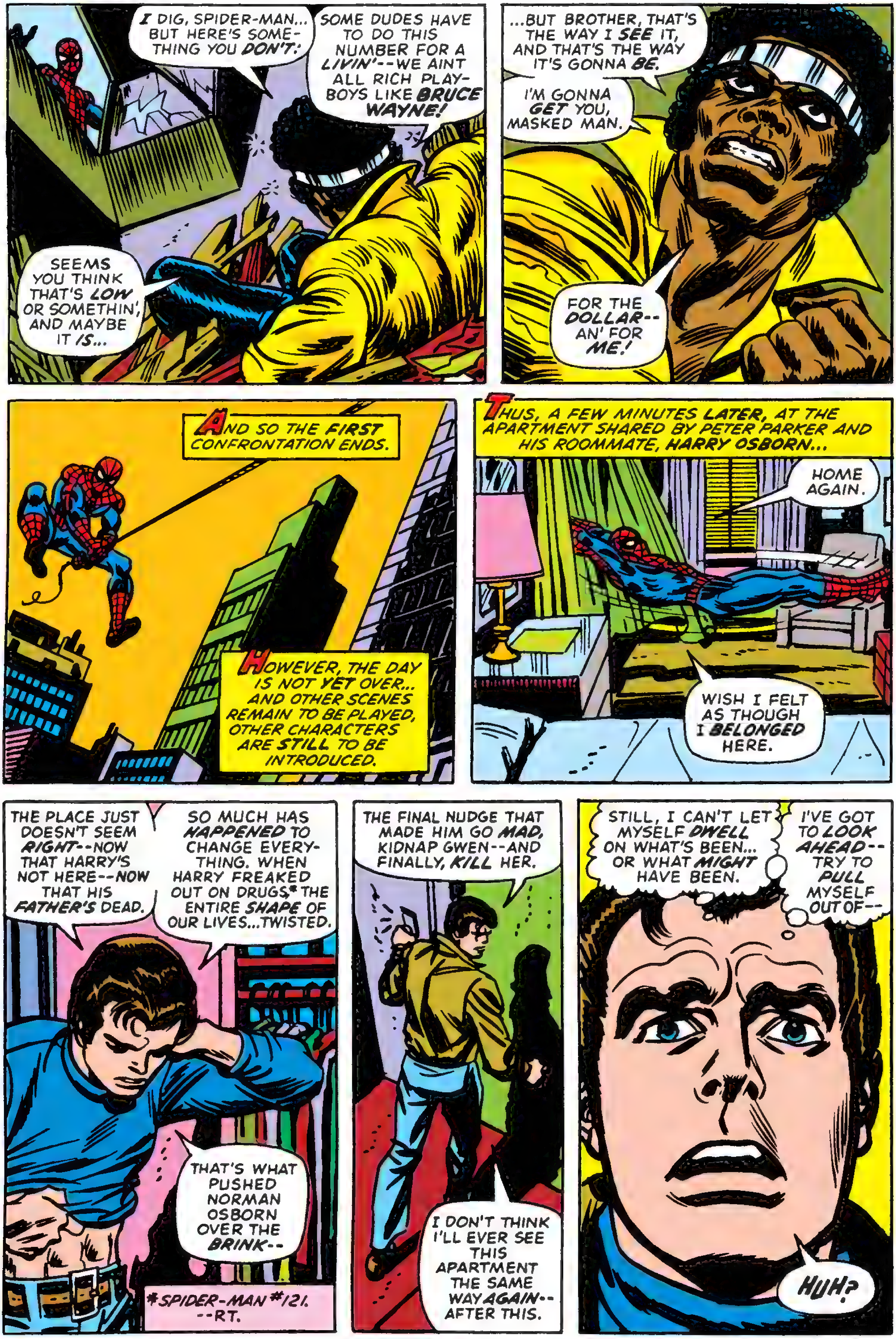

FUNNY. I THOUGHT IF I GOT OUT IN THE AIR-- TRIED MY HAND AT SOME WEB-SLINGING-- THAT MAYBE I'D BEGIN TO GET OUT OF THIS MOOD.
NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP, THOUGH.
EVERYWHERE I TURN... SOMETHING REMINDS ME OF GWEN.
IT'S NOT LIKE I FEEL GUILTY-- I KNOW I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO STOP IT.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN BY MATURITY: KNOWING HOW MUCH YOU CAN EXPECT OF YOURSELF.
NO...IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.
I FEEL ALONE...MORE TERRIBLY ALONE THAN I'VE EVER FELT IN MY LIFE.
MARY JANE'S BEEN TRYING TO HELP ME... TRYING TO MAKE ME RELAX...BUT IT ISN'T WORKING.
ALL I CAN THINK IS--I'M ALONE NOW.
WOW.
HERE I SHOULD BE WONDERING WHO TOOK THE GREEN GOBLIN COSTUME OFF OSBORN'S BODY-- AND ALL I CAN DO IS MOAN FOR MYSELF.
WELL...WHAT ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? I'M HUMAN... AREN'T I?
YEAH...A HUMAN SPIDER.
MAYBE IT'S TIME I CHUCKED THE WHOLE THING.
MY HEART JUST ISN'T INTO THE SUPER-HERO GAME ANYMORE.
I'VE LOST TOO MANY FRIENDS...TOO MANY GOOD PEOPLE...TOO MANY PEOPLE I LOVE...
MAYBE IT'S TIME I HUNG UP THE WEB-SHOOTERS.
I'VE HAD IT... LET SOMEBODY ELSE PLAY GAMES WITH HUMAN LIVES.
SPIDER-MAN IS FINISHED!

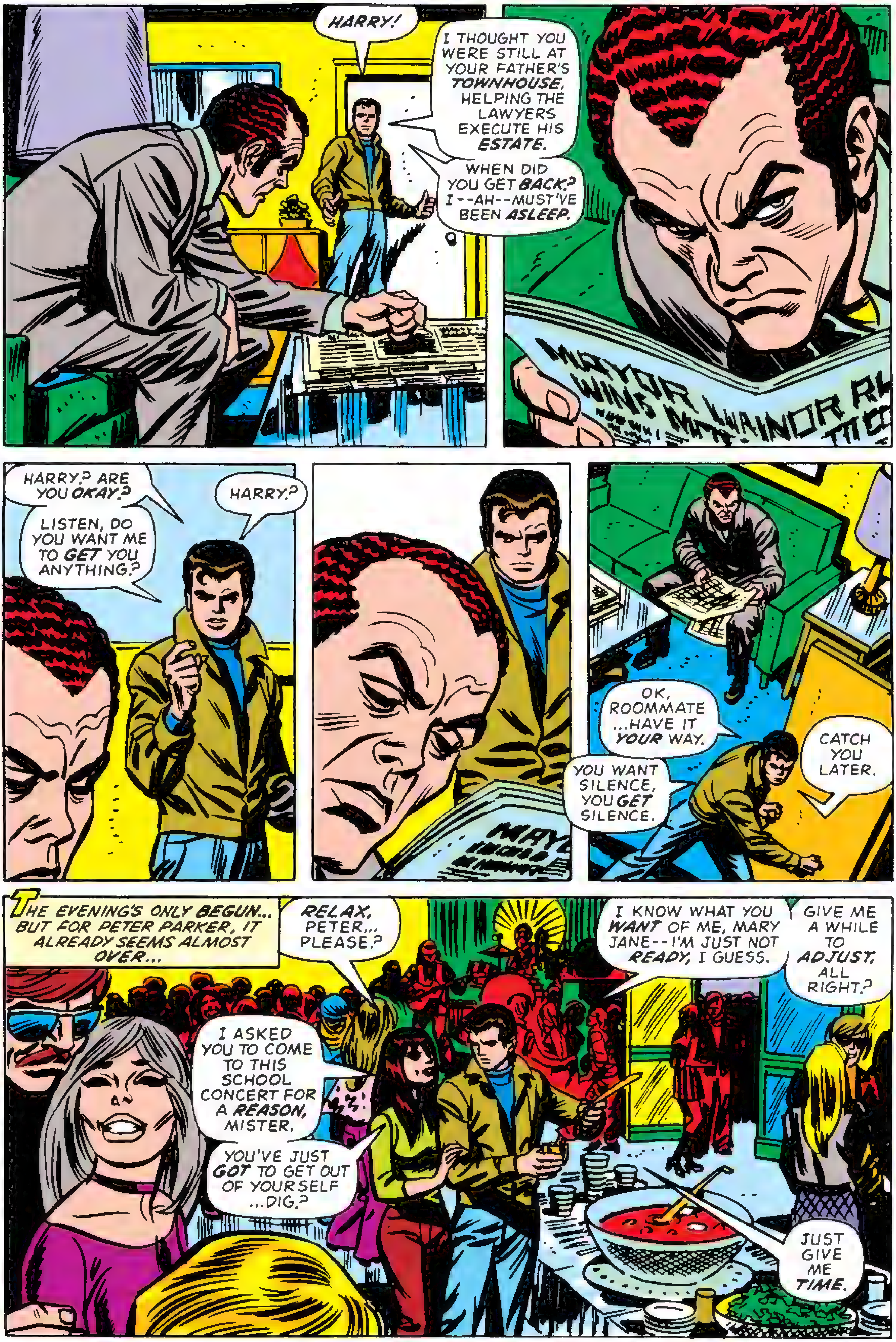

RIGHT ON, WALL-CRAWLER!
YOU'RE FINISHED-- AND CAGE IS HERE TO DO THE JOB!
WHAT THE--?
I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW UP IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SOONER OR LATER.
CHECKED THE PAPERS --FOUND YOU WERE SEEN MOST OFTEN IN THREE PLACES: HERE, THE DAILY BUGLE, AND STATE U.
UNDS LARD
WHUMP!
SINCE A GUY NAMED JAMESON HIRED ME--I GUESSED YOU WEREN'T GONNA BE AROUND THE BUGLE--
--AN' SINCE IT'S SATURDAY, I DIDN'T FIGURE IT'D BE STATE U.! SOOOO--
KRAK!
HERE I AM, SPIDER-MAN!
I'LL MAKE IT SHORT AN' SWEET!
SORRY, FRIEND-- WHOEVER YOU ARE--
BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN--
--YOU'RE WRONG! DEAD WRONG!

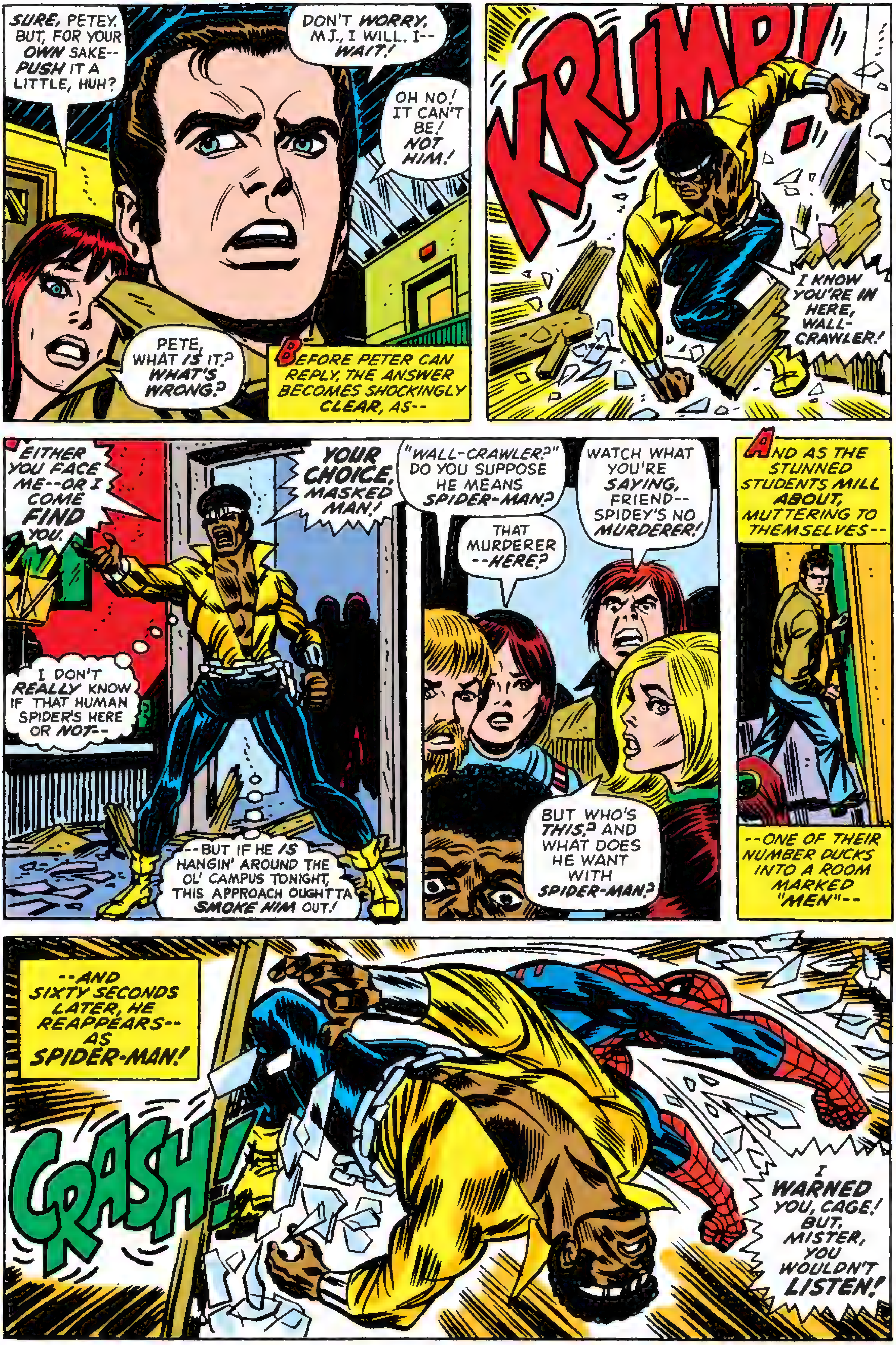

WAIT A MINUTE: I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.
YOU'RE THE CLOWN WHO SELLS HIS POWERS--
--LIKE SOME CHEAP, THIRD-RATE THUG!
WHAK!
CAGE--YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A MESS OF TROUBLE--
--BECAUSE YOU JUST GOT SPIDEY MAD!
KLOUT!
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STOMACH, IT'S A MERCENARY.
THAT'S LOW, FELLA-- REAL LOW.
GLAD YOU SAID THAT, FRIEND. UP TO NOW IT WAS JUST A JOB.
BUT YOU JUST MADE IT PERSONAL!
SCRUNCH!
FORGET IT, CAGE. THIS ISN'T GOING TO LAST LONG ENOUGH TO BECOME A GRUDGE FIGHT.
I'M ENDING IT-- RIGHT NOW!
SMAK!

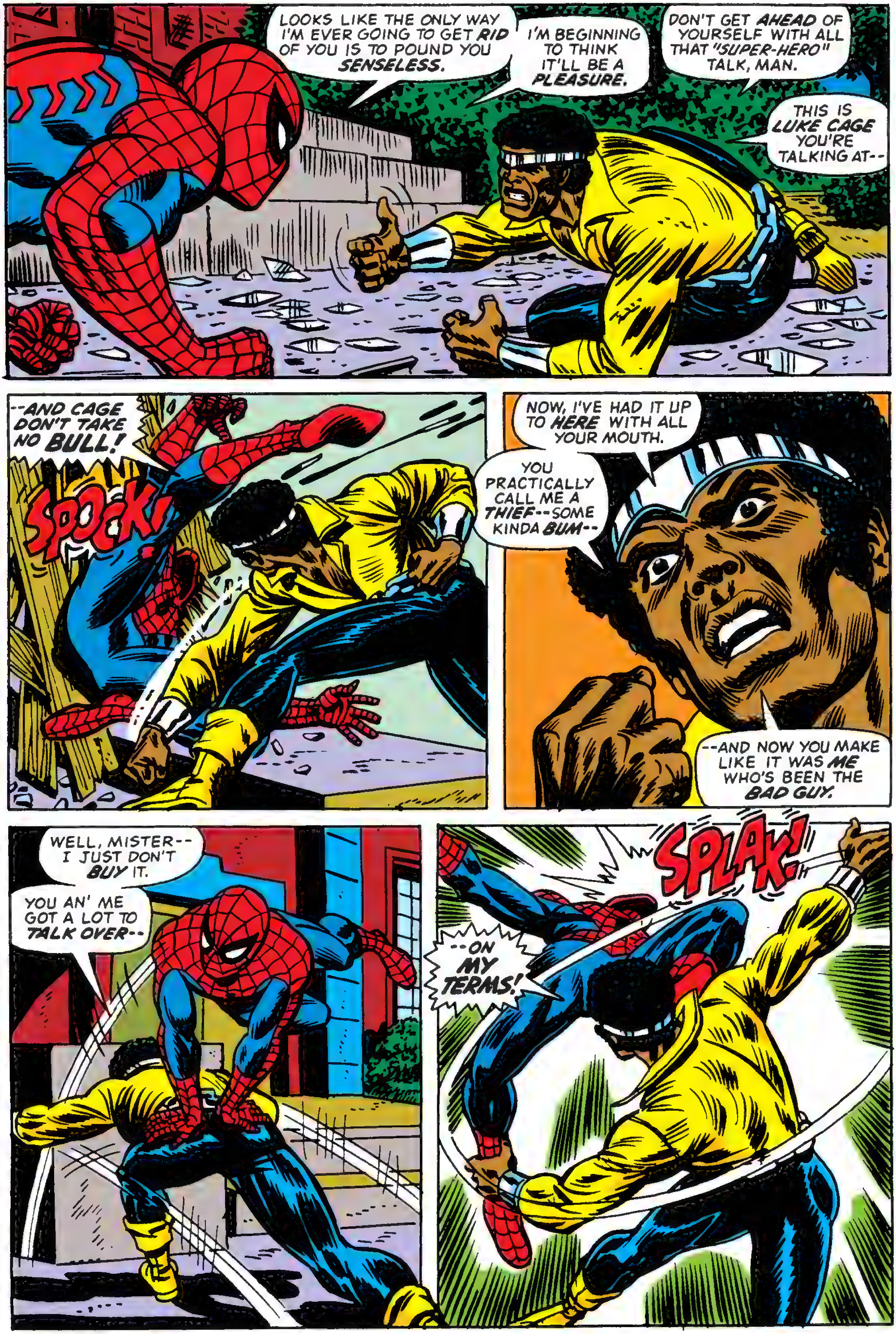

SURE YOU ARE, MASKED MAN.
PROBLEM IS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A GRUDGE FIGHT IS.
WHY, IF I WAS MAD, I MIGHT DO-- THIS!
SWOK!
KICK-- CAUGHT ME OFF-BALANCE! FELT LIKE I WAS HIT BY SOMEBODY'S STEEL SHOVEL!
THAT MAN CAGE IS STRONG..
--AND I'M DEAD, IF I DON'T MAKE A MOVE FAST!
GOT TO TIME THIS PROPERLY-- CATCH MY WEIGHT ON THE WEBBING JUST RIGHT.
OBOY.
SPLAK!

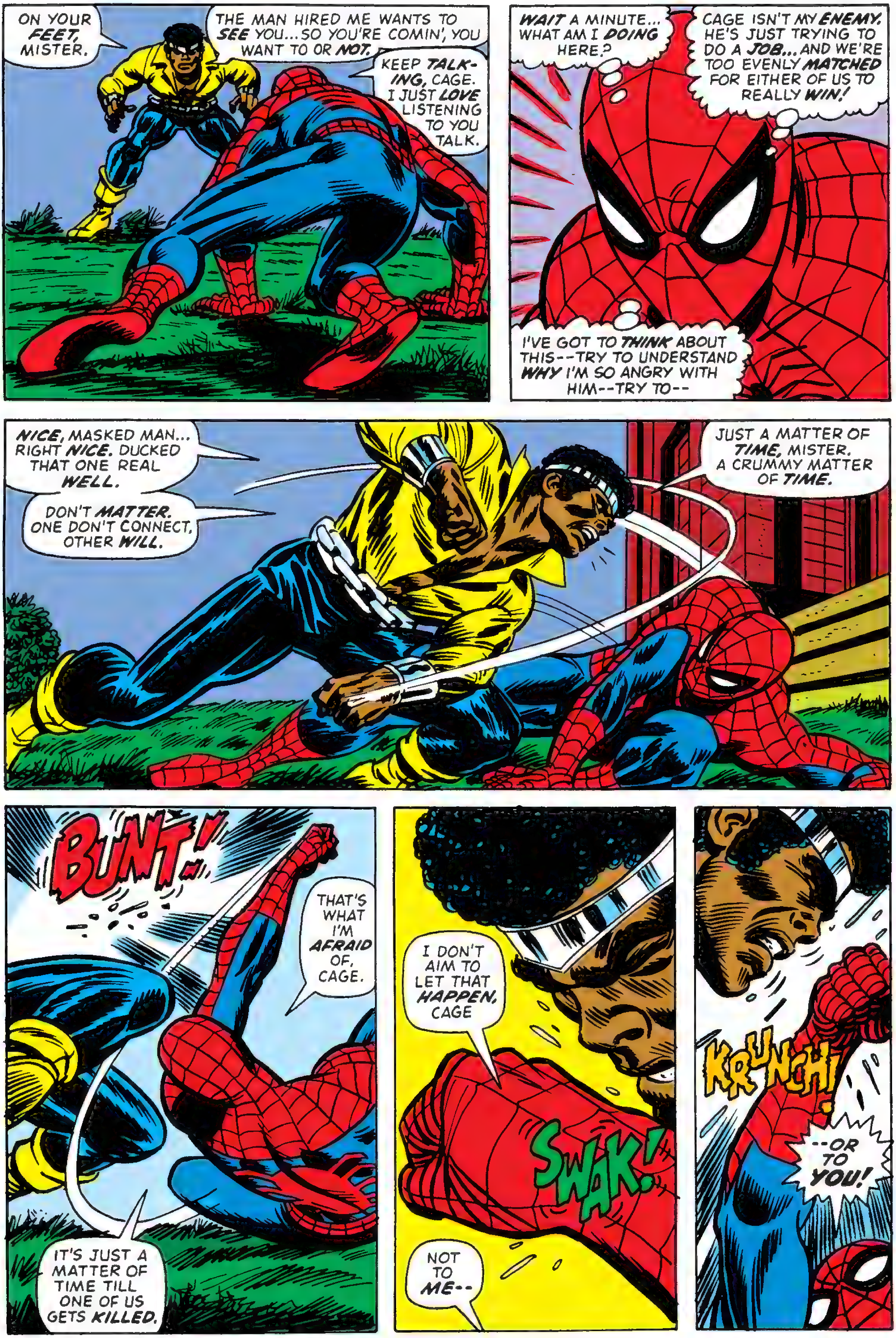

WHUMP!
NICE TRY, CAGE. LOOKS LIKE THE MOVE BACKFIRED THOUGH... DIDN'T IT?
WITH YOUR WEIGHT, YOU CAN'T STOP YOUR MOMENTUM AS QUICKLY AS I CAN STOP MINE.
HEY, DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, FRIEND.
SURE I GUESSED YOUR SECRET-- YOU MUST WEIGH AT LEAST 300 POUNDS, ALL OF IT MUSCLE.
SOLID MUSCLE, BROTHER--AND THAT'S NO JIVE.
SEEMS YOU THINK ALL THIS FIGHTIN'S JUST A GAME ...BUT YOU'RE WRONG. I'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' ALL MY LIFE, MASKED MAN...
...AND IT GETS SO IT'S PART OF WHAT YOU ARE, NOT SOMETHIN' YOU DO JUST FOR CASH OR KICKS.
SO DON'T GO GIVIN' ME MOUTH ABOUT MY BEIN' NOTHING BUT A MERCENARY--
'CAUSE, MISTER, IT JUST DON'T CUT IT!
SMASH!
WRONG, CAGE--YOU'RE IN THE BIG LEAGUES NOW.
I'M NOT IN A MOOD TO PLAY WITH YOU.
AND WHEN I'M AGAINST SOMETHING-- I DON'T DO IT!
KRINCH!
BUMP!
DIG?

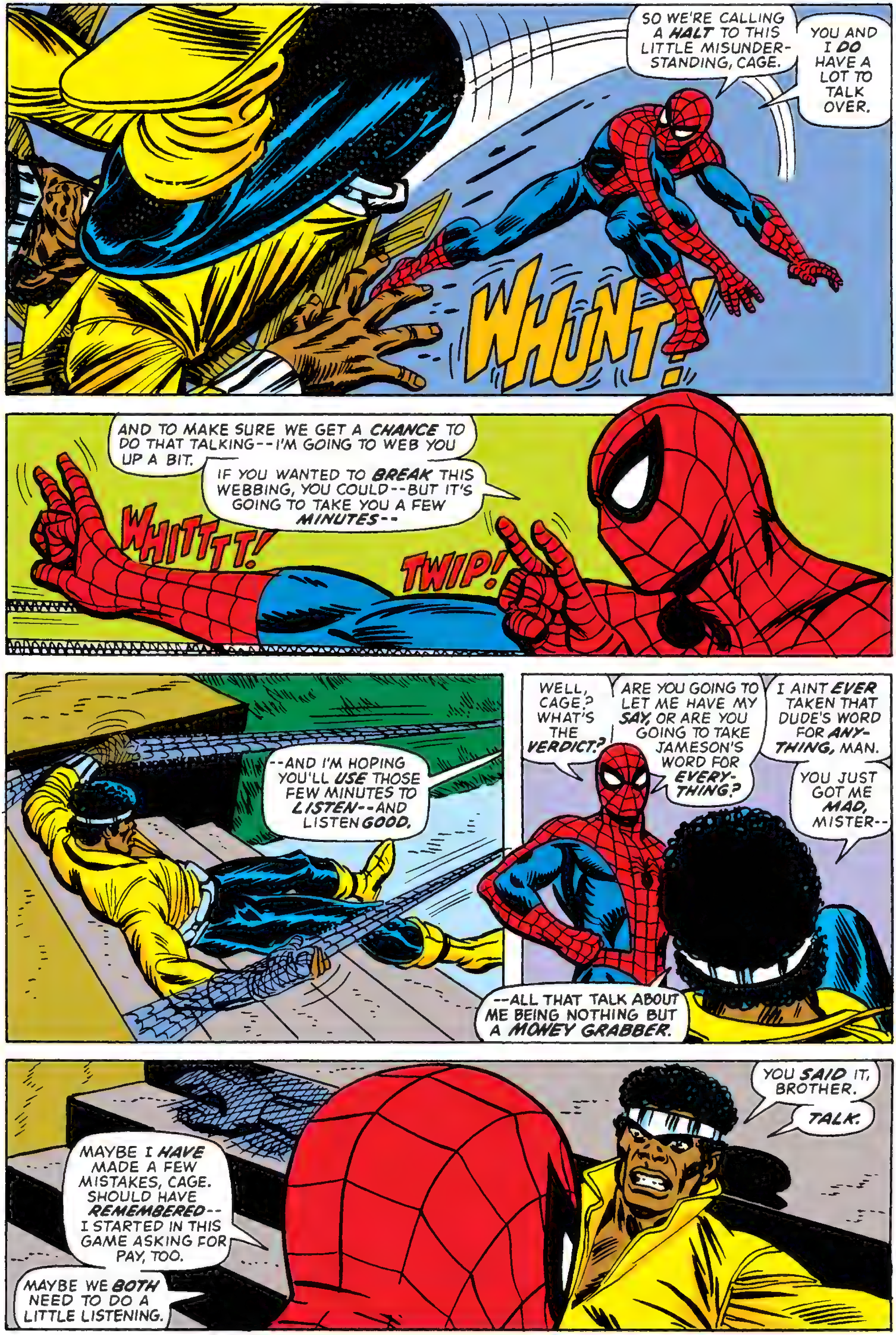

I DIG, SPIDER-MAN... BUT HERE'S SOMETHING YOU *DON'T:*
SOME DUDES HAVE TO DO THIS NUMBER FOR A *LIVIN'*--WE AINT ALL RICH PLAYBOYS LIKE *BRUCE WAYNE!*
SEEMS YOU THINK THAT'S *LOW* OR SOMETHIN', AND MAYBE IT *IS*...
...BUT BROTHER, THAT'S THE WAY I *SEE* IT, AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA *BE.*
I'M GONNA *GET* YOU, MASKED MAN.
FOR THE *DOLLAR*--AN' FOR *ME!*
AND SO THE *FIRST* CONFRONTATION ENDS.
HOWEVER, THE DAY IS NOT *YET* OVER... AND OTHER SCENES REMAIN TO BE PLAYED, OTHER CHARACTERS ARE *STILL* TO BE INTRODUCED.
THUS, A FEW MINUTES *LATER,* AT THE APARTMENT SHARED BY PETER PARKER AND HIS ROOMMATE, *HARRY OSBORN*...
HOME AGAIN.
WISH I FELT AS THOUGH I *BELONGED* HERE.
THE PLACE JUST DOESN'T SEEM *RIGHT*--NOW THAT HARRY'S NOT HERE--*NOW* THAT HIS *FATHER'S* DEAD.
SO MUCH HAS *HAPPENED* TO CHANGE EVERYTHING. WHEN HARRY FREAKED OUT ON DRUGS* THE ENTIRE *SHAPE* OF OUR LIVES...TWISTED.
THAT'S WHAT PUSHED NORMAN OSBORN OVER THE *BRINK*--
*SPIDER-MAN #121. --RT.
THE FINAL NUDGE THAT MADE HIM GO *MAD,* KIDNAP GWEN--AND FINALLY, *KILL* HER.
I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER SEE THIS APARTMENT THE SAME WAY *AGAIN*--AFTER THIS.
STILL, I CAN'T LET MYSELF *DWELL* ON WHAT'S BEEN... OR WHAT *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN.
I'VE GOT TO *LOOK AHEAD*--TRY TO *PULL* MYSELF OUT OF--
HUH?

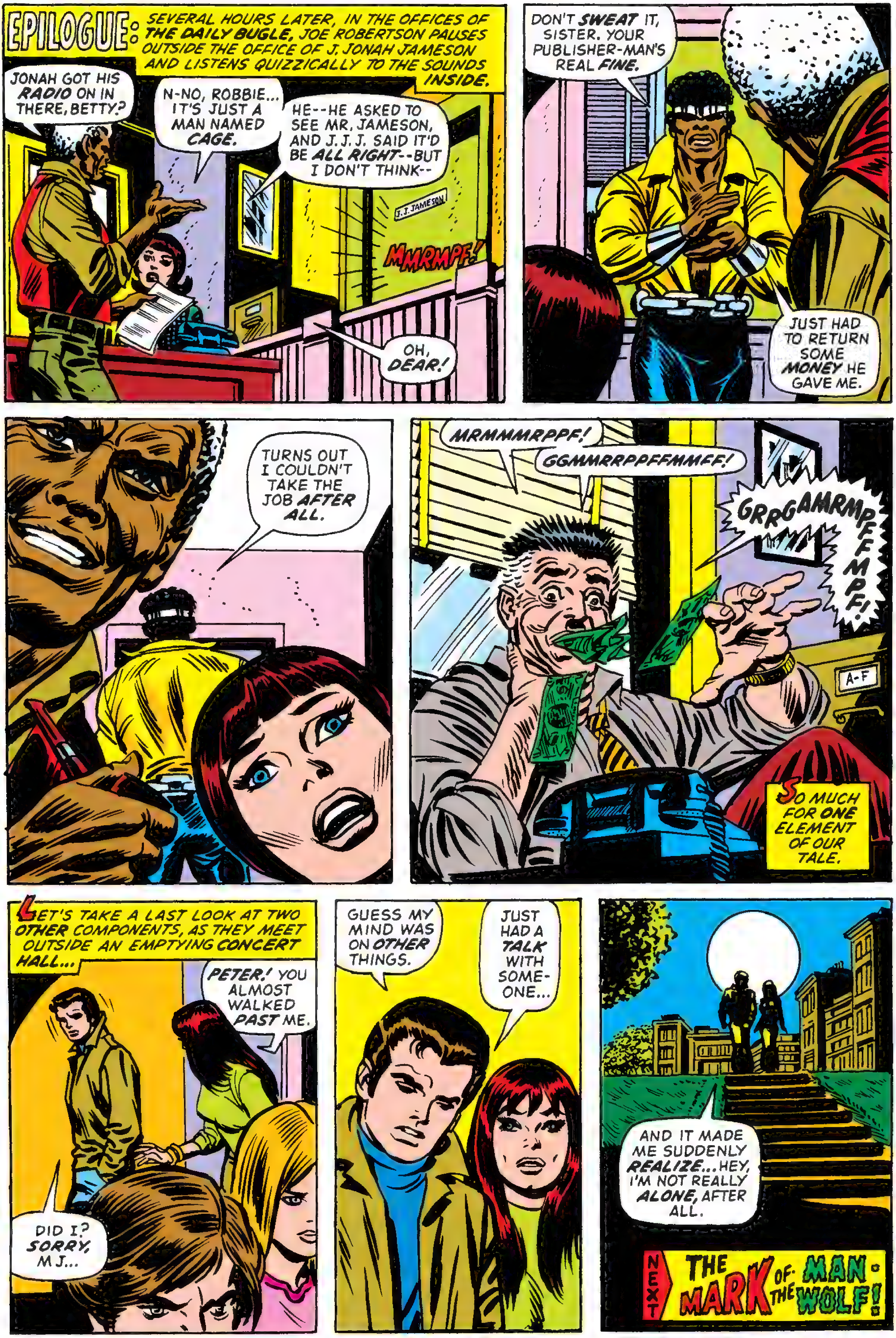

HARRY!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL AT YOUR FATHER'S TOWNHOUSE, HELPING THE LAWYERS EXECUTE HIS ESTATE.
WHEN DID YOU GET BACK? I--AH--MUST'VE BEEN ASLEEP.
MAYOR WINS MAJOR R
HARRY? ARE YOU OKAY?
LISTEN, DO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU ANYTHING?
HARRY?
OK, ROOMMATE ...HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
YOU WANT SILENCE, YOU GET SILENCE.
CATCH YOU LATER.
THE EVENING'S ONLY BEGUN... BUT FOR PETER PARKER, IT ALREADY SEEMS ALMOST OVER...
RELAX, PETER... PLEASE?
I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT OF ME, MARY JANE--I'M JUST NOT READY, I GUESS.
GIVE ME A WHILE TO ADJUST, ALL RIGHT?
I ASKED YOU TO COME TO THIS SCHOOL CONCERT FOR A REASON, MISTER.
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET OUT OF YOURSELF ...DIG?
JUST GIVE ME TIME.

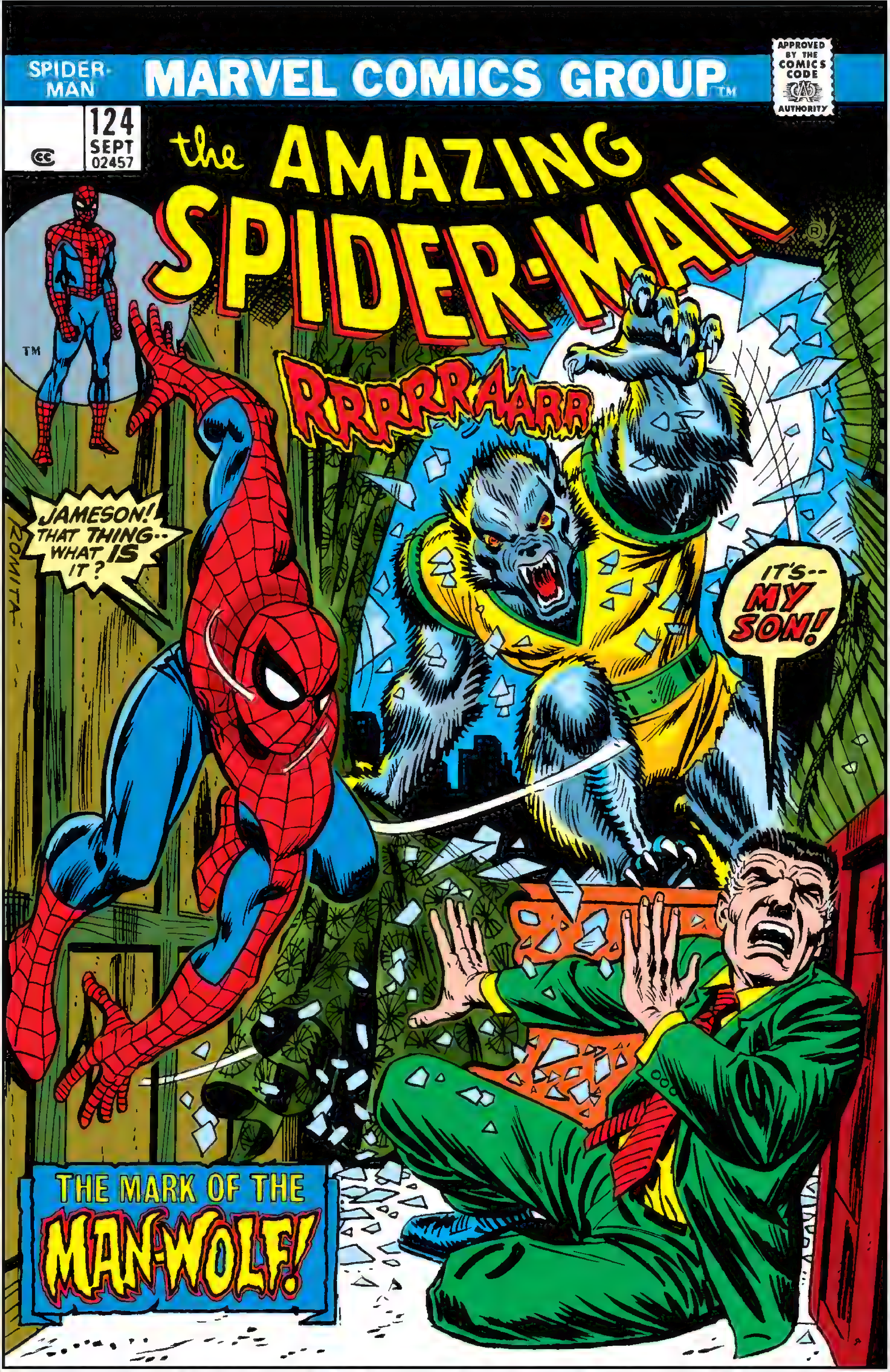

SURE, PETEY. BUT, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE-- PUSH IT A LITTLE, HUH?
DON'T WORRY, MJ., I WILL. I-- WAIT!
OH NO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT HIM!
PETE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
BEFORE PETER CAN REPLY, THE ANSWER BECOMES SHOCKINGLY CLEAR, AS--
KRUMP!
I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE, WALL-CRAWLER!
EITHER YOU FACE ME--OR I COME FIND YOU.
YOUR CHOICE, MASKED MAN!
I DON'T REALLY KNOW IF THAT HUMAN SPIDER'S HERE OR NOT--
--BUT IF HE IS HANGIN' AROUND THE OL' CAMPUS TONIGHT, THIS APPROACH OUGHTTA SMOKE HIM OUT!
"WALL-CRAWLER?" DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANS SPIDER-MAN?
THAT MURDERER --HERE?
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, FRIEND-- SPIDEY'S NO MURDERER!
BUT WHO'S THIS? AND WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH SPIDER-MAN?
AND AS THE STUNNED STUDENTS MILL ABOUT, MUTTERING TO THEMSELVES--
--ONE OF THEIR NUMBER DUCKS INTO A ROOM MARKED "MEN"--
--AND SIXTY SECONDS LATER, HE REAPPEARS--AS SPIDER-MAN!
CRASH!
I WARNED YOU, CAGE! BUT, MISTER, YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!


LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY I'M EVER GOING TO GET *RID* OF YOU IS TO POUND YOU *SENSELESS.*
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT'LL BE A *PLEASURE.*
DON'T GET *AHEAD* OF YOURSELF WITH ALL THAT *"SUPER-HERO"* TALK, MAN.
THIS IS *LUKE CAGE* YOU'RE TALKING AT--
--AND CAGE DON'T TAKE NO *BULL!*
SPOCK!
NOW, I'VE HAD IT UP TO *HERE* WITH ALL YOUR MOUTH.
YOU PRACTICALLY CALL ME A *THIEF*--SOME KINDA *BUM*--
--AND NOW YOU MAKE LIKE IT WAS *ME* WHO'S BEEN THE *BAD GUY.*
WELL, MISTER-- I JUST DON'T *BUY* IT.
YOU AN' ME GOT A LOT TO *TALK OVER*--
SPLAK!
--ON *MY TERMS!*

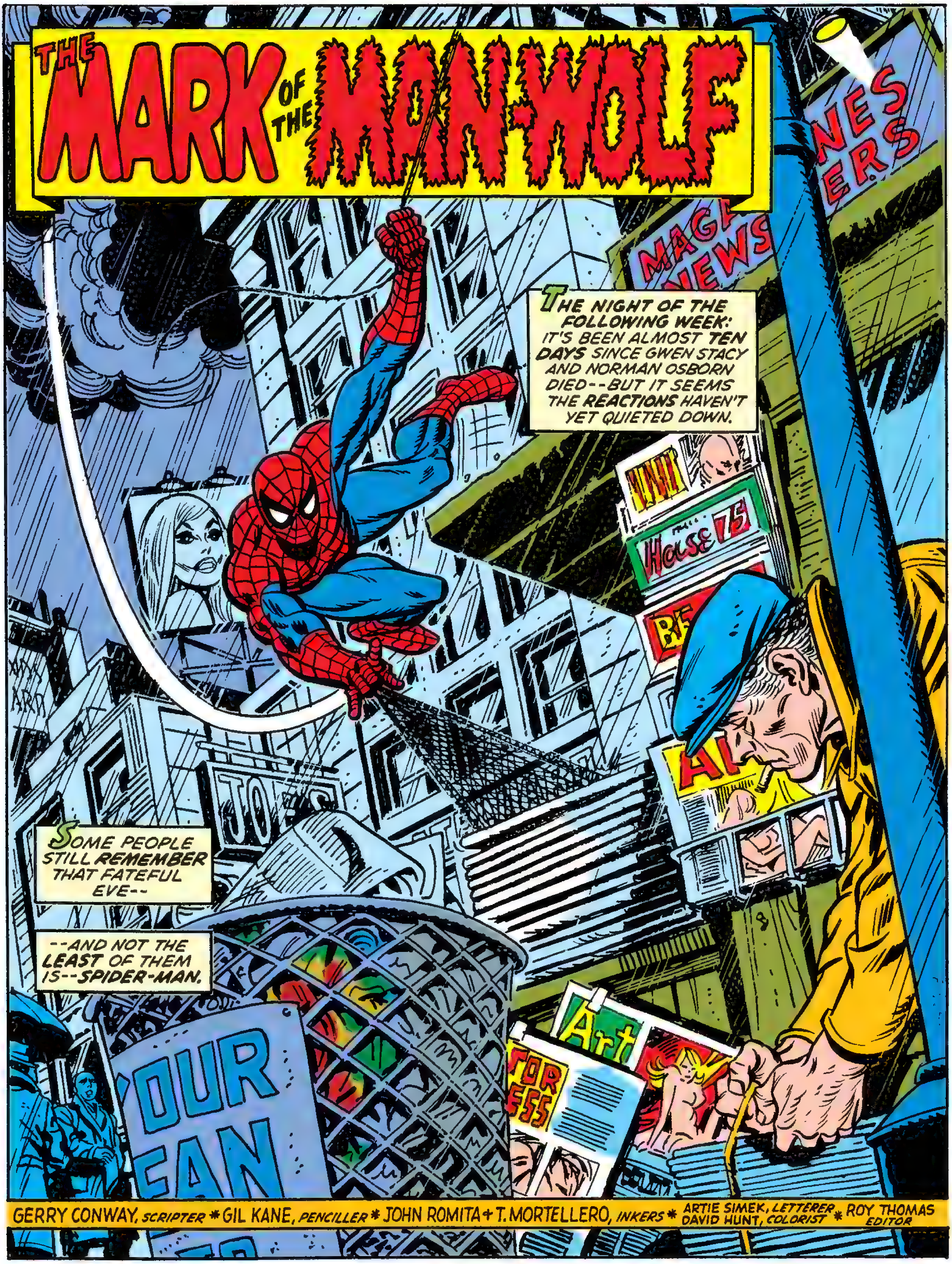

ON YOUR FEET, MISTER.
THE MAN HIRED ME WANTS TO SEE YOU...SO YOU'RE COMIN', YOU WANT TO OR NOT.
KEEP TALKING, CAGE. I JUST LOVE LISTENING TO YOU TALK.
WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
CAGE ISN'T MY ENEMY. HE'S JUST TRYING TO DO A JOB...AND WE'RE TOO EVENLY MATCHED FOR EITHER OF US TO REALLY WIN!
I'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT THIS--TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHY I'M SO ANGRY WITH HIM--TRY TO--
NICE, MASKED MAN... RIGHT NICE. DUCKED THAT ONE REAL WELL.
DON'T MATTER. ONE DON'T CONNECT, OTHER WILL.
JUST A MATTER OF TIME, MISTER. A CRUMMY MATTER OF TIME.
BUNT!
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF, CAGE.
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL ONE OF US GETS KILLED.
I DON'T AIM TO LET THAT HAPPEN, CAGE
SWAK!
NOT TO ME--
KRUNCH!
--OR TO YOU!


SO WE'RE CALLING A **HALT** TO THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING, CAGE.
YOU AND I **DO** HAVE A LOT TO TALK OVER.
WHUNT!
AND TO MAKE SURE WE GET A **CHANCE** TO DO THAT TALKING--I'M GOING TO WEB YOU UP A BIT.
IF YOU WANTED TO **BREAK** THIS WEBBING, YOU COULD--BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE YOU A FEW **MINUTES**--
WHITTTTT!
TWIP!
--AND I'M HOPING YOU'LL **USE** THOSE FEW MINUTES TO **LISTEN**--AND LISTEN **GOOD**.
WELL, CAGE? WHAT'S THE **VERDICT?**
ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME HAVE MY **SAY**, OR ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE JAMESON'S WORD FOR **EVERYTHING?**
I AINT **EVER** TAKEN THAT DUDE'S WORD FOR **ANYTHING**, MAN.
YOU JUST GOT ME **MAD**, MISTER--
--ALL THAT TALK ABOUT ME BEING NOTHING BUT A **MONEY GRABBER**.
YOU **SAID** IT, BROTHER.
TALK.
MAYBE I **HAVE** MADE A FEW MISTAKES, CAGE. SHOULD HAVE **REMEMBERED**--I STARTED IN THIS GAME ASKING FOR PAY, TOO.
MAYBE WE **BOTH** NEED TO DO A LITTLE LISTENING.

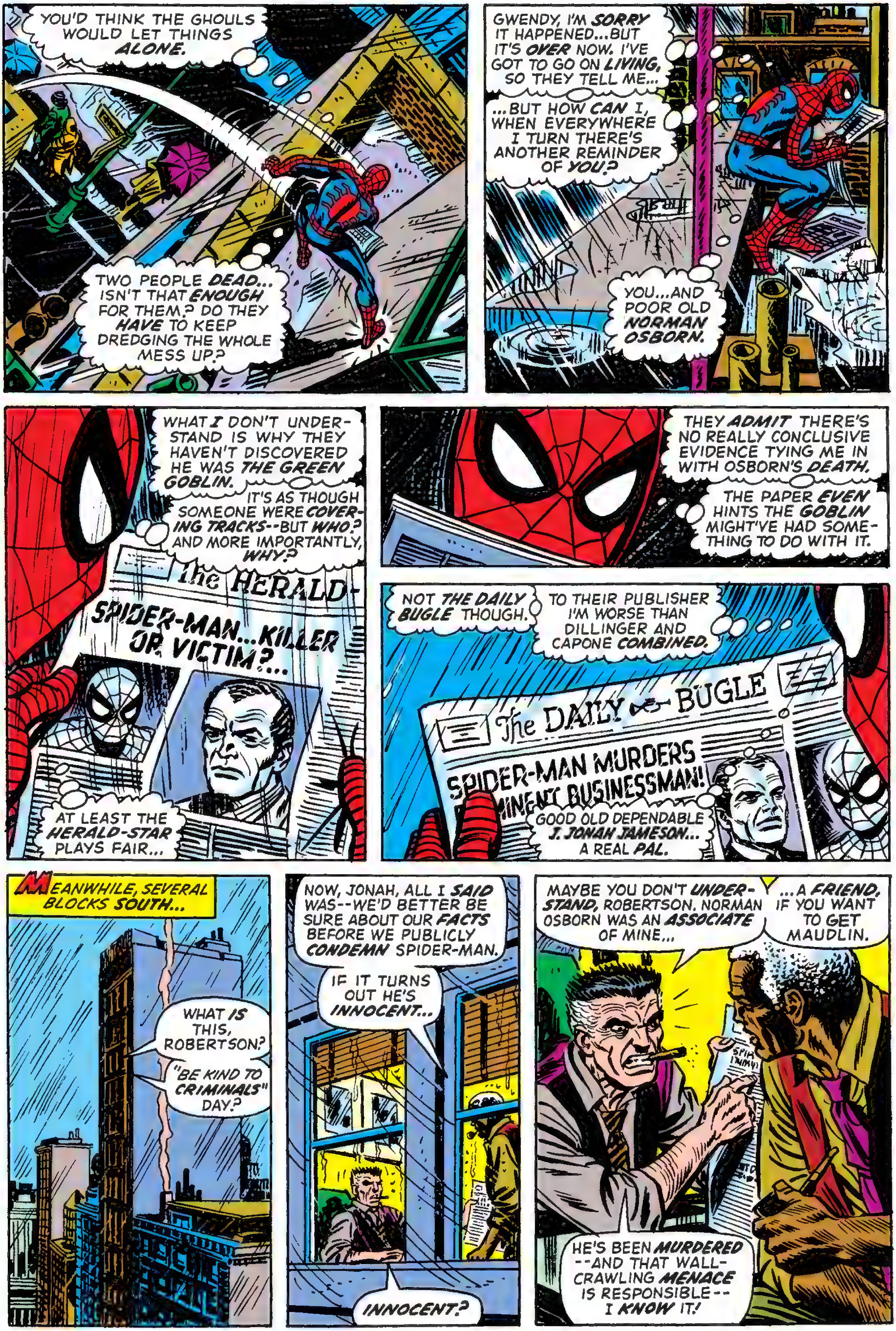

EPILOGUE: SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE, JOE ROBERTSON PAUSES OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF J. JONAH JAMESON AND LISTENS QUIZZICALLY TO THE SOUNDS INSIDE.
JONAH GOT HIS RADIO ON IN THERE, BETTY?
N-NO, ROBBIE... IT'S JUST A MAN NAMED CAGE.
HE--HE ASKED TO SEE MR. JAMESON, AND J.J.J. SAID IT'D BE ALL RIGHT--BUT I DON'T THINK--
J.J. JAMESON
MMRMPF!
OH, DEAR!
DON'T SWEAT IT, SISTER. YOUR PUBLISHER-MAN'S REAL FINE.
JUST HAD TO RETURN SOME MONEY HE GAVE ME.
TURNS OUT I COULDN'T TAKE THE JOB AFTER ALL.
MRMMMRPPF!
GGMMRRPPFFMMFF!
GRRGAMRMPFFMPF!
A-F
SO MUCH FOR ONE ELEMENT OF OUR TALE.
LET'S TAKE A LAST LOOK AT TWO OTHER COMPONENTS, AS THEY MEET OUTSIDE AN EMPTYING CONCERT HALL...
PETER! YOU ALMOST WALKED PAST ME.
DID I? SORRY, M J...
GUESS MY MIND WAS ON OTHER THINGS.
JUST HAD A TALK WITH SOME-ONE...
AND IT MADE ME SUDDENLY REALIZE... HEY, I'M NOT REALLY ALONE, AFTER ALL.
NEXT: THE MARK OF THE MAN-WOLF!

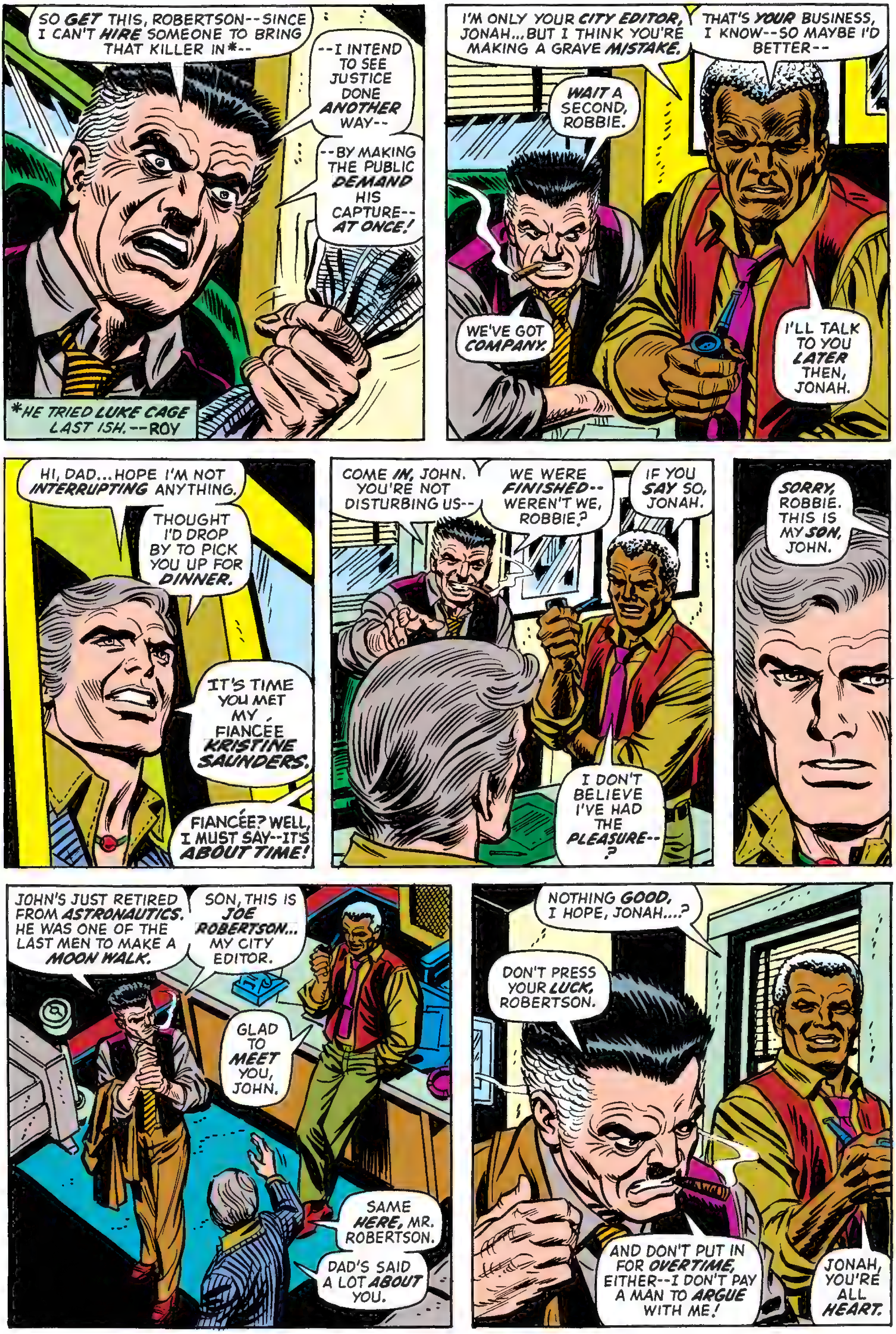

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
124
SEPT
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
RRRRRAARR
JAMESON! THAT THING.. WHAT IS IT?
IT'S-- MY SON!
ROMITA
THE MARK OF THE MAN-WOLF!

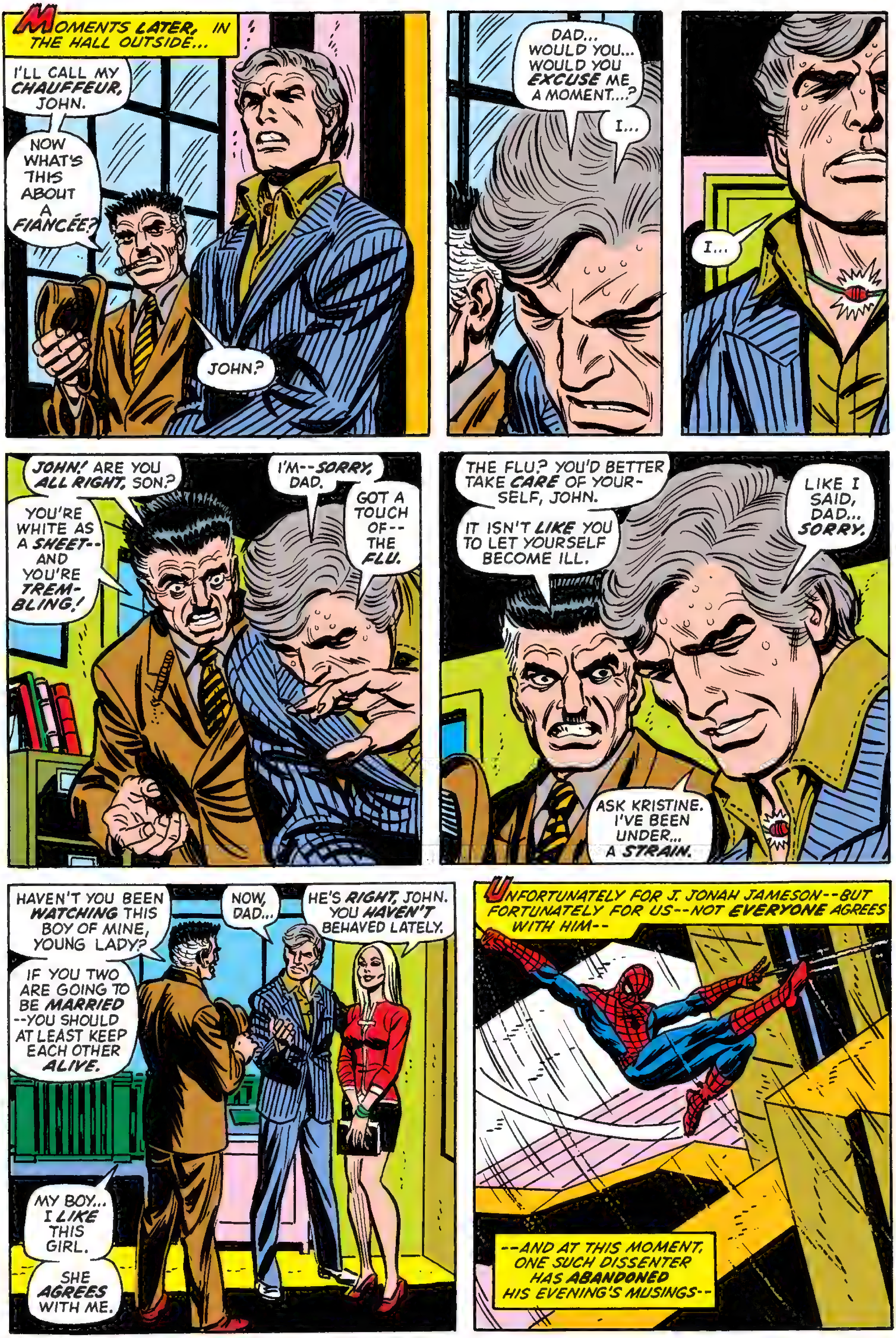
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

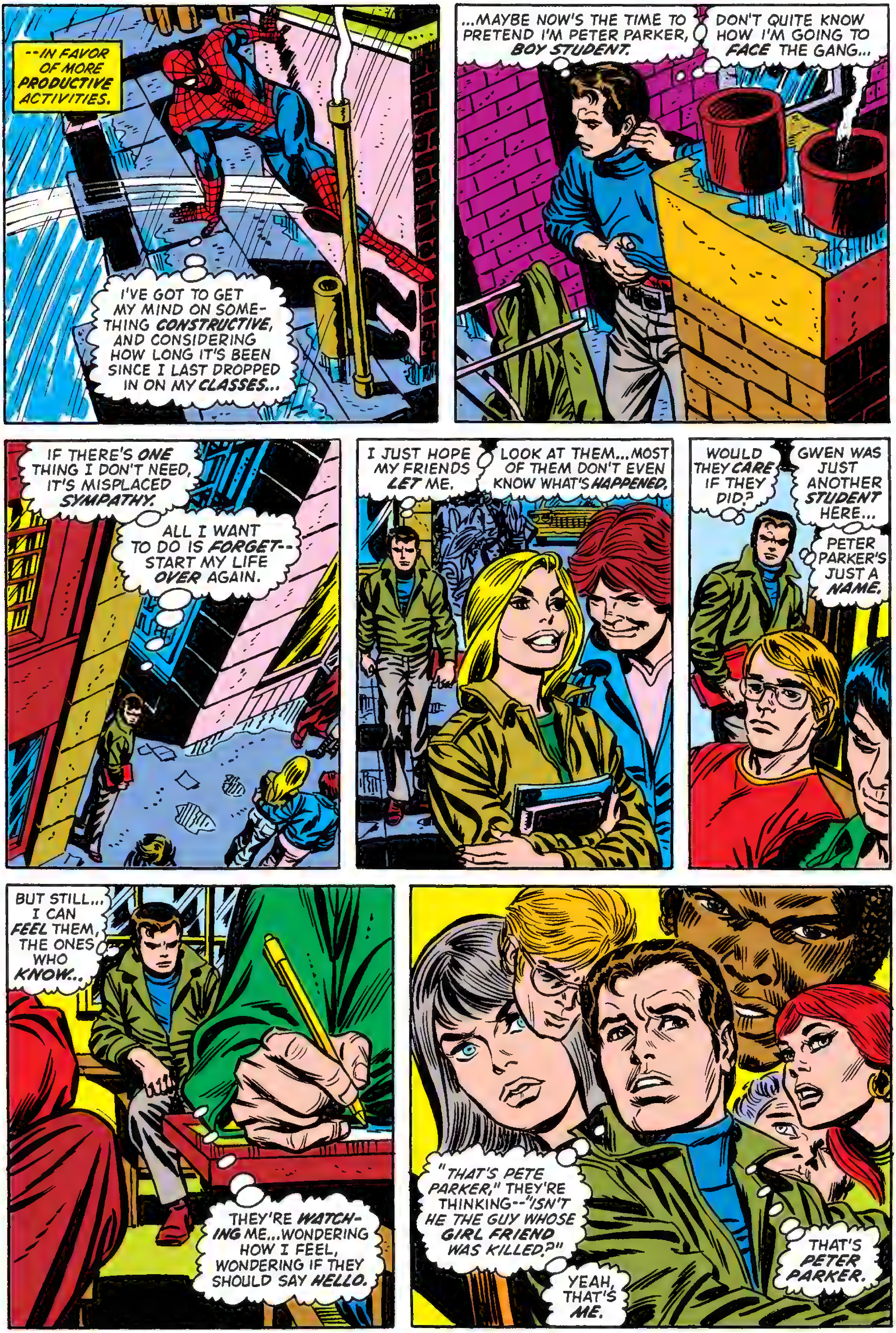

THE MARK OF THE MAN-WOLF
THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK: IT'S BEEN ALMOST TEN DAYS SINCE GWEN STACY AND NORMAN OSBORN DIED--BUT IT SEEMS THE REACTIONS HAVEN'T YET QUIETED DOWN.
SOME PEOPLE STILL REMEMBER THAT FATEFUL EVE--
--AND NOT THE LEAST OF THEM IS--SPIDER-MAN.
MAGA NEWS
NES ERS
House 75
OUR FAN
Art

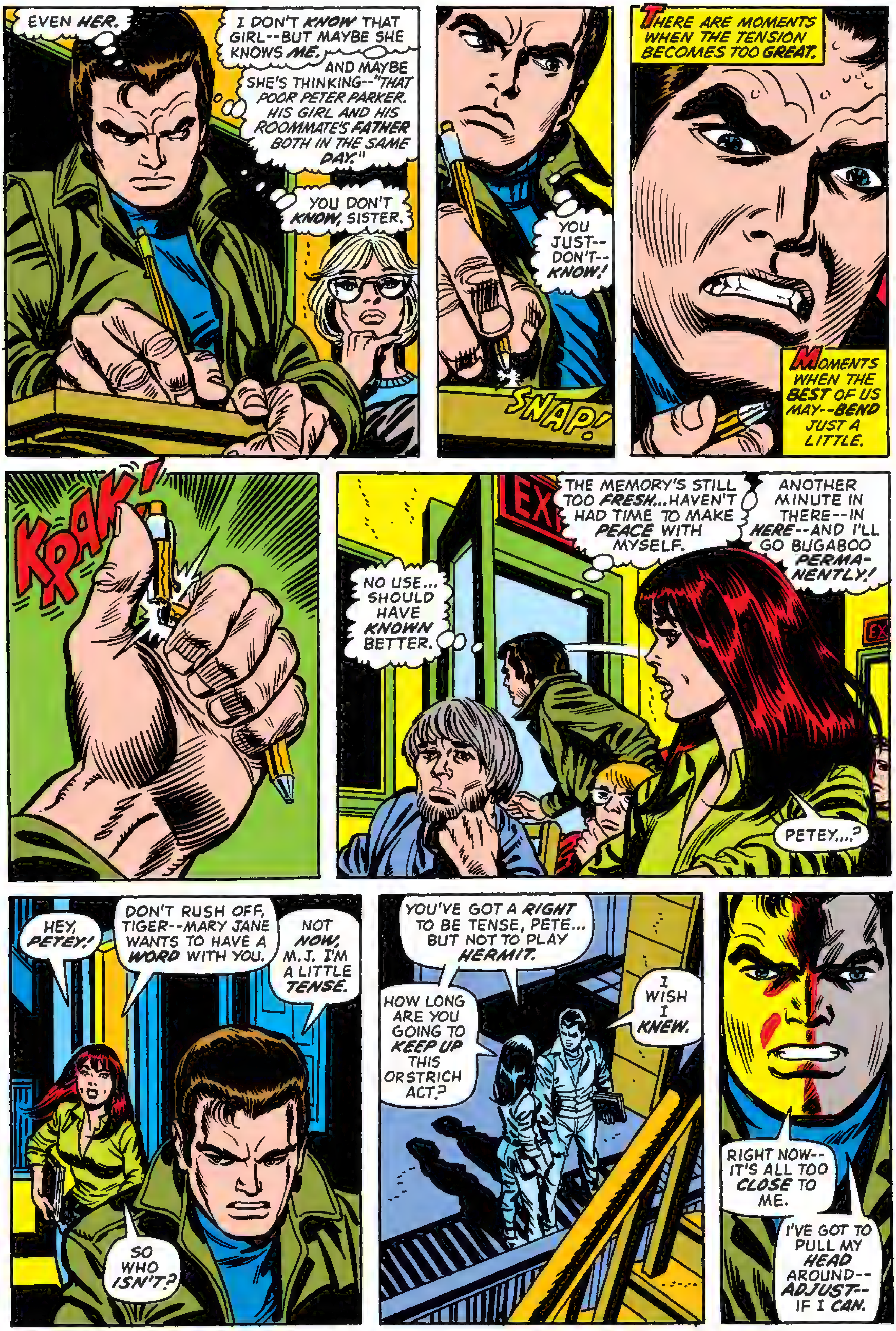
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER * GIL KANE, PENCILLER * JOHN ROMITA + T. MORTELLERO, INKERS * ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER DAVID HUNT, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS EDITOR

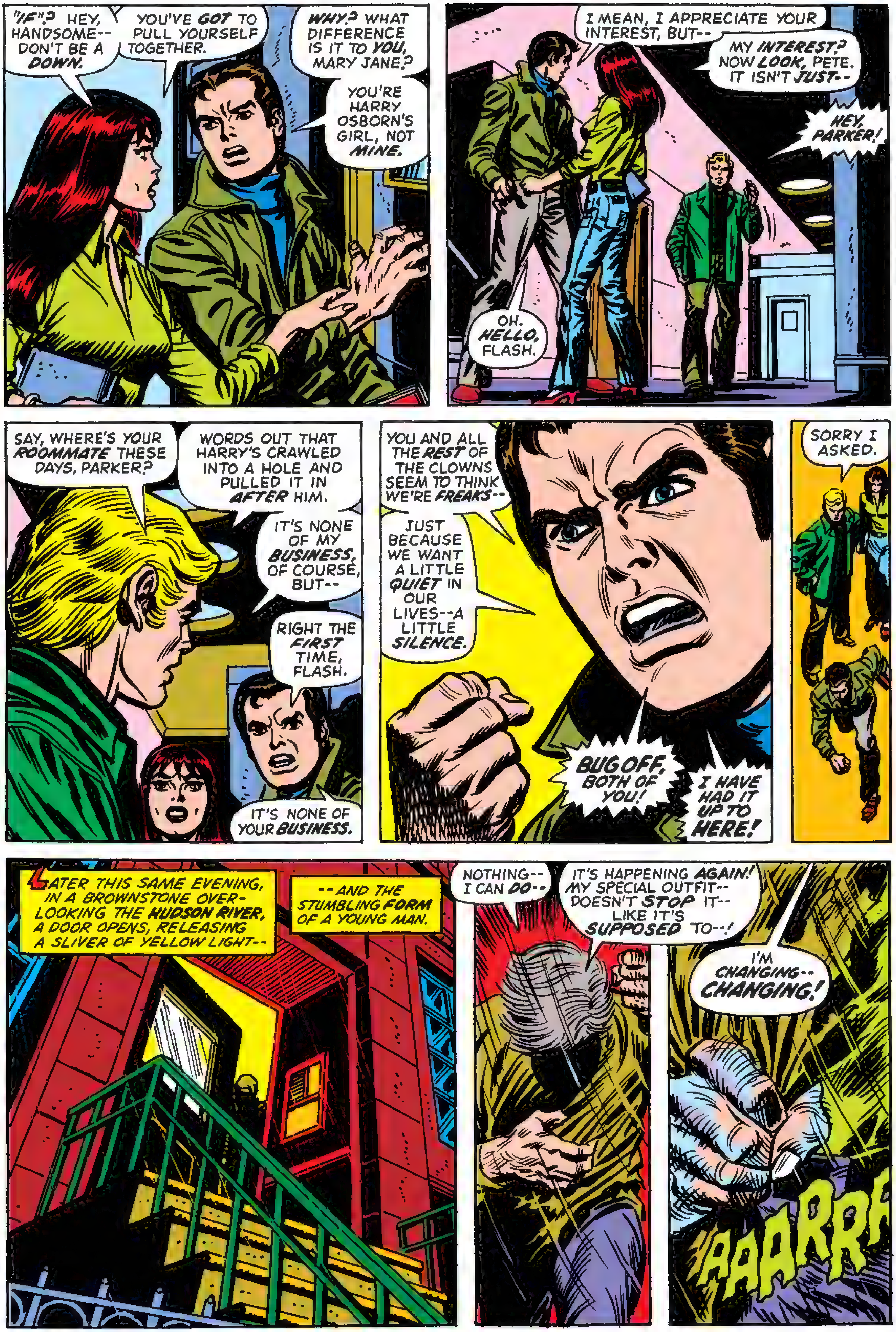

YOU'D THINK THE GHOULS WOULD LET THINGS *ALONE.*
TWO PEOPLE *DEAD...* ISN'T THAT *ENOUGH* FOR THEM? DO THEY *HAVE* TO KEEP DREDGING THE WHOLE MESS UP?
GWENDY, I'M *SORRY* IT HAPPENED...BUT IT'S *OVER* NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO ON *LIVING,* SO THEY TELL ME...
...BUT HOW *CAN* I, WHEN EVERYWHERE I TURN THERE'S ANOTHER REMINDER OF *YOU?*
YOU...AND POOR OLD *NORMAN OSBORN.*
WHAT *I* DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED HE WAS *THE GREEN GOBLIN.*
IT'S AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE *COVERING TRACKS*--BUT *WHO?* AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, *WHY?*
The HERALD-
SPIDER-MAN...KILLER OR VICTIM?...
AT LEAST THE *HERALD-STAR* PLAYS FAIR...
THEY *ADMIT* THERE'S NO REALLY CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE TYING ME IN WITH OSBORN'S *DEATH.*
THE PAPER *EVEN* HINTS THE *GOBLIN* MIGHT'VE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
NOT *THE DAILY BUGLE* THOUGH.
TO THEIR PUBLISHER I'M WORSE THAN DILLINGER AND CAPONE *COMBINED.*
The DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN MURDERS MINENT BUSINESSMAN!
GOOD OLD DEPENDABLE *J. JONAH JAMESON...* A REAL *PAL.*
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS *SOUTH...*
WHAT *IS* THIS, ROBERTSON?
"BE KIND TO CRIMINALS" DAY?
NOW, JONAH, ALL I *SAID* WAS--WE'D BETTER BE SURE ABOUT OUR *FACTS* BEFORE WE PUBLICLY *CONDEMN* SPIDER-MAN.
IF IT TURNS OUT HE'S *INNOCENT...*
INNOCENT?
MAYBE YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND,* ROBERTSON. NORMAN OSBORN WAS AN *ASSOCIATE* OF MINE...
...A *FRIEND,* IF YOU WANT TO GET MAUDLIN.
HE'S BEEN *MURDERED* --AND THAT WALL-CRAWLING *MENACE* IS RESPONSIBLE-- I *KNOW* IT!

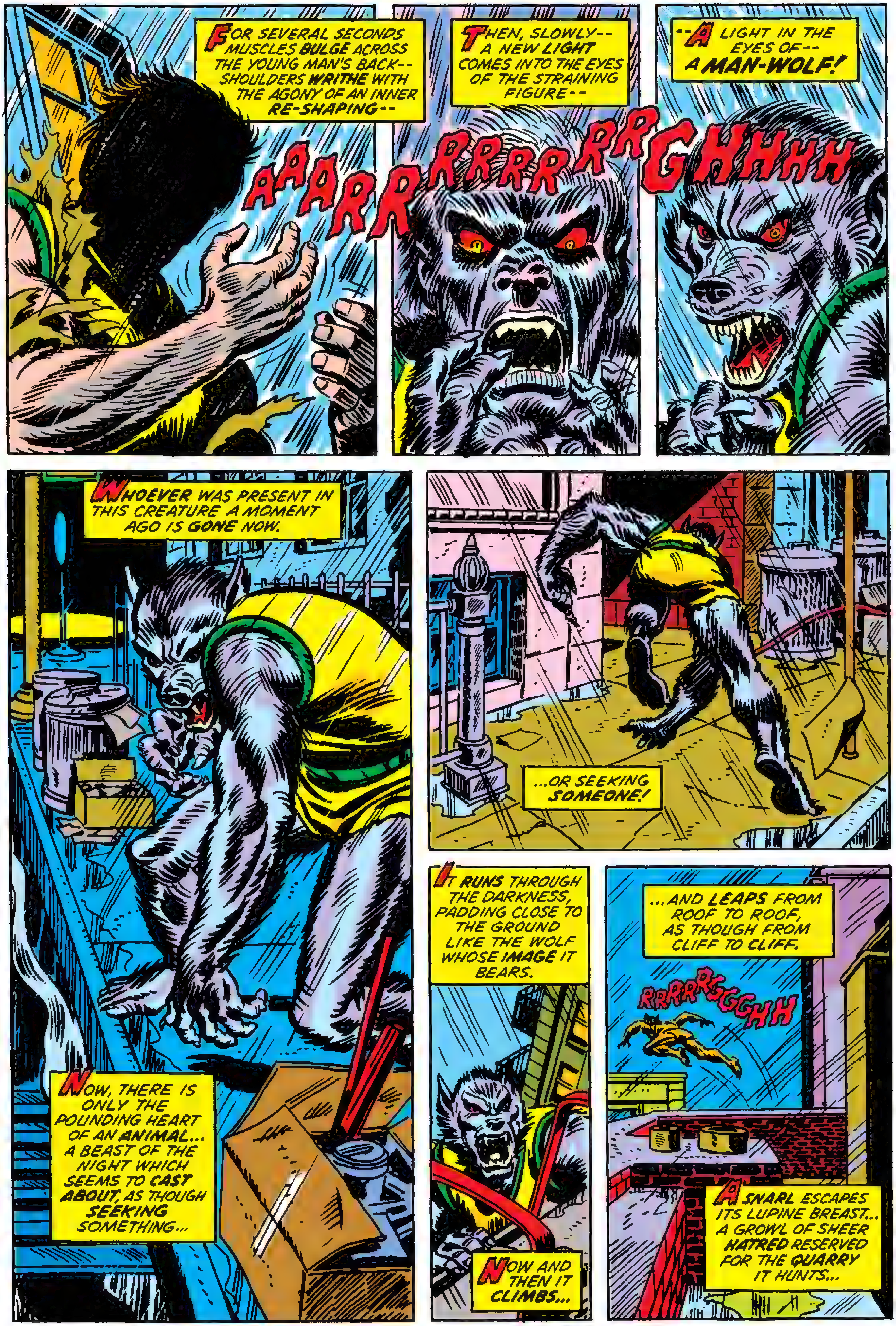

SO GET THIS, ROBERTSON--SINCE I CAN'T HIRE SOMEONE TO BRING THAT KILLER IN*--
--I INTEND TO SEE JUSTICE DONE ANOTHER WAY--
--BY MAKING THE PUBLIC DEMAND HIS CAPTURE-- AT ONCE!
*HE TRIED LUKE CAGE LAST ISH.--ROY
I'M ONLY YOUR CITY EDITOR, JONAH...BUT I THINK YOU'RE MAKING A GRAVE MISTAKE.
THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, I KNOW--SO MAYBE I'D BETTER--
WAIT A SECOND, ROBBIE.
WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER THEN, JONAH.
HI, DAD...HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING.
THOUGHT I'D DROP BY TO PICK YOU UP FOR DINNER.
IT'S TIME YOU MET MY FIANCÉE KRISTINE SAUNDERS.
FIANCÉE? WELL, I MUST SAY--IT'S ABOUT TIME!
COME IN, JOHN. YOU'RE NOT DISTURBING US--
WE WERE FINISHED--WEREN'T WE, ROBBIE?
IF YOU SAY SO, JONAH.
I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE--?
SORRY, ROBBIE. THIS IS MY SON, JOHN.
JOHN'S JUST RETIRED FROM ASTRONAUTICS. HE WAS ONE OF THE LAST MEN TO MAKE A MOON WALK.
SON, THIS IS JOE ROBERTSON... MY CITY EDITOR.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, JOHN.
SAME HERE, MR. ROBERTSON.
DAD'S SAID A LOT ABOUT YOU.
NOTHING GOOD, I HOPE, JONAH...?
DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK, ROBERTSON.
AND DON'T PUT IN FOR OVERTIME, EITHER--I DON'T PAY A MAN TO ARGUE WITH ME!
JONAH, YOU'RE ALL HEART.

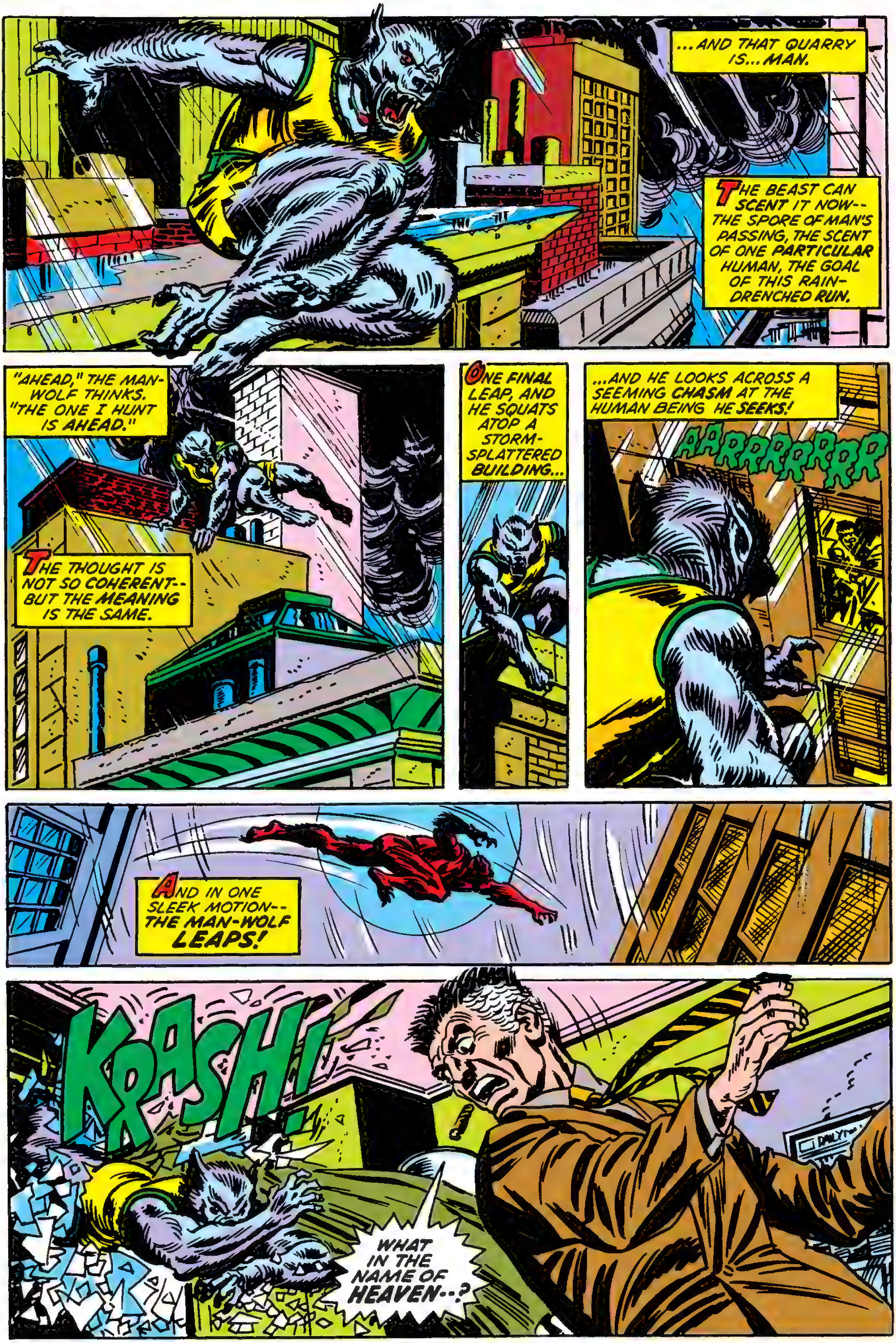

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HALL OUTSIDE...
I'LL CALL MY CHAUFFEUR, JOHN.
NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A FIANCÉE?
JOHN?
DAD... WOULD YOU... WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...?
I...
I...
JOHN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?
YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET--AND YOU'RE TREMBLING!
I'M--SORRY, DAD.
GOT A TOUCH OF--THE FLU.
THE FLU? YOU'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, JOHN.
IT ISN'T LIKE YOU TO LET YOURSELF BECOME ILL.
LIKE I SAID, DAD... SORRY.
ASK KRISTINE. I'VE BEEN UNDER... A STRAIN.
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN WATCHING THIS BOY OF MINE, YOUNG LADY?
IF YOU TWO ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED--YOU SHOULD AT LEAST KEEP EACH OTHER ALIVE.
NOW, DAD...
HE'S RIGHT, JOHN. YOU HAVEN'T BEHAVED LATELY.
MY BOY... I LIKE THIS GIRL.
SHE AGREES WITH ME.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR J. JONAH JAMESON--BUT FORTUNATELY FOR US--NOT EVERYONE AGREES WITH HIM--
--AND AT THIS MOMENT, ONE SUCH DISSENTER HAS ABANDONED HIS EVENING'S MUSINGS--

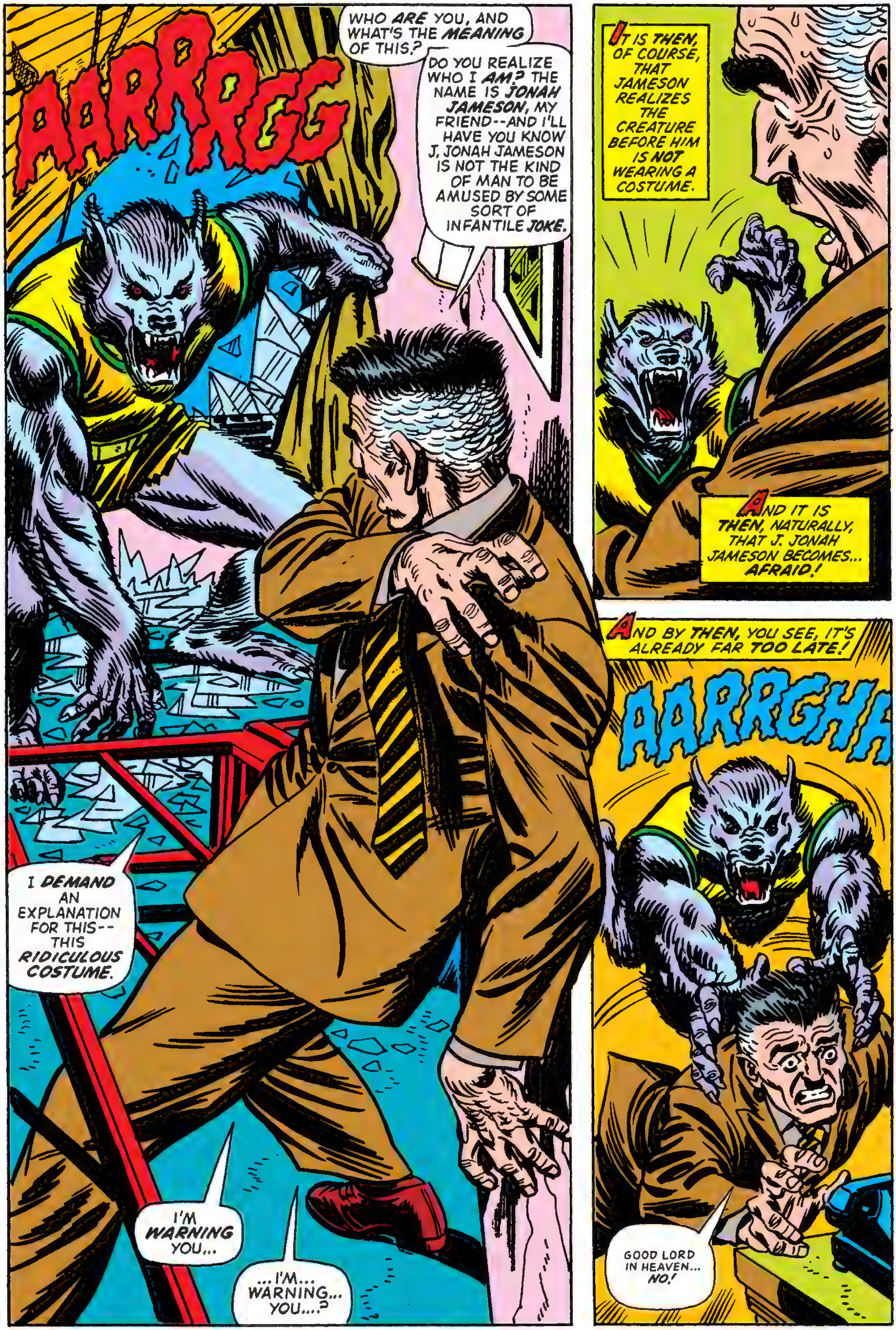

--IN FAVOR OF MORE PRODUCTIVE ACTIVITIES.
I'VE GOT TO GET MY MIND ON SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE, AND CONSIDERING HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I LAST DROPPED IN ON MY CLASSES...
...MAYBE NOW'S THE TIME TO PRETEND I'M PETER PARKER, BOY STUDENT.
DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO FACE THE GANG...
IF THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T NEED, IT'S MISPLACED SYMPATHY.
ALL I WANT TO DO IS FORGET--START MY LIFE OVER AGAIN.
I JUST HOPE MY FRIENDS LET ME.
LOOK AT THEM...MOST OF THEM DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED.
WOULD THEY CARE IF THEY DID?
GWEN WAS JUST ANOTHER STUDENT HERE...
PETER PARKER'S JUST A NAME.
BUT STILL... I CAN FEEL THEM, THE ONES WHO KNOW...
THEY'RE WATCHING ME...WONDERING HOW I FEEL, WONDERING IF THEY SHOULD SAY HELLO.
"THAT'S PETE PARKER," THEY'RE THINKING--"ISN'T HE THE GUY WHOSE GIRL FRIEND WAS KILLED?"
YEAH, THAT'S ME.
THAT'S PETER PARKER.


EVEN *HER.*
I DON'T *KNOW* THAT GIRL--BUT MAYBE SHE KNOWS *ME.*
AND MAYBE SHE'S THINKING--"*THAT POOR PETER PARKER. HIS GIRL AND HIS ROOMMATE'S FATHER BOTH IN THE SAME DAY.*"
YOU DON'T *KNOW,* SISTER.
YOU JUST--DON'T--*KNOW!*
SNAP!
THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN THE TENSION BECOMES TOO *GREAT.*
MOMENTS WHEN THE BEST OF US MAY--*BEND* JUST A LITTLE.
KRAK!
NO USE... SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN* BETTER.
THE MEMORY'S STILL TOO *FRESH*...HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO MAKE *PEACE* WITH MYSELF.
ANOTHER MINUTE IN THERE--IN *HERE*--AND I'LL GO BUGABOO *PERMANENTLY!*
EX
EX
PETEY...?
HEY, *PETEY!*
DON'T RUSH OFF, TIGER--MARY JANE WANTS TO HAVE A *WORD* WITH YOU.
NOT *NOW,* M.J. I'M A LITTLE *TENSE.*
SO WHO *ISN'T?*
YOU'VE GOT A *RIGHT* TO BE TENSE, PETE... BUT NOT TO PLAY *HERMIT.*
HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO *KEEP UP* THIS ORSTRICH ACT?
I WISH I *KNEW.*
RIGHT NOW--IT'S ALL TOO *CLOSE* TO ME.
I'VE GOT TO PULL MY *HEAD* AROUND--*ADJUST*--IF I *CAN.*

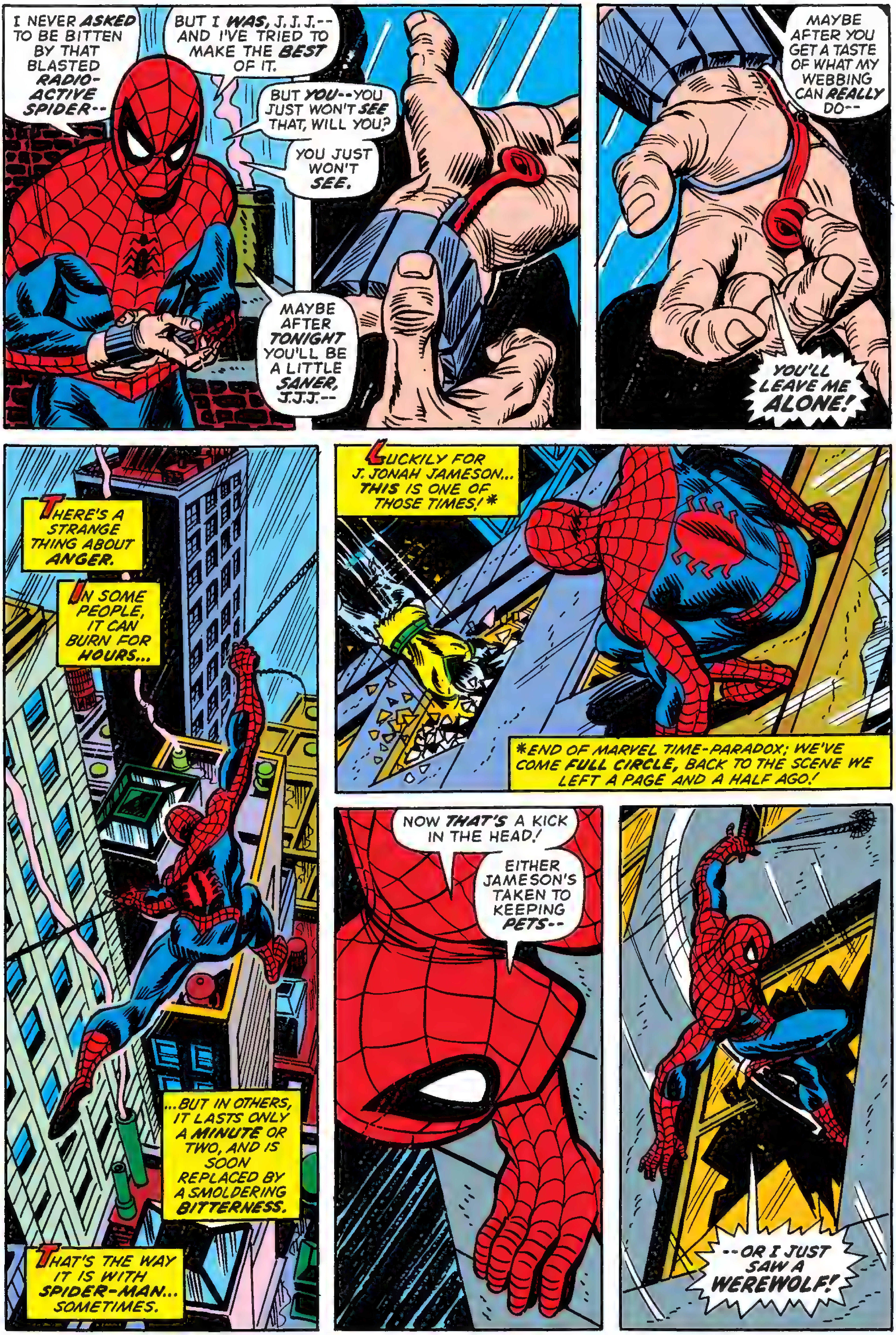

"IF"? HEY, HANDSOME-- DON'T BE A *DOWN.*
YOU'VE **GOT** TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
WHY? WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT TO *YOU,* MARY JANE?
YOU'RE HARRY OSBORN'S GIRL, NOT *MINE.*
I MEAN, I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST, BUT--
MY *INTEREST?* NOW *LOOK,* PETE. IT ISN'T *JUST*--
HEY, PARKER!
OH. *HELLO,* FLASH.
SAY, WHERE'S YOUR *ROOMMATE* THESE DAYS, PARKER?
WORDS OUT THAT HARRY'S CRAWLED INTO A HOLE AND PULLED IT IN *AFTER* HIM.
IT'S NONE OF MY *BUSINESS,* OF COURSE, BUT--
RIGHT THE *FIRST* TIME, FLASH.
IT'S NONE OF YOUR *BUSINESS.*
YOU AND ALL THE *REST* OF THE CLOWNS SEEM TO THINK WE'RE *FREAKS*--
JUST BECAUSE WE WANT A LITTLE *QUIET* IN OUR LIVES--A LITTLE *SILENCE.*
BUG OFF, BOTH OF YOU!
I HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE!
SORRY I ASKED.
LATER THIS SAME EVENING, IN A BROWNSTONE OVERLOOKING THE *HUDSON RIVER,* A DOOR OPENS, RELEASING A SLIVER OF YELLOW LIGHT--
--AND THE STUMBLING *FORM* OF A YOUNG MAN.
NOTHING-- I CAN *DO*--
IT'S HAPPENING *AGAIN!* MY SPECIAL OUTFIT-- DOESN'T *STOP* IT-- LIKE IT'S *SUPPOSED* TO--!
I'M CHANGING-- CHANGING!
AAARRR

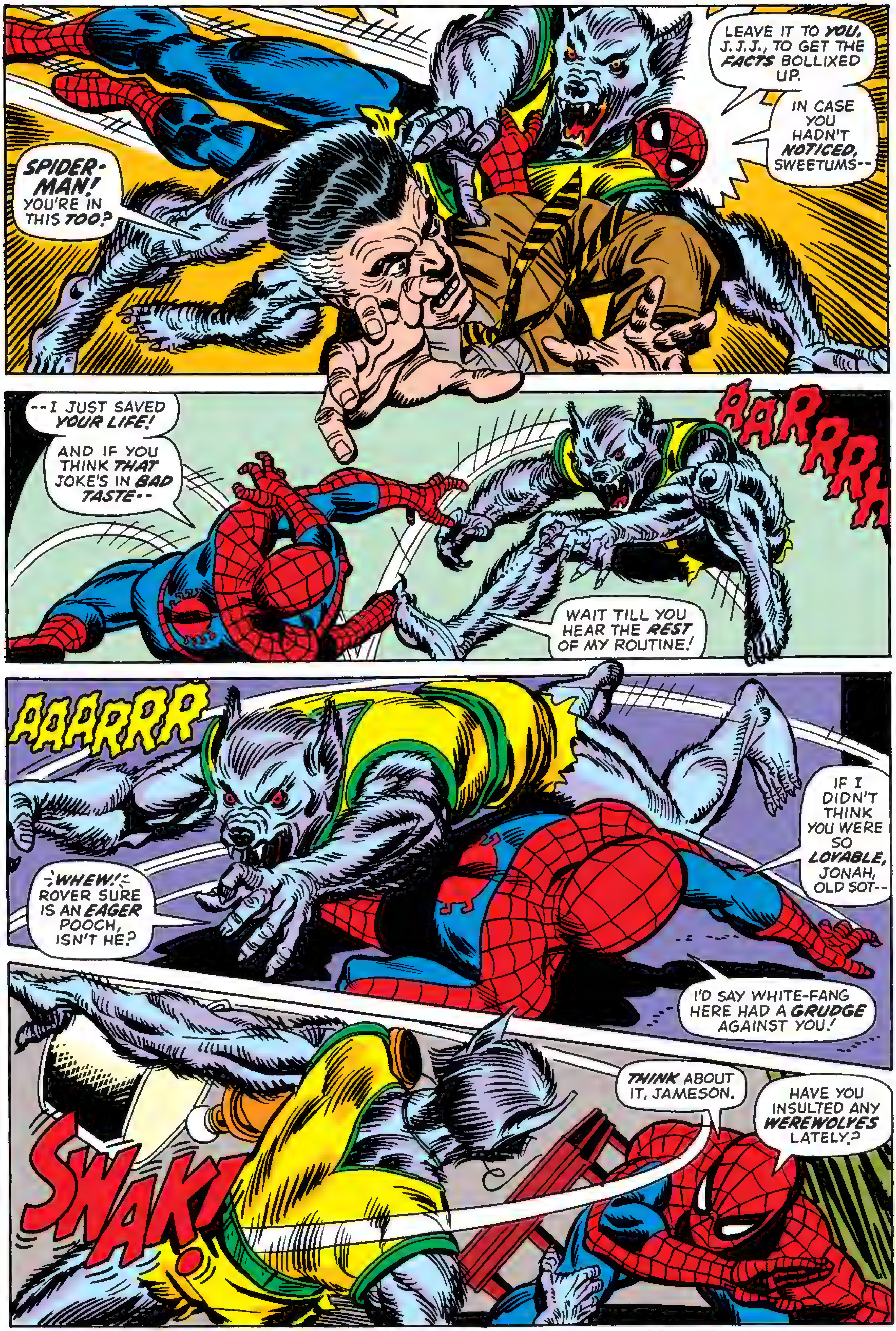

FOR SEVERAL SECONDS MUSCLES BULGE ACROSS THE YOUNG MAN'S BACK-- SHOULDERS WRITHE WITH THE AGONY OF AN INNER RE-SHAPING--
THEN, SLOWLY-- A NEW LIGHT COMES INTO THE EYES OF THE STRAINING FIGURE--
--A LIGHT IN THE EYES OF-- A MAN-WOLF!
AAAARRRRRRRRRRGHHHH
WHOEVER WAS PRESENT IN THIS CREATURE A MOMENT AGO IS GONE NOW.
NOW, THERE IS ONLY THE POUNDING HEART OF AN ANIMAL... A BEAST OF THE NIGHT WHICH SEEMS TO CAST ABOUT, AS THOUGH SEEKING SOMETHING...
...OR SEEKING SOMEONE!
IT RUNS THROUGH THE DARKNESS, PADDING CLOSE TO THE GROUND LIKE THE WOLF WHOSE IMAGE IT BEARS.
NOW AND THEN IT CLIMBS...
...AND LEAPS FROM ROOF TO ROOF, AS THOUGH FROM CLIFF TO CLIFF.
RRRRRRGGGHH
A SNARL ESCAPES ITS LUPINE BREAST... A GROWL OF SHEER HATRED RESERVED FOR THE QUARRY IT HUNTS...


...AND THAT QUARRY IS...MAN.
THE BEAST CAN SCENT IT NOW--THE SPORE OF MAN'S PASSING, THE SCENT OF ONE PARTICULAR HUMAN, THE GOAL OF THIS RAIN-DRENCHED RUN.
"AHEAD," THE MAN-WOLF THINKS. "THE ONE I HUNT IS AHEAD."
THE THOUGHT IS NOT SO COHERENT--BUT THE MEANING IS THE SAME.
ONE FINAL LEAP, AND HE SQUATS ATOP A STORM-SPLATTERED BUILDING...
...AND HE LOOKS ACROSS A SEEMING CHASM AT THE HUMAN BEING HE SEEKS!
AARRRRRRR
AND IN ONE SLEEK MOTION--THE MAN-WOLF LEAPS!
KRASH!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN--?

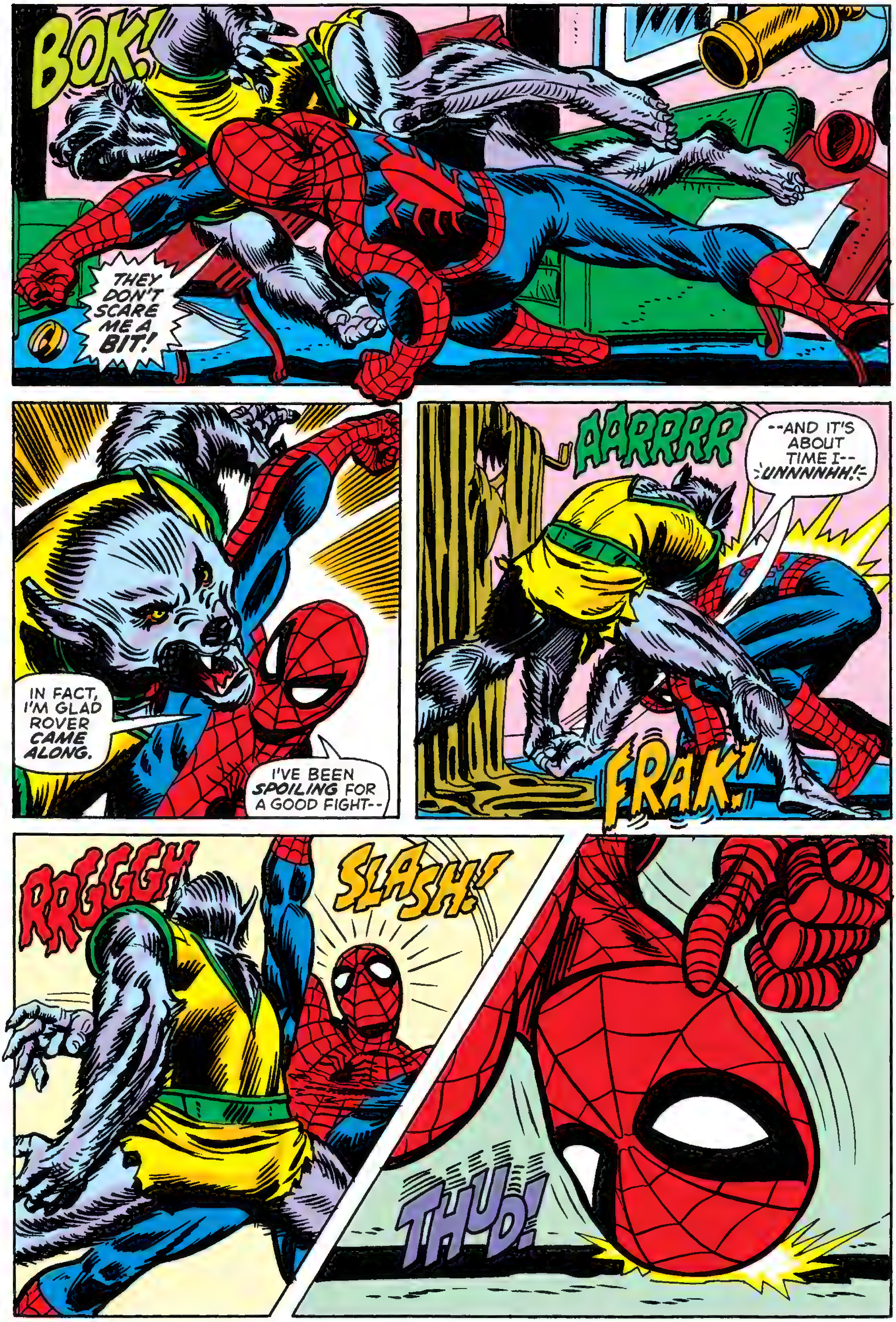

AARRRGG
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM? THE NAME IS JONAH JAMESON, MY FRIEND--AND I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW J. JONAH JAMESON IS NOT THE KIND OF MAN TO BE AMUSED BY SOME SORT OF INFANTILE JOKE.
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS--THIS RIDICULOUS COSTUME.
I'M WARNING YOU...
...I'M... WARNING... YOU...?
IT IS THEN, OF COURSE, THAT JAMESON REALIZES THE CREATURE BEFORE HIM IS NOT WEARING A COSTUME.
AND IT IS THEN, NATURALLY, THAT J. JONAH JAMESON BECOMES... AFRAID!
AND BY THEN, YOU SEE, IT'S ALREADY FAR TOO LATE!
AARRGHH
GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN... NO!

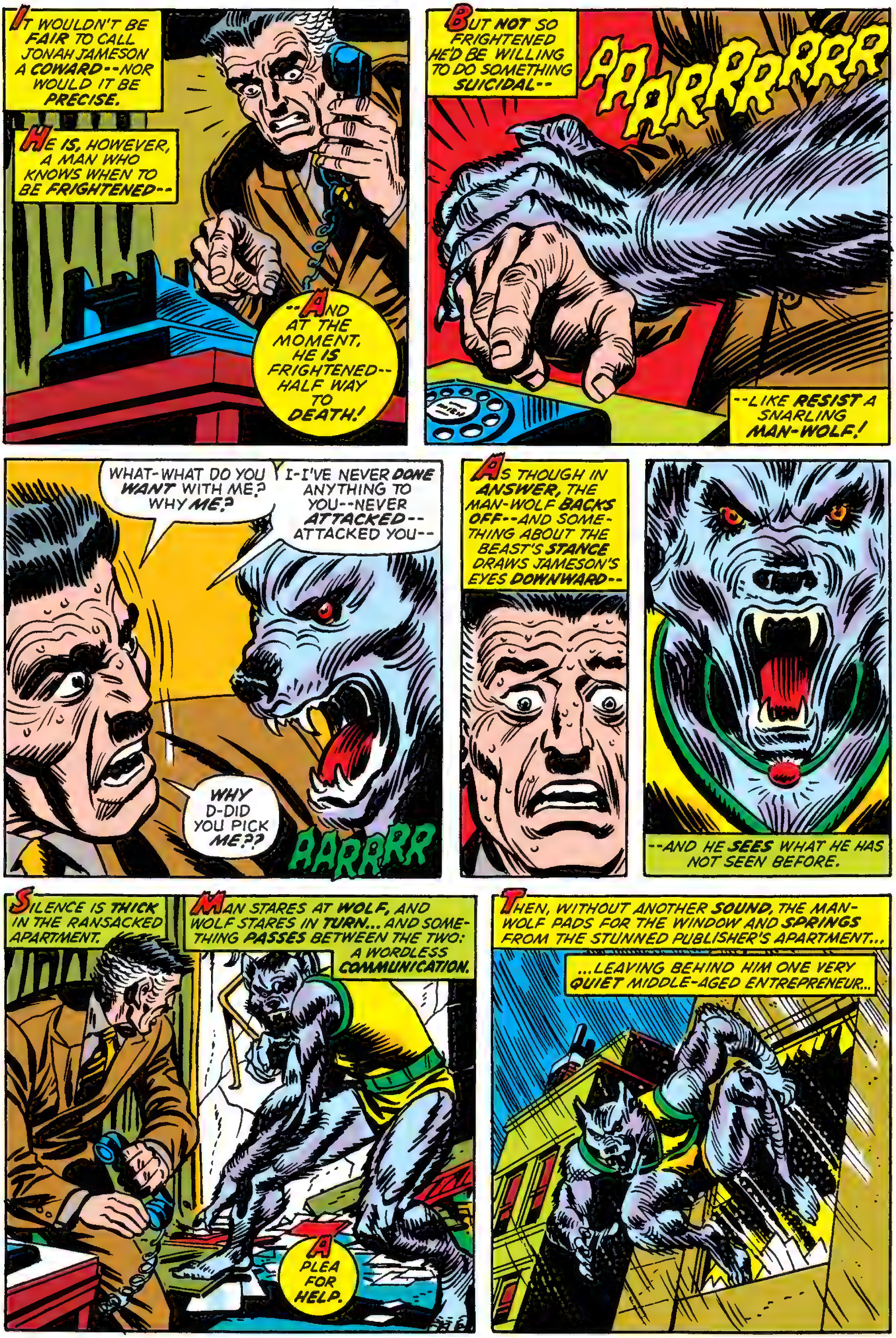
MARVEL TIME-PARADOX:
THE DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN MENACE
IN WHICH WE TRAVEL BACK SEVERAL MINUTES AND ACROSS SEVERAL BLOCKS, TO A NEWSPAPER VENDOR ON A RAIN-SWEPT AVENUE, WHERE--
THAT DOES IT!
SMASH!
THIS TIME JAMESON'S GONE TOO FAR!
"THE SPIDER-MAN MENACE: A NEW SERIES BY J. JONAH JAMESON."
RIGHT, J. J. J. --WHY WAIT FOR NASTY POLICE REPORTS?
YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN FACTS-- AND WHO CARES IF THEY'RE TRUE?
ACCORDING TO MR. WARMTH, SPIDER-MAN SHOULD BE HUNTED DOWN LIKE A MAD DOG.
SHOT ON SIGHT-- NONE OF THAT MESSY TRIAL BUSINESS, NO! THE WEB-CRAWLER'S TOO MUCH OF A MENACE!
NO PARKING AT ANY TIME
"INNOCENT TILL PROVEN GUILTY"-- REMEMBER THAT, JAMESON?
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR CODE--
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE WAY WE LIVE!
WHY WON'T YOU LET IT LIE, JAMESON? WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?
EVERYWHERE I TURN-- I SEE YOU, AND I SEE GWEN--
AND YOU'RE BOTH ACCUSING ME!
I HAVE HAD IT, JAMESON.
YOU WANT ME GUILTY-- YOU WANT ME A MADMAN--
YOU'VE GOT IT!
POST
I'LL SHOW YOU A MENACE, JAMESON--
I'LL SHOW YOU A "THREAT TO PUBLIC SAFETY"!
YOU JUST BETTER HOPE YOUR INSURANCE IS PAID UP, BUDDY.
'CAUSE, MISTER-- YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

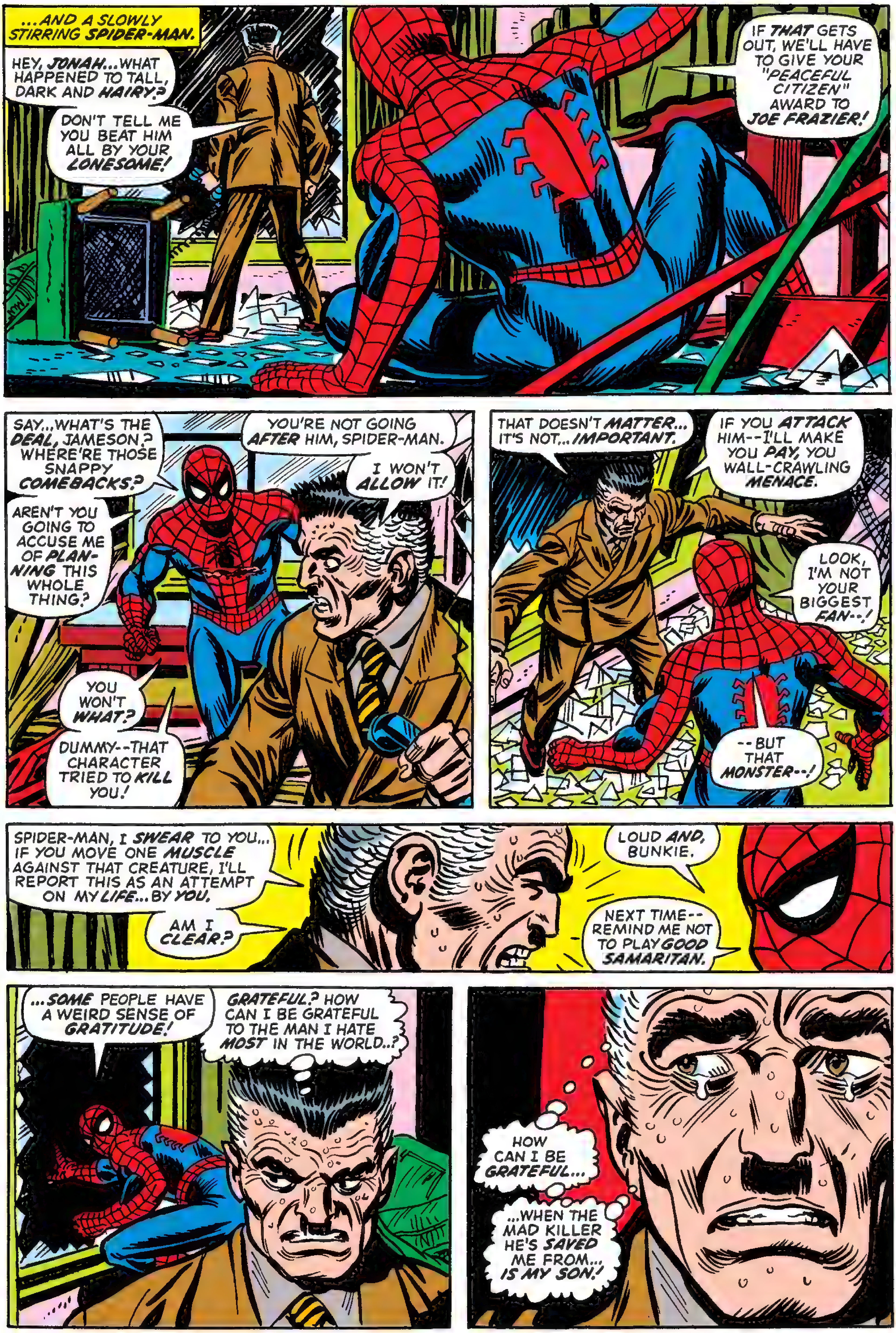

I NEVER **ASKED** TO BE BITTEN BY THAT BLASTED **RADIO-ACTIVE SPIDER**--
BUT I **WAS**, J. J. J.-- AND I'VE TRIED TO MAKE THE **BEST** OF IT.
BUT **YOU**--YOU JUST WON'T **SEE** THAT, WILL YOU?
YOU JUST WON'T **SEE**.
MAYBE AFTER **TONIGHT** YOU'LL BE A LITTLE **SANER**, J.J.J.--
MAYBE AFTER YOU GET A TASTE OF WHAT MY WEBBING CAN **REALLY** DO--
YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE!
THERE'S A STRANGE THING ABOUT **ANGER**.
IN SOME PEOPLE, IT CAN BURN FOR **HOURS**...
...BUT IN OTHERS, IT LASTS ONLY A **MINUTE** OR TWO, AND IS SOON REPLACED BY A SMOLDERING **BITTERNESS**.
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH **SPIDER-MAN**... SOMETIMES.
LUCKILY FOR J. JONAH JAMESON... **THIS** IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES!*
*END OF MARVEL TIME-PARADOX; WE'VE COME **FULL CIRCLE**, BACK TO THE SCENE WE LEFT A PAGE AND A HALF AGO!
NOW **THAT'S** A KICK IN THE HEAD!
EITHER JAMESON'S TAKEN TO KEEPING **PETS**--
--OR I JUST SAW A **WEREWOLF!**

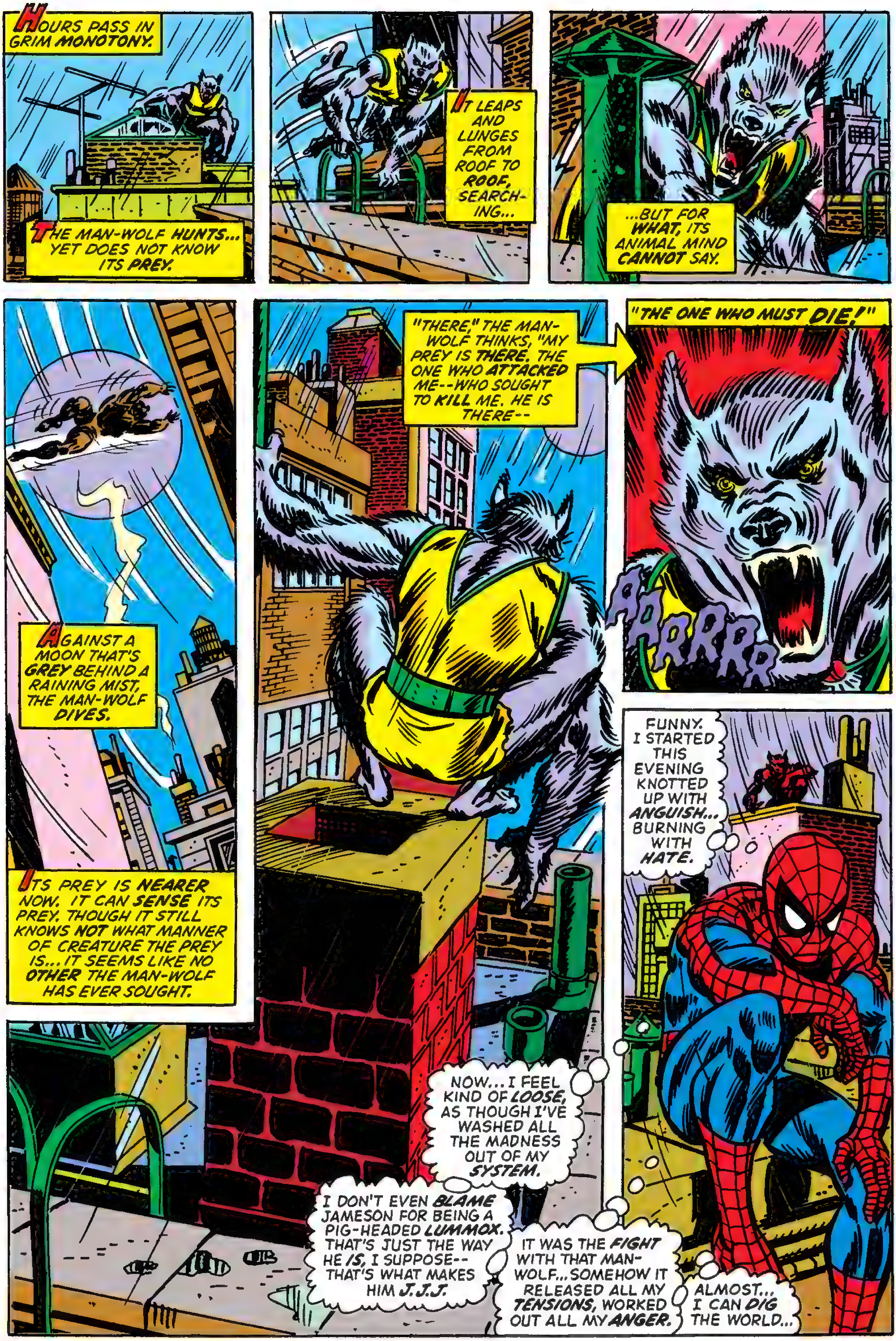

SPIDER-MAN! YOU'RE IN THIS TOO?
LEAVE IT TO YOU, J.J.J., TO GET THE FACTS BOLLIXED UP.
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, SWEETUMS--
--I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE!
AND IF YOU THINK THAT JOKE'S IN BAD TASTE--
AARRRRH
WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THE REST OF MY ROUTINE!
AAARRRR
-WHEW!- ROVER SURE IS AN EAGER POOCH, ISN'T HE?
IF I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE SO LOVABLE, JONAH, OLD SOT--
I'D SAY WHITE-FANG HERE HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU!
SNAK!
THINK ABOUT IT, JAMESON.
HAVE YOU INSULTED ANY WEREWOLVES LATELY?

KRUNCH!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, JONAH? I'M NOT SURE WHY I'M DOING THIS.
I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY ON MY FAVORITE PERSON LIST, YOU KNOW.
AND ANOTHER THING--WHY AM I SUDDENLY IN SUCH A BLASTED GOOD MOOD?
WHUMP!
UH-OH. SPEAKING OF MOODS--
LOOKS LIKE I'VE PUT SPOT IN A BAD ONE!
HARRRR
WHAK!
KNOW SOMETHING? A MONTH AGO--
--I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THIS!
BUT EVER SINCE I HIT FRISCO LAST WEEK*--
--I'VE BELIEVED IN WEREWOLVES--
*SPIDEY MET THE WEREWOLF BY NIGHT IN MARVEL TEAM-UP #12--ROY
YEAH, WEREWOLVES--AND ALL SORTS OF NASTY THINGS!
AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING ELSE?

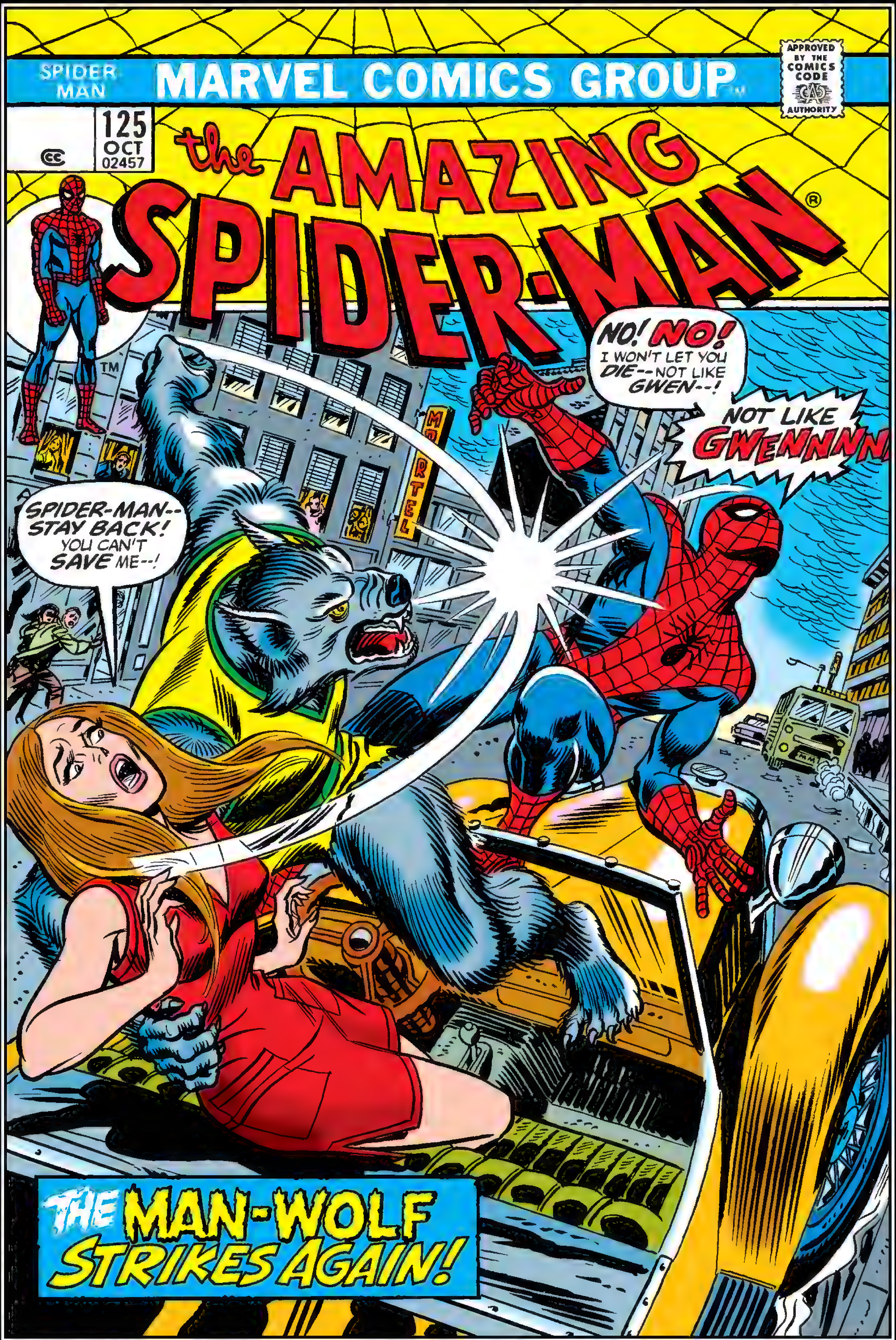

BOK!
THEY DON'T SCARE ME A BIT!
IN FACT, I'M GLAD ROVER *CAME ALONG*.
I'VE BEEN *SPOILING* FOR A GOOD FIGHT--
AARRRR
--AND IT'S ABOUT TIME I-- *UNNNNHH!*
FRAK!
RRGGGH
SLASH!
THUD!


IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO CALL JONAH JAMESON A COWARD--NOR WOULD IT BE PRECISE.
HE IS, HOWEVER, A MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN TO BE FRIGHTENED--
--AND AT THE MOMENT, HE IS FRIGHTENED--HALF WAY TO DEATH!
BUT NOT SO FRIGHTENED HE'D BE WILLING TO DO SOMETHING SUICIDAL--
AAARRRRRR
--LIKE RESIST A SNARLING MAN-WOLF!
WHAT-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? WHY ME?
I-I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU--NEVER ATTACKED--ATTACKED YOU--
WHY D-DID YOU PICK ME??
AARRRRR
AS THOUGH IN ANSWER, THE MAN-WOLF BACKS OFF--AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE BEAST'S STANCE DRAWS JAMESON'S EYES DOWNWARD--
--AND HE SEES WHAT HE HAS NOT SEEN BEFORE.
SILENCE IS THICK IN THE RANSACKED APARTMENT.
MAN STARES AT WOLF, AND WOLF STARES IN TURN... AND SOMETHING PASSES BETWEEN THE TWO: A WORDLESS COMMUNICATION.
A PLEA FOR HELP.
THEN, WITHOUT ANOTHER SOUND, THE MAN-WOLF PADS FOR THE WINDOW AND SPRINGS FROM THE STUNNED PUBLISHER'S APARTMENT...
...LEAVING BEHIND HIM ONE VERY QUIET MIDDLE-AGED ENTREPRENEUR...


...AND A SLOWLY STIRRING SPIDER-MAN.
HEY, JONAH...WHAT HAPPENED TO TALL, DARK AND HAIRY?
DON'T TELL ME YOU BEAT HIM ALL BY YOUR LONESOME!
IF THAT GETS OUT, WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOUR "PEACEFUL CITIZEN" AWARD TO JOE FRAZIER!
SAY...WHAT'S THE DEAL, JAMESON? WHERE'RE THOSE SNAPPY COMEBACKS?
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ACCUSE ME OF PLANNING THIS WHOLE THING?
YOU'RE NOT GOING AFTER HIM, SPIDER-MAN.
I WON'T ALLOW IT!
YOU WON'T WHAT?
DUMMY--THAT CHARACTER TRIED TO KILL YOU!
THAT DOESN'T MATTER... IT'S NOT...IMPORTANT.
IF YOU ATTACK HIM--I'LL MAKE YOU PAY, YOU WALL-CRAWLING MENACE.
LOOK, I'M NOT YOUR BIGGEST FAN--!
--BUT THAT MONSTER--!
SPIDER-MAN, I SWEAR TO YOU... IF YOU MOVE ONE MUSCLE AGAINST THAT CREATURE, I'LL REPORT THIS AS AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE...BY YOU.
AM I CLEAR?
LOUD AND, BUNKIE.
NEXT TIME-- REMIND ME NOT TO PLAY GOOD SAMARITAN.
...SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WEIRD SENSE OF GRATITUDE!
GRATEFUL? HOW CAN I BE GRATEFUL TO THE MAN I HATE MOST IN THE WORLD..?
HOW CAN I BE GRATEFUL...
...WHEN THE MAD KILLER HE'S SAVED ME FROM... IS MY SON!

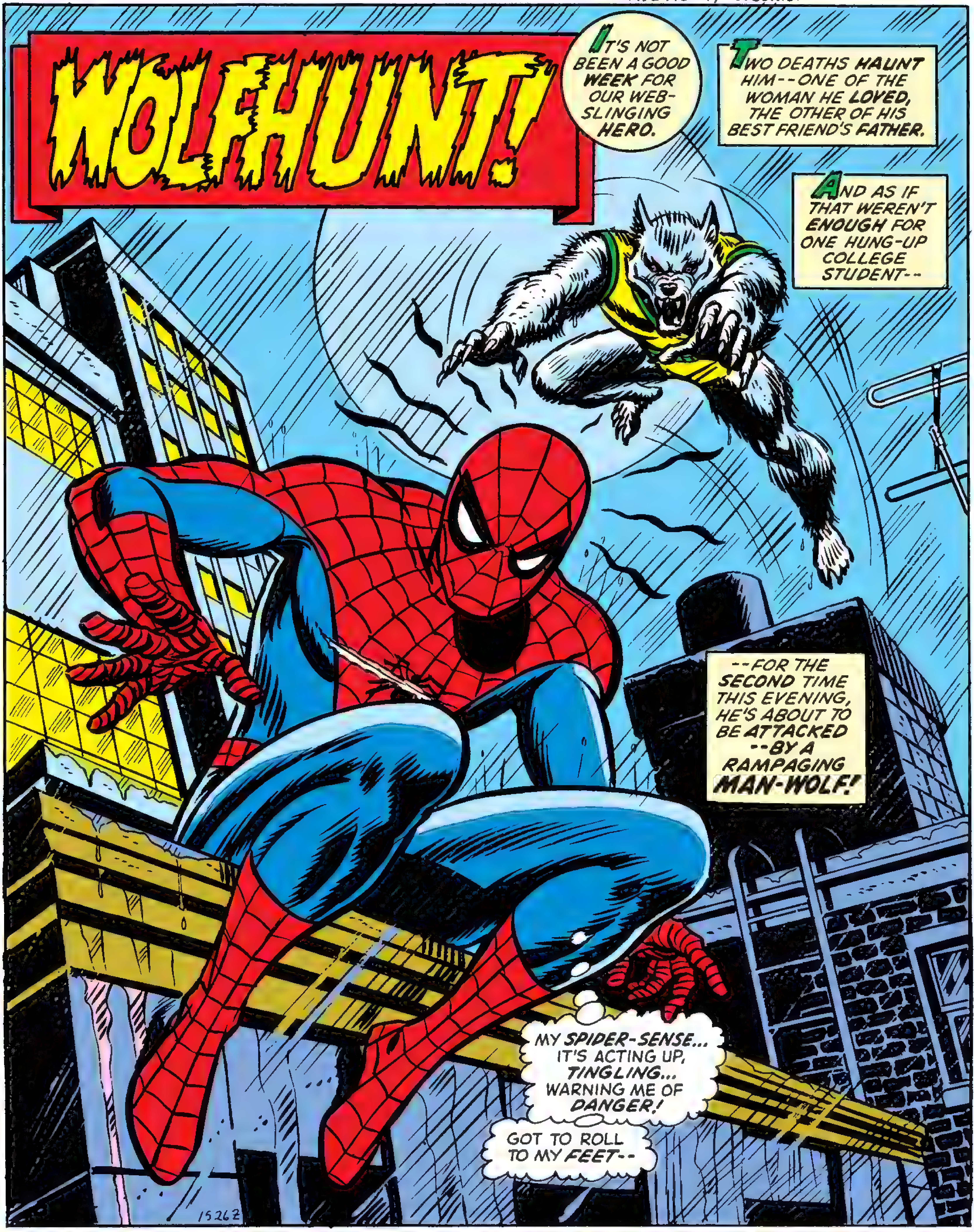

HOURS PASS IN GRIM MONOTONY.
THE MAN-WOLF HUNTS... YET DOES NOT KNOW ITS PREY.
IT LEAPS AND LUNGES FROM ROOF TO ROOF, SEARCHING...
...BUT FOR WHAT, ITS ANIMAL MIND CANNOT SAY.
AGAINST A MOON THAT'S GREY BEHIND A RAINING MIST, THE MAN-WOLF DIVES.
ITS PREY IS NEARER NOW. IT CAN SENSE ITS PREY. THOUGH IT STILL KNOWS NOT WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE THE PREY IS... IT SEEMS LIKE NO OTHER THE MAN-WOLF HAS EVER SOUGHT.
"THERE," THE MAN-WOLF THINKS, "MY PREY IS THERE. THE ONE WHO ATTACKED ME--WHO SOUGHT TO KILL ME. HE IS THERE--
"THE ONE WHO MUST DIE!"
AARRRRR
FUNNY. I STARTED THIS EVENING KNOTTED UP WITH ANGUISH... BURNING WITH HATE.
NOW... I FEEL KIND OF LOOSE, AS THOUGH I'VE WASHED ALL THE MADNESS OUT OF MY SYSTEM.
I DON'T EVEN BLAME JAMESON FOR BEING A PIG-HEADED LUMMOX. THAT'S JUST THE WAY HE IS, I SUPPOSE-- THAT'S WHAT MAKES HIM J.J.J.
IT WAS THE FIGHT WITH THAT MAN-WOLF... SOMEHOW IT RELEASED ALL MY TENSIONS, WORKED OUT ALL MY ANGER.
ALMOST... I CAN DIG THE WORLD...

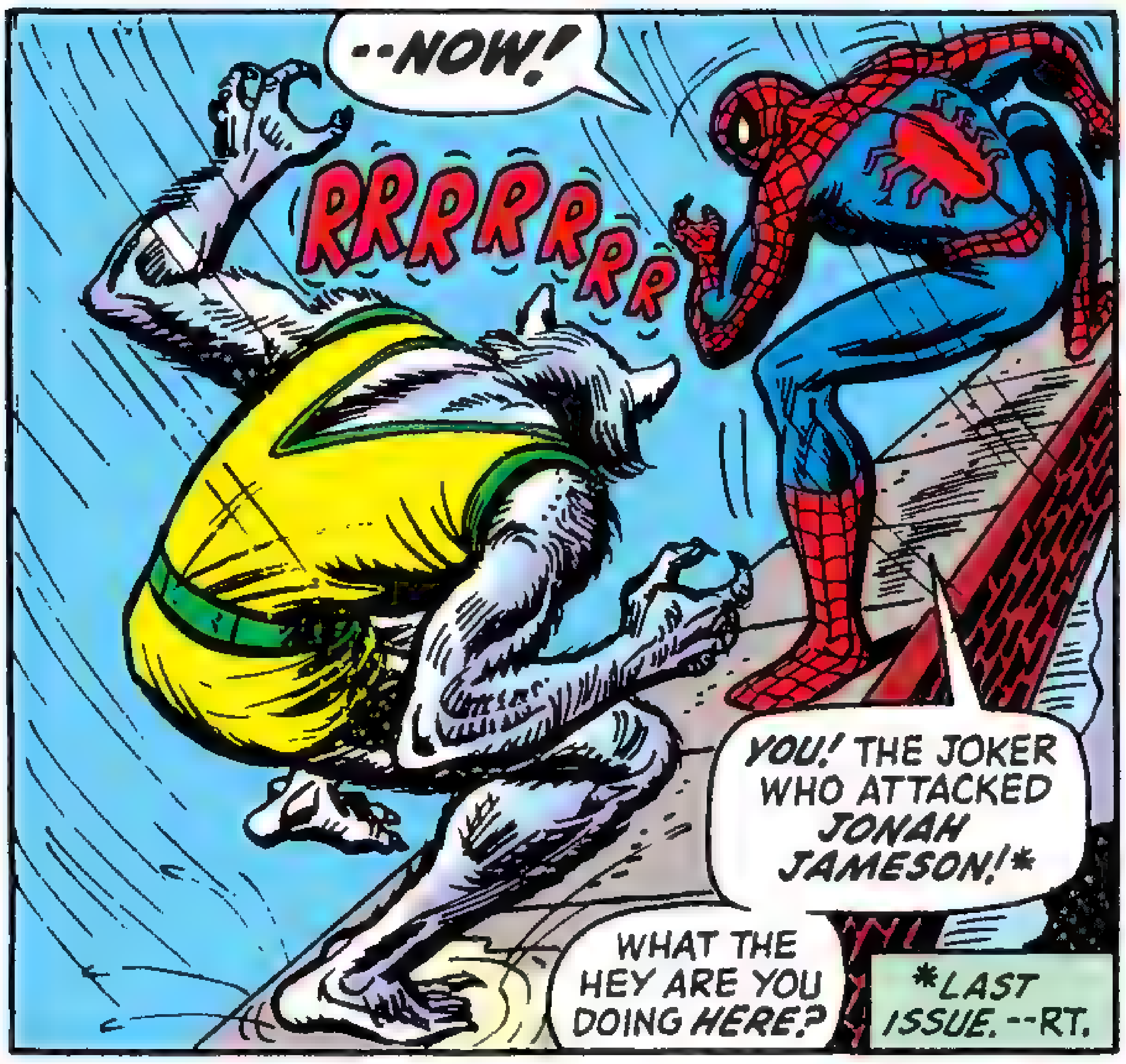
ALMOST, I FEEL LIKE A *PART* OF EVERYTHING AGAIN--LIKE A--
WAIT! MY *SPIDER-SENSE!*
THERE'S *DANGER* AROUND HERE--
SOMETHING *THREATENING* TO ME.
BUT *WHAT?* IT'S ALMOST *DAWN*--ALL THE MUGGERS ARE IN *BED* BY NOW.
WHICH IS WHERE *I* SHOULD BE... SNUGGLED UP ALL *TIGHT...*
...JUST AS OL' J. JONAH *JAMESON* IS...WARM AND SECURE IN HIS VERY OWN *BEDDIE-BYE!*
STILL...I CAN'T GET OVER THAT FEELING OF *MENACE...*
...AS THOUGH SOMETHING *PRETTY BAD* WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN--
--TO NONE OTHER THAN YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD *SPIDER-MAN!*
AND ON A STRAIGHT LINE LIKE *THAT,* WE'RE GOING TO *END* THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF OUR TWO-PART *THRILLER*--!
SEE IF YOU CAN *GUESS* WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IN OUR CHILL-PACKED CONCLUSION, WHICH WE CALL:
WOLFPACT
TO BE CONTINUED!

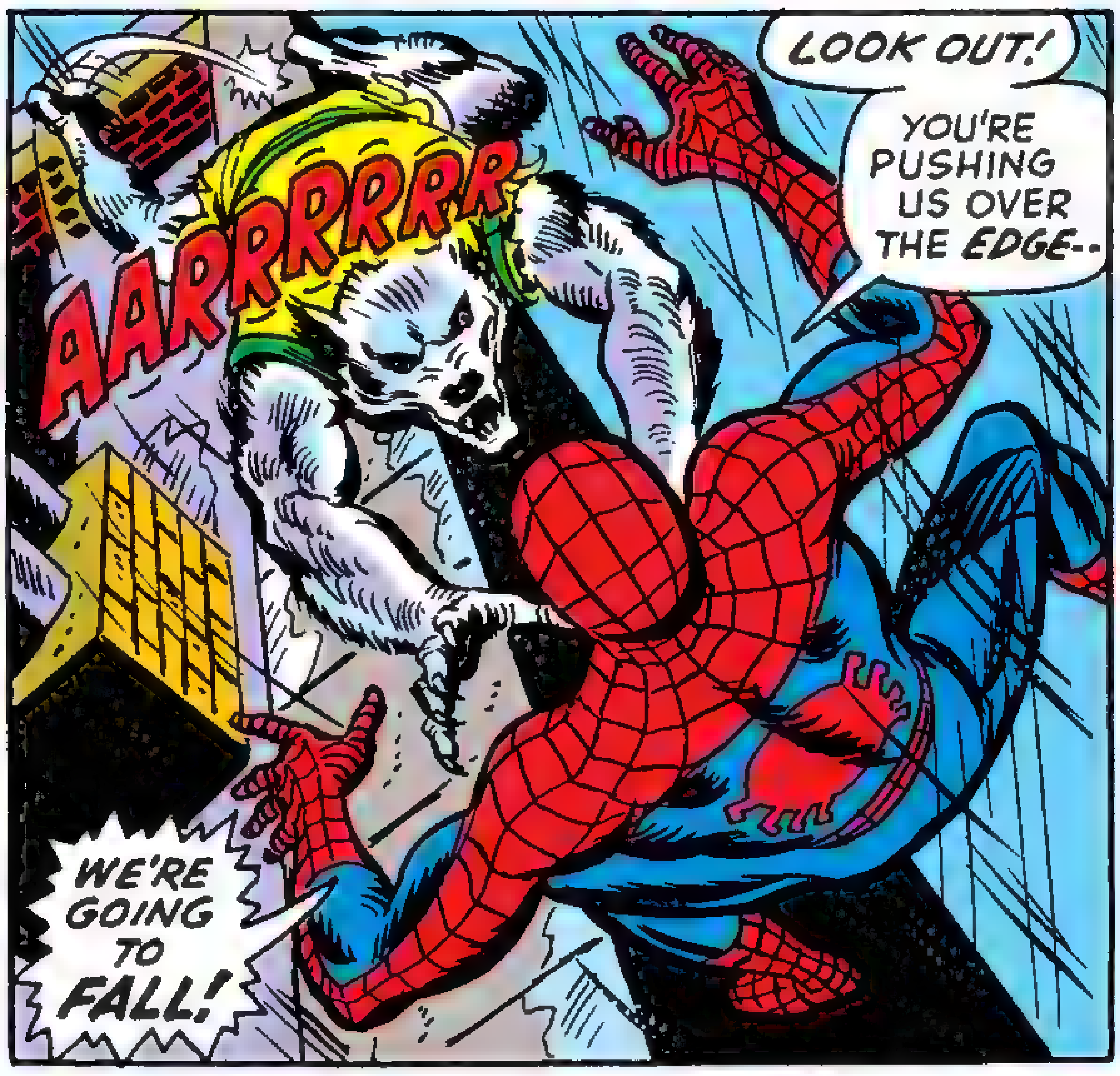

SPIDER MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
125
OCT
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
NO! NO! I WON'T LET YOU DIE--NOT LIKE GWEN--!
NOT LIKE GWENNNN!
SPIDER-MAN-- STAY BACK! YOU CAN'T SAVE ME--!
MORTEL
THE MAN-WOLF STRIKES AGAIN!

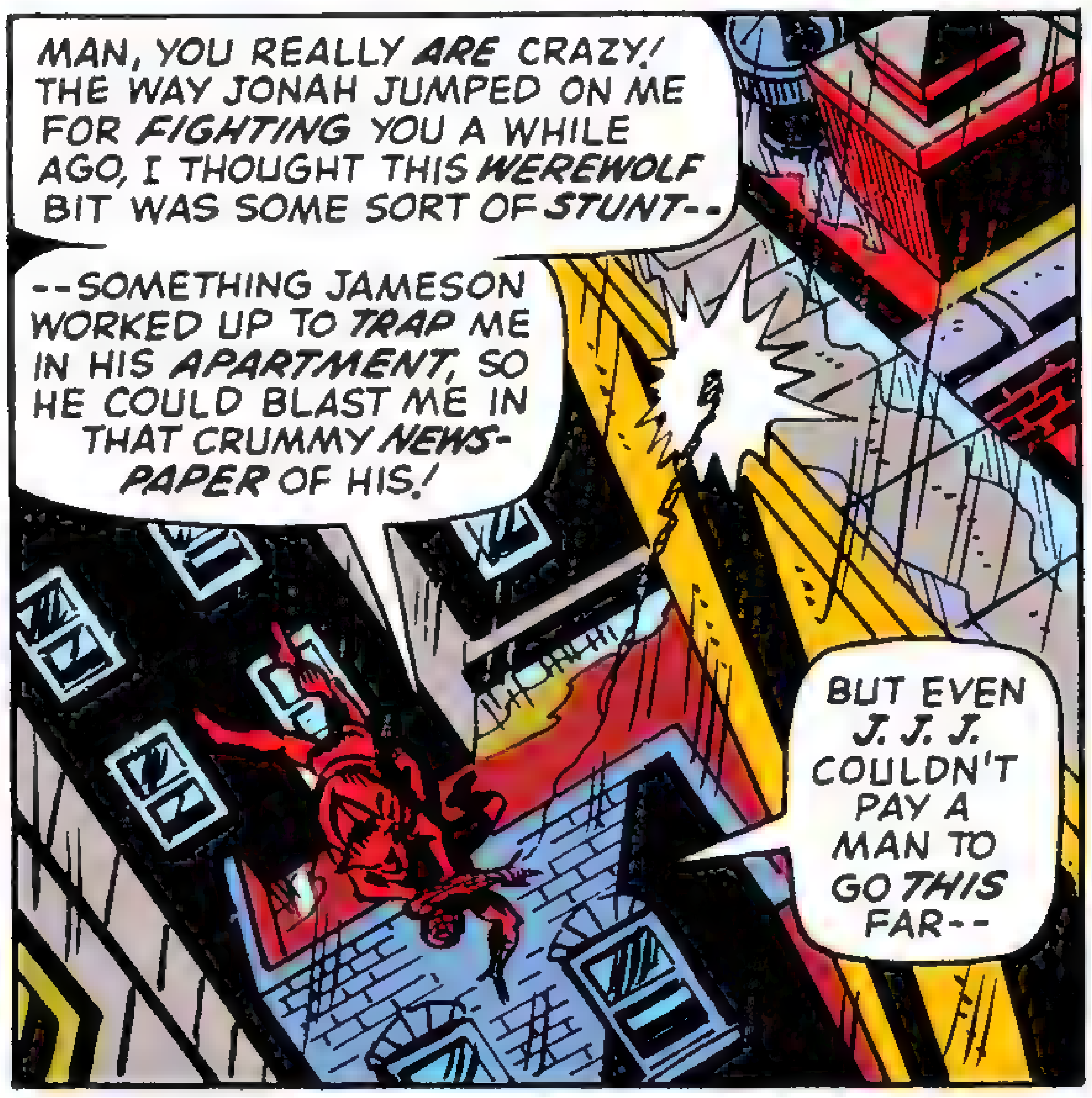
STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

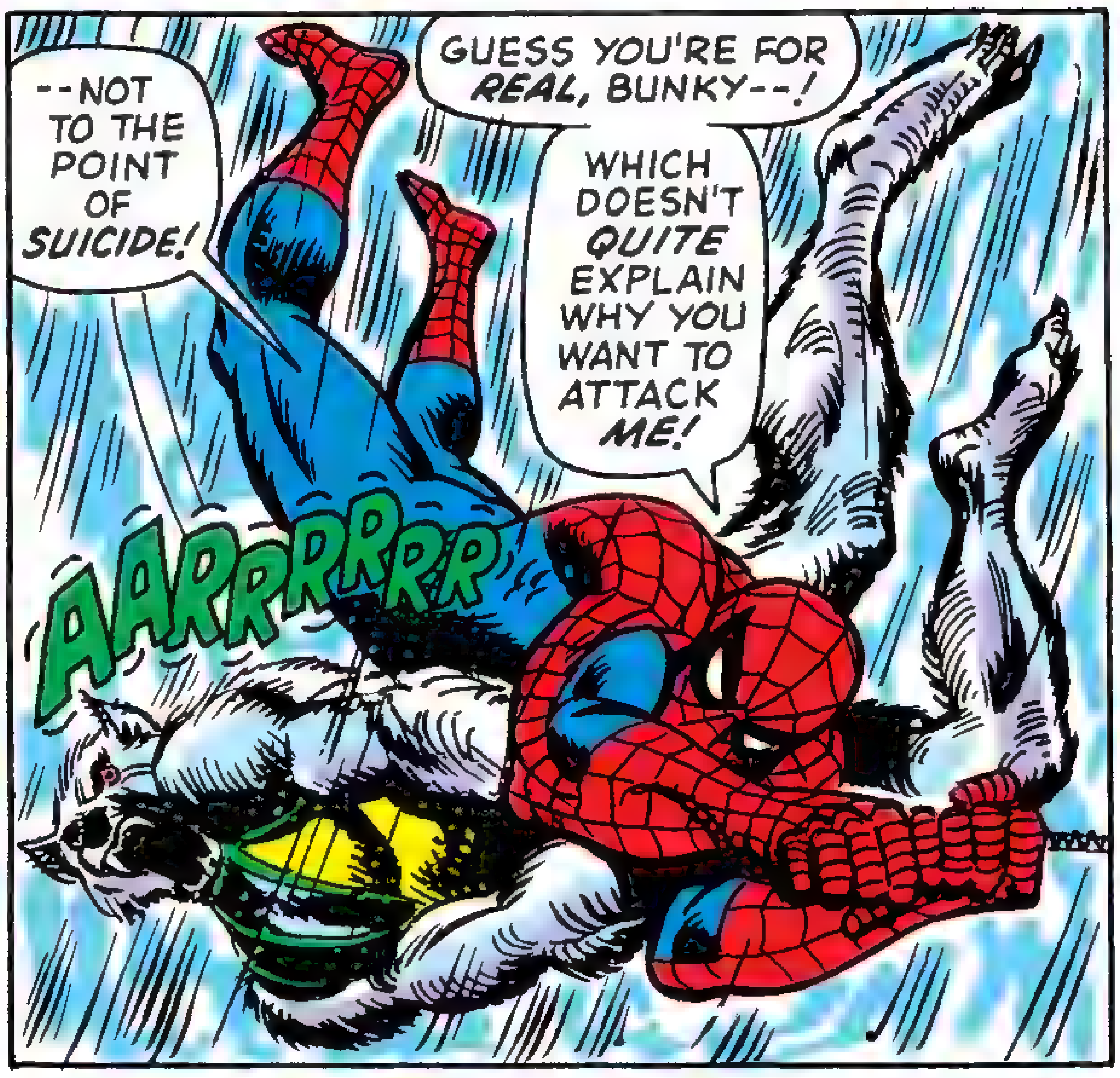
GERRY CONWAY, *WRITER* * ROSS ANDRU, *ARTIST* * J. ROMITA & T. MORTELLARO, *INKERS* * ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* * DAVE HUNT, *COLORIST* * ROY THOMAS, *EDITOR*

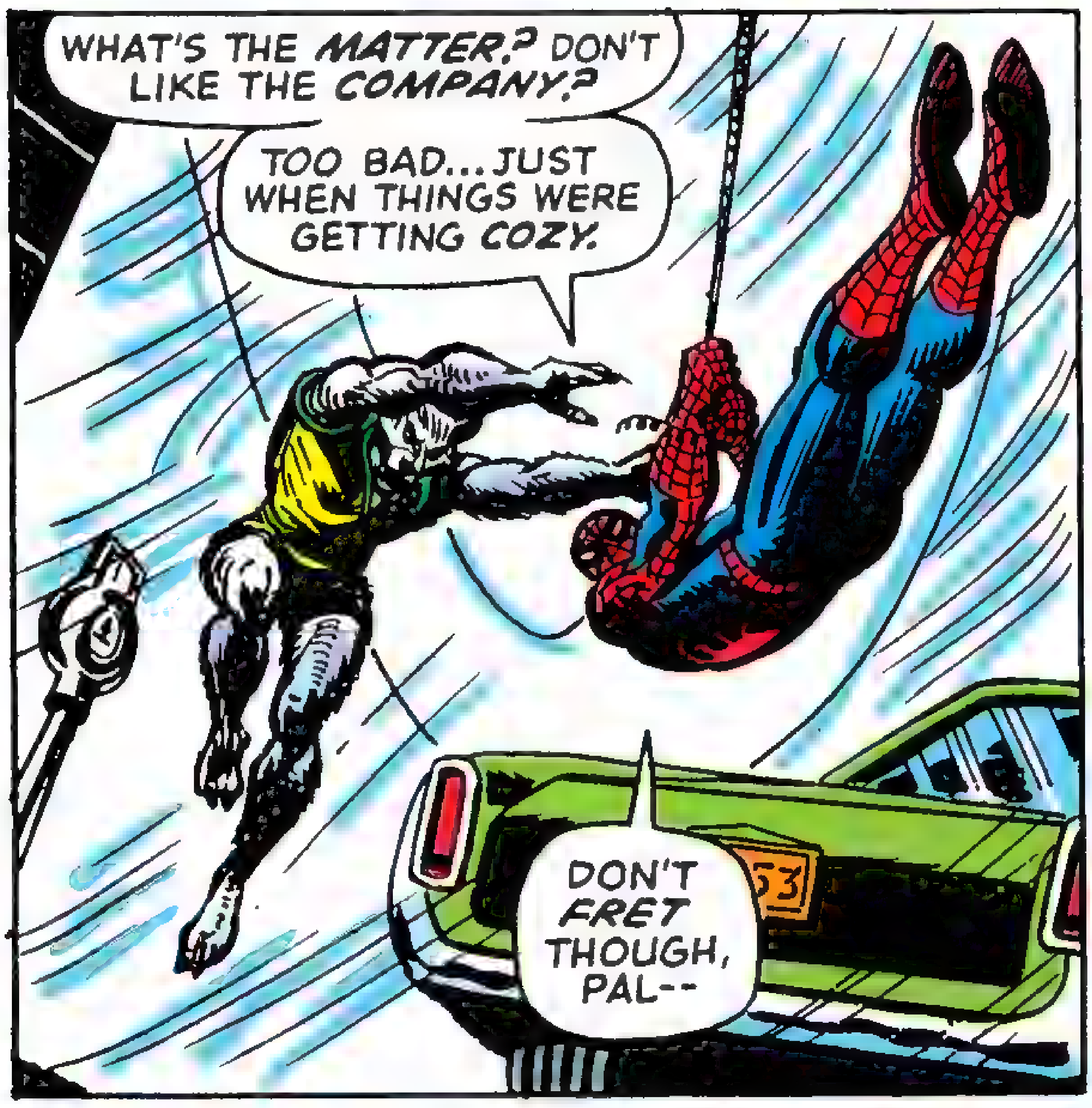

WOLFHUNT!
IT'S NOT BEEN A GOOD WEEK FOR OUR WEB-SLINGING HERO.
TWO DEATHS HAUNT HIM--ONE OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED, THE OTHER OF HIS BEST FRIEND'S FATHER.
AND AS IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH FOR ONE HUNG-UP COLLEGE STUDENT--
--FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS EVENING, HE'S ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED --BY A RAMPAGING MAN-WOLF!
MY SPIDER-SENSE... IT'S ACTING UP, TINGLING... WARNING ME OF DANGER!
GOT TO ROLL TO MY FEET--
15262

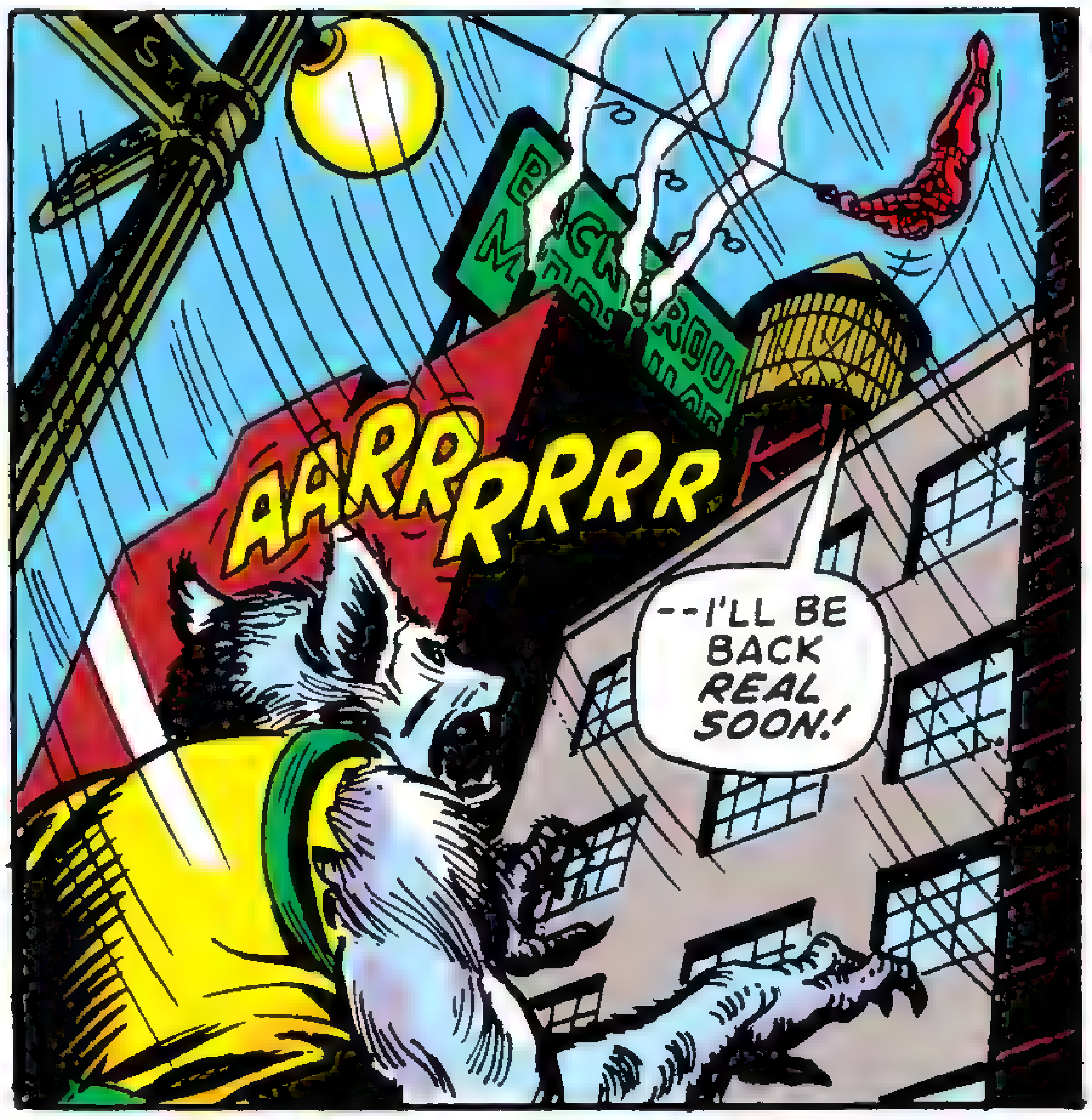

--NOW!
RRRRRRRR
YOU! THE JOKER WHO ATTACKED JONAH JAMESON!*
WHAT THE HEY ARE YOU DOING HERE?
*LAST ISSUE. --RT.

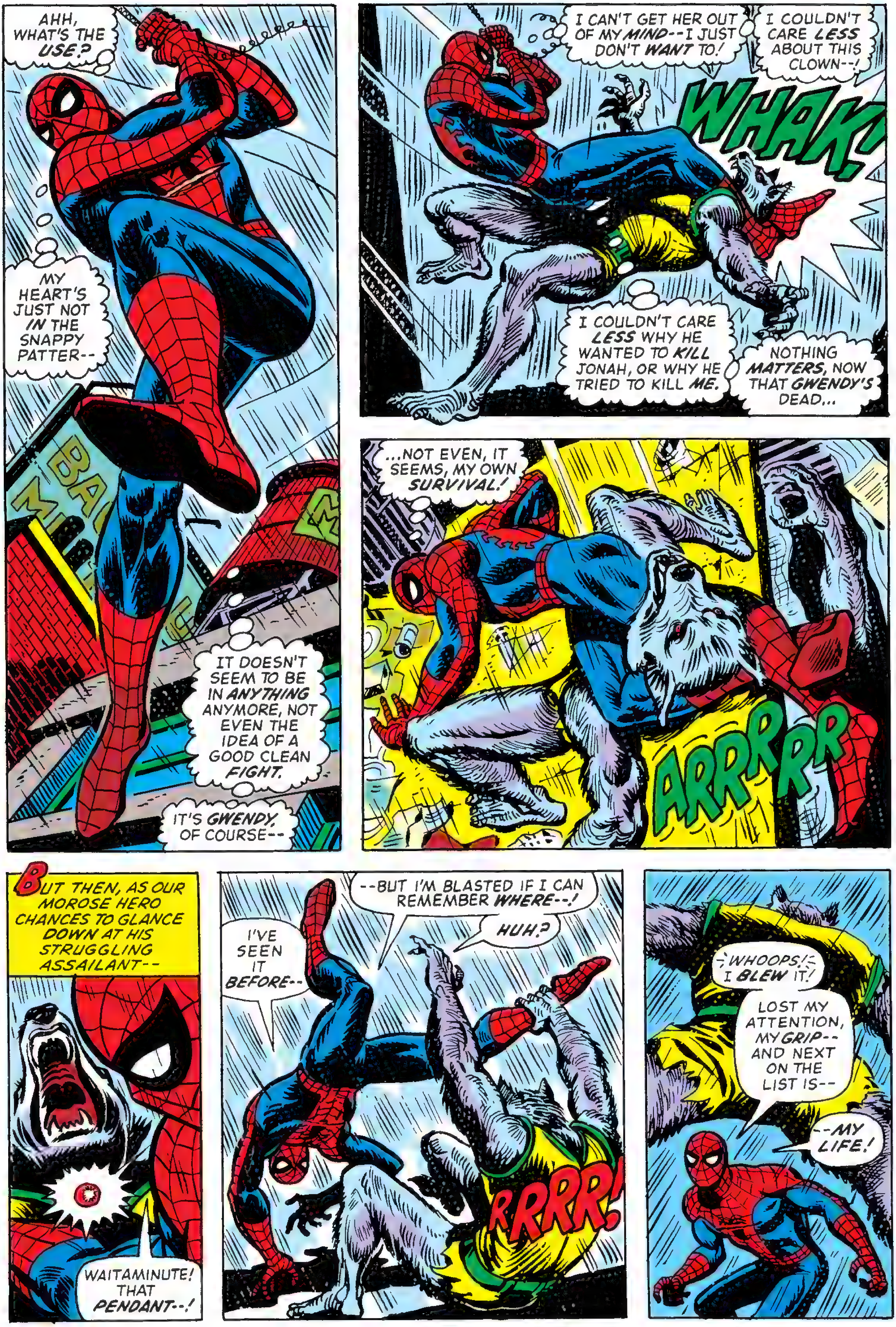

LOOK OUT!
YOU'RE PUSHING US OVER THE EDGE--
AARRRRRRR
WE'RE GOING TO FALL!

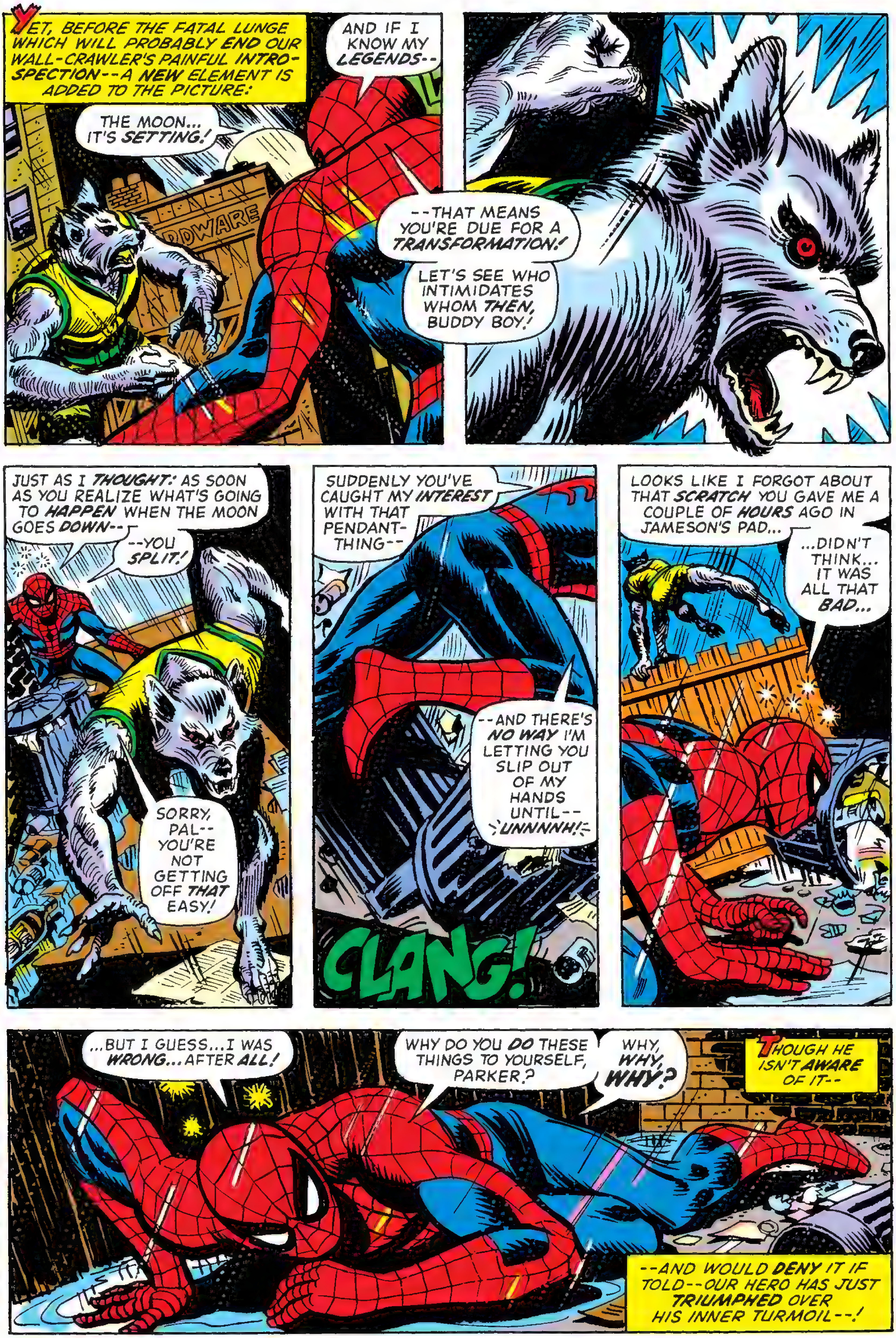

MAN, YOU REALLY ARE CRAZY! THE WAY JONAH JUMPED ON ME FOR FIGHTING YOU A WHILE AGO, I THOUGHT THIS WEREWOLF BIT WAS SOME SORT OF STUNT--
--SOMETHING JAMESON WORKED UP TO TRAP ME IN HIS APARTMENT, SO HE COULD BLAST ME IN THAT CRUMMY NEWSPAPER OF HIS!
BUT EVEN J. J. J. COULDN'T PAY A MAN TO GO THIS FAR--

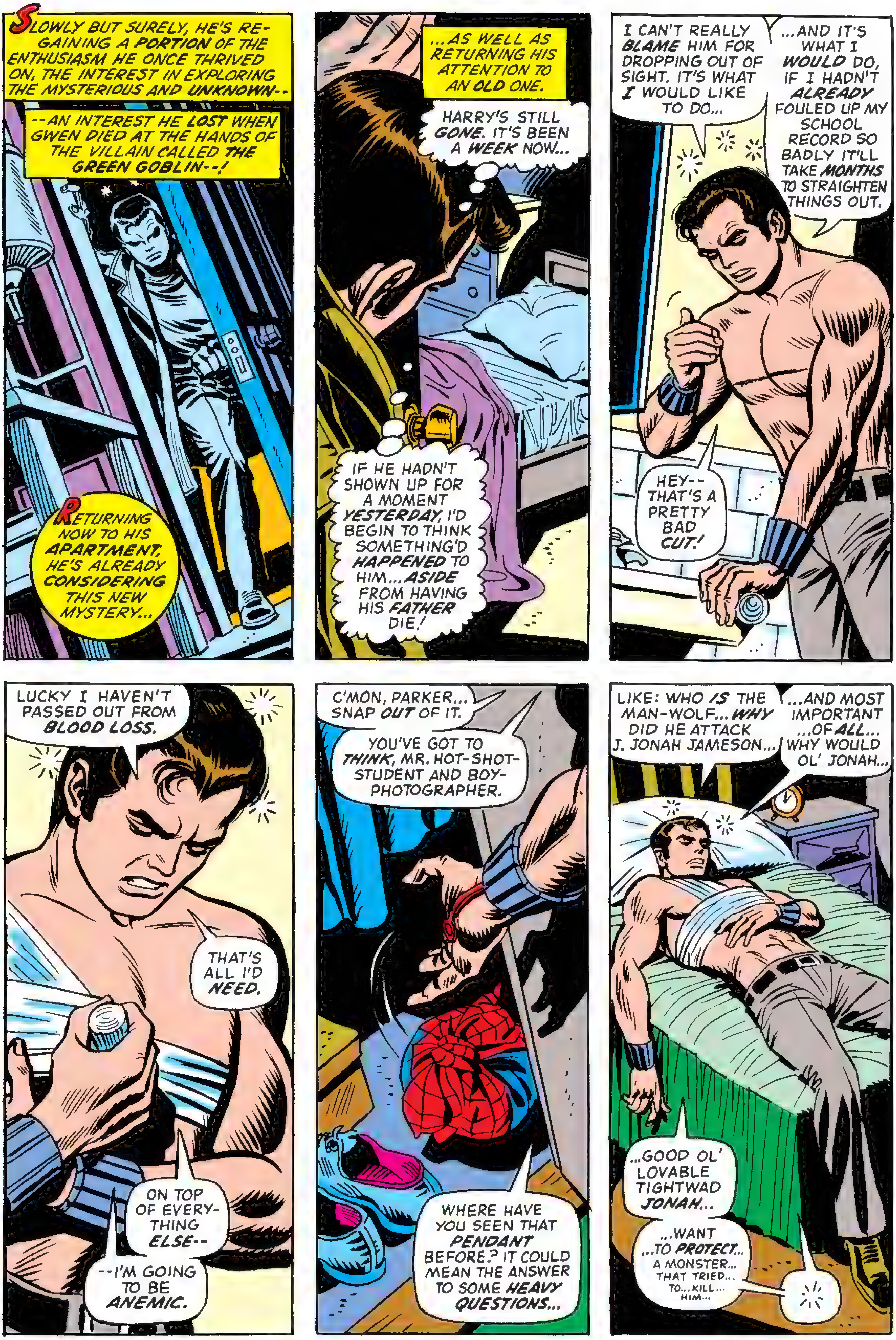

--NOT TO THE POINT OF SUICIDE!
GUESS YOU'RE FOR REAL, BUNKY--!
WHICH DOESN'T QUITE EXPLAIN WHY YOU WANT TO ATTACK ME!
AARRRRRR

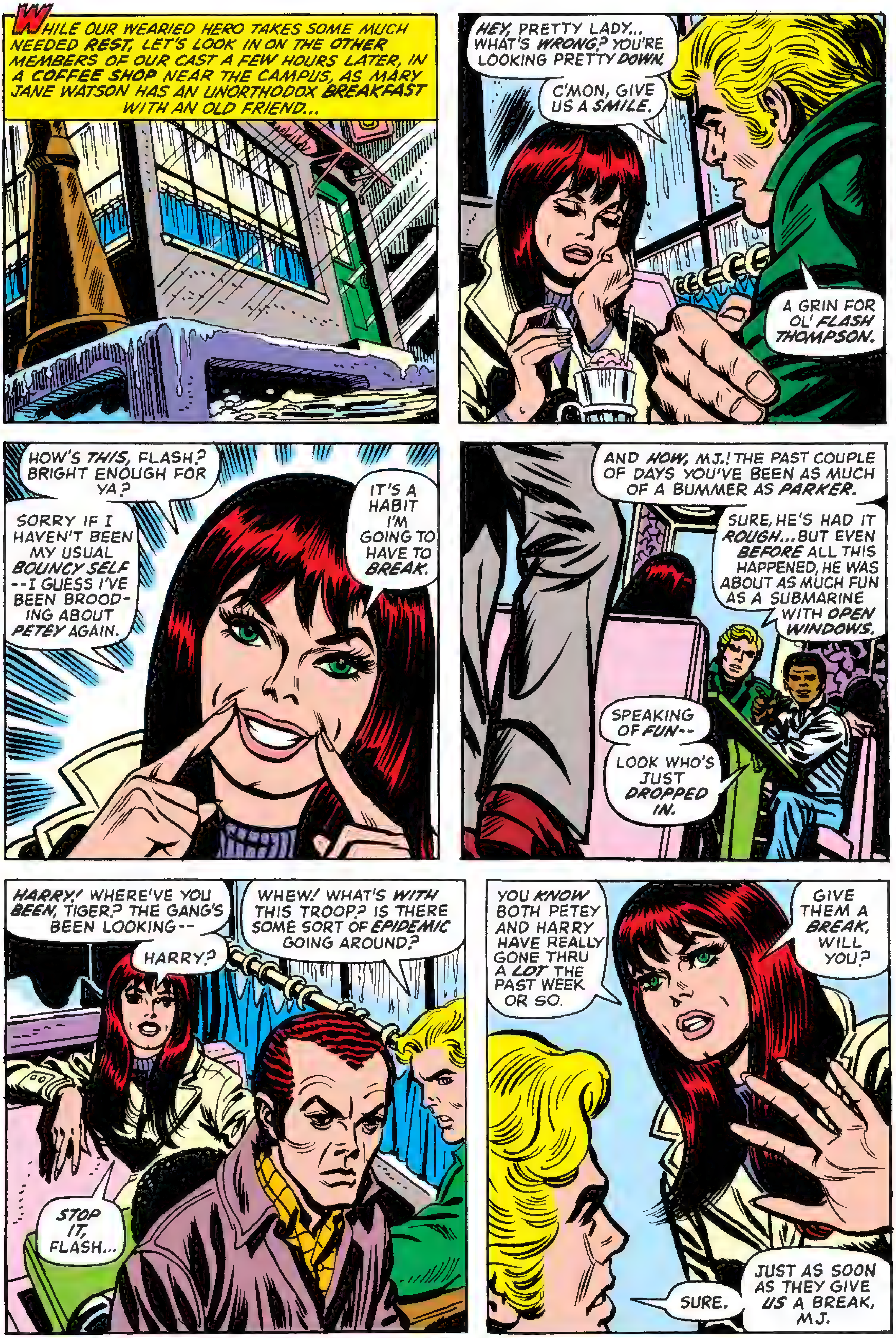

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY?
TOO BAD... JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GETTING COZY.
DON'T FRET THOUGH, PAL--
53

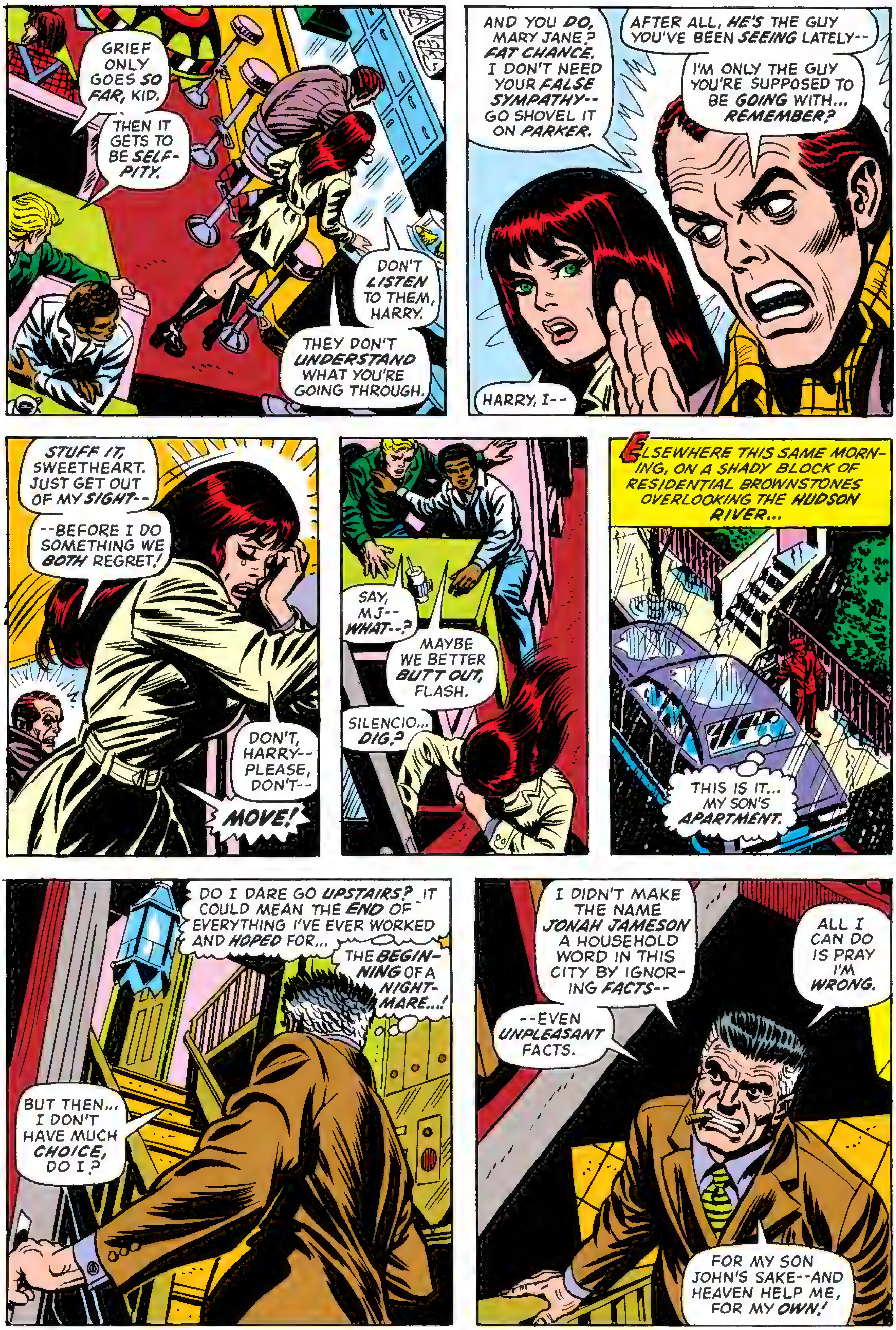

AARRRRRR
--I'LL BE BACK REAL SOON!

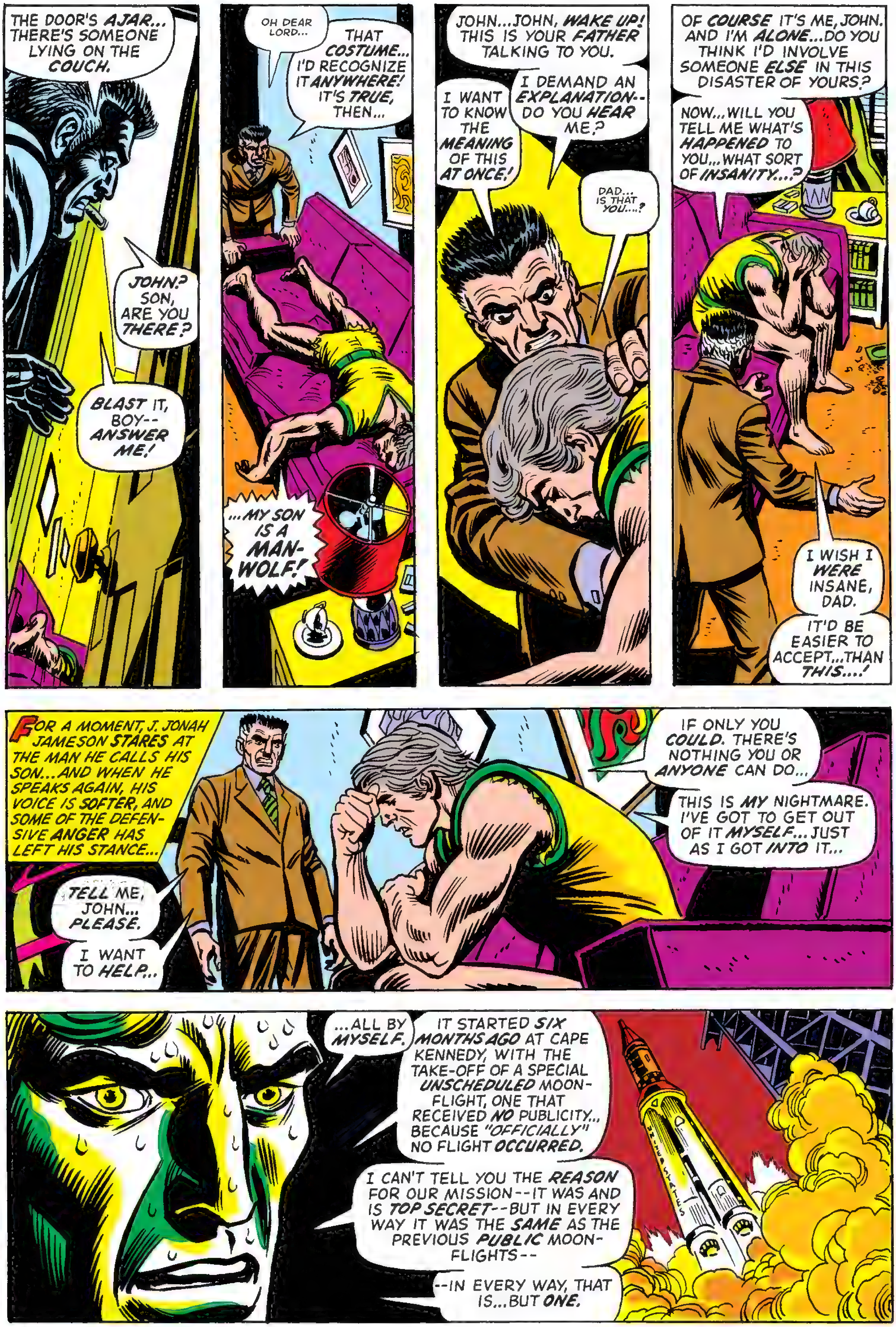

AHH, WHAT'S THE *USE?*
MY HEART'S JUST NOT *IN* THE SNAPPY PATTER--
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN *ANYTHING* ANYMORE, NOT EVEN THE IDEA OF A GOOD CLEAN *FIGHT.*
IT'S *GWENDY,* OF COURSE--
I CAN'T GET HER OUT OF MY *MIND*--I JUST DON'T *WANT* TO!
I COULDN'T CARE *LESS* ABOUT THIS CLOWN--!
WHAK!
I COULDN'T CARE *LESS* WHY HE WANTED TO *KILL* JONAH, OR WHY HE TRIED TO KILL *ME.*
NOTHING *MATTERS,* NOW THAT *GWENDY'S* DEAD...
...NOT EVEN, IT SEEMS, MY OWN *SURVIVAL!*
ARRRRRR
BUT THEN, AS OUR MOROSE HERO CHANCES TO GLANCE DOWN AT HIS STRUGGLING ASSAILANT--
WAITAMINUTE! THAT *PENDANT*--!
I'VE SEEN IT *BEFORE*--
--BUT I'M BLASTED IF I CAN REMEMBER *WHERE*--!
HUH?
RRRR!
WHOOPS! I *BLEW* IT!
LOST MY ATTENTION, MY *GRIP*-- AND NEXT ON THE LIST IS--
--*MY LIFE!*

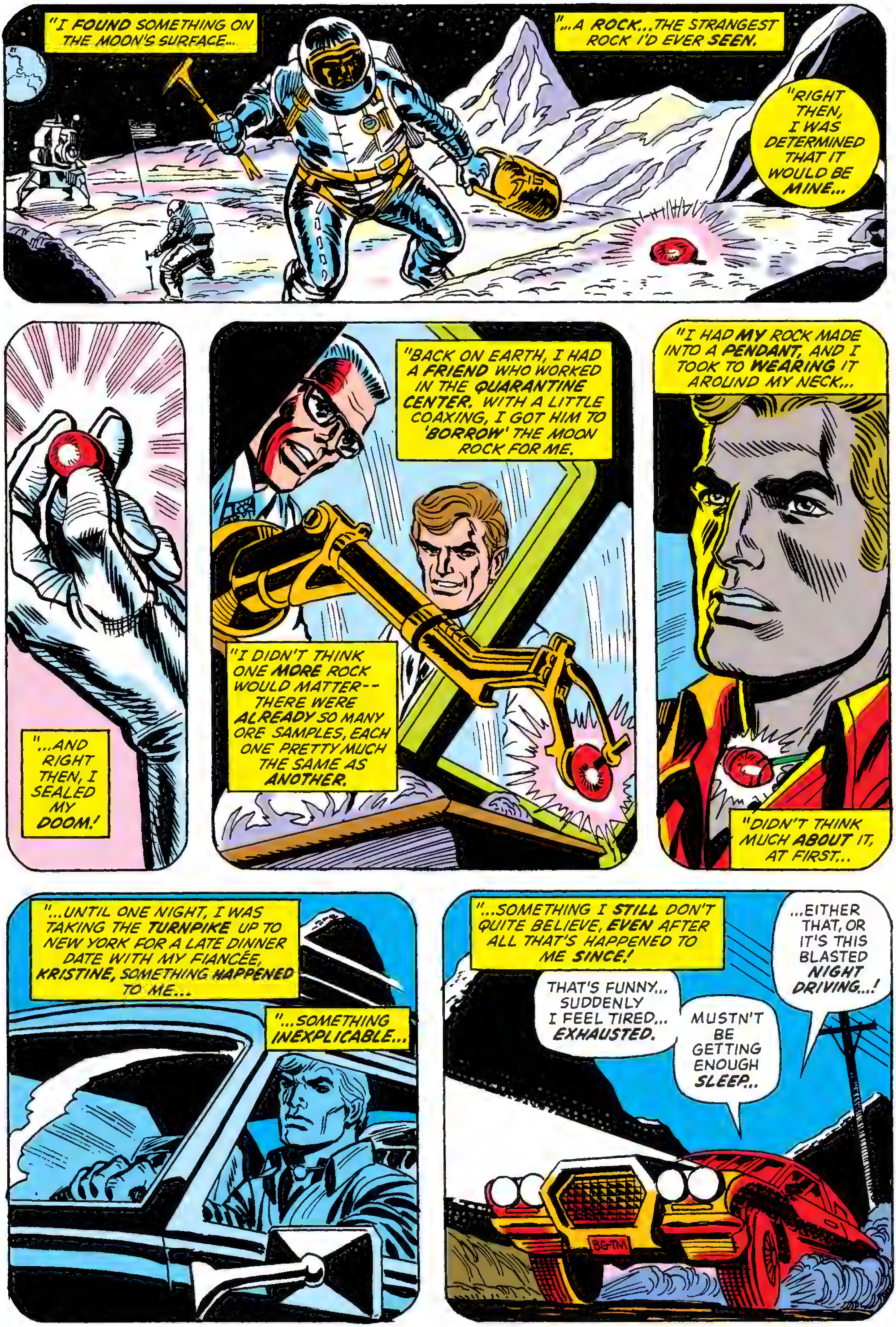

YET, BEFORE THE FATAL LUNGE WHICH WILL PROBABLY END OUR WALL-CRAWLER'S PAINFUL INTROSPECTION--A NEW ELEMENT IS ADDED TO THE PICTURE:
AND IF I KNOW MY LEGENDS--
THE MOON... IT'S SETTING!
DDWARE
--THAT MEANS YOU'RE DUE FOR A TRANSFORMATION!
LET'S SEE WHO INTIMIDATES WHOM THEN, BUDDY BOY!
JUST AS I THOUGHT: AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN THE MOON GOES DOWN--
--YOU SPLIT!
SORRY, PAL--YOU'RE NOT GETTING OFF THAT EASY!
SUDDENLY YOU'VE CAUGHT MY INTEREST WITH THAT PENDANT-THING--
--AND THERE'S NO WAY I'M LETTING YOU SLIP OUT OF MY HANDS UNTIL-- UNNNNH!
CLANG!
LOOKS LIKE I FORGOT ABOUT THAT SCRATCH YOU GAVE ME A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO IN JAMESON'S PAD...
...DIDN'T THINK... IT WAS ALL THAT BAD...
...BUT I GUESS...I WAS WRONG...AFTER ALL!
WHY DO YOU DO THESE THINGS TO YOURSELF, PARKER?
WHY, WHY, WHY?
THOUGH HE ISN'T AWARE OF IT--
--AND WOULD DENY IT IF TOLD--OUR HERO HAS JUST TRIUMPHED OVER HIS INNER TURMOIL--!

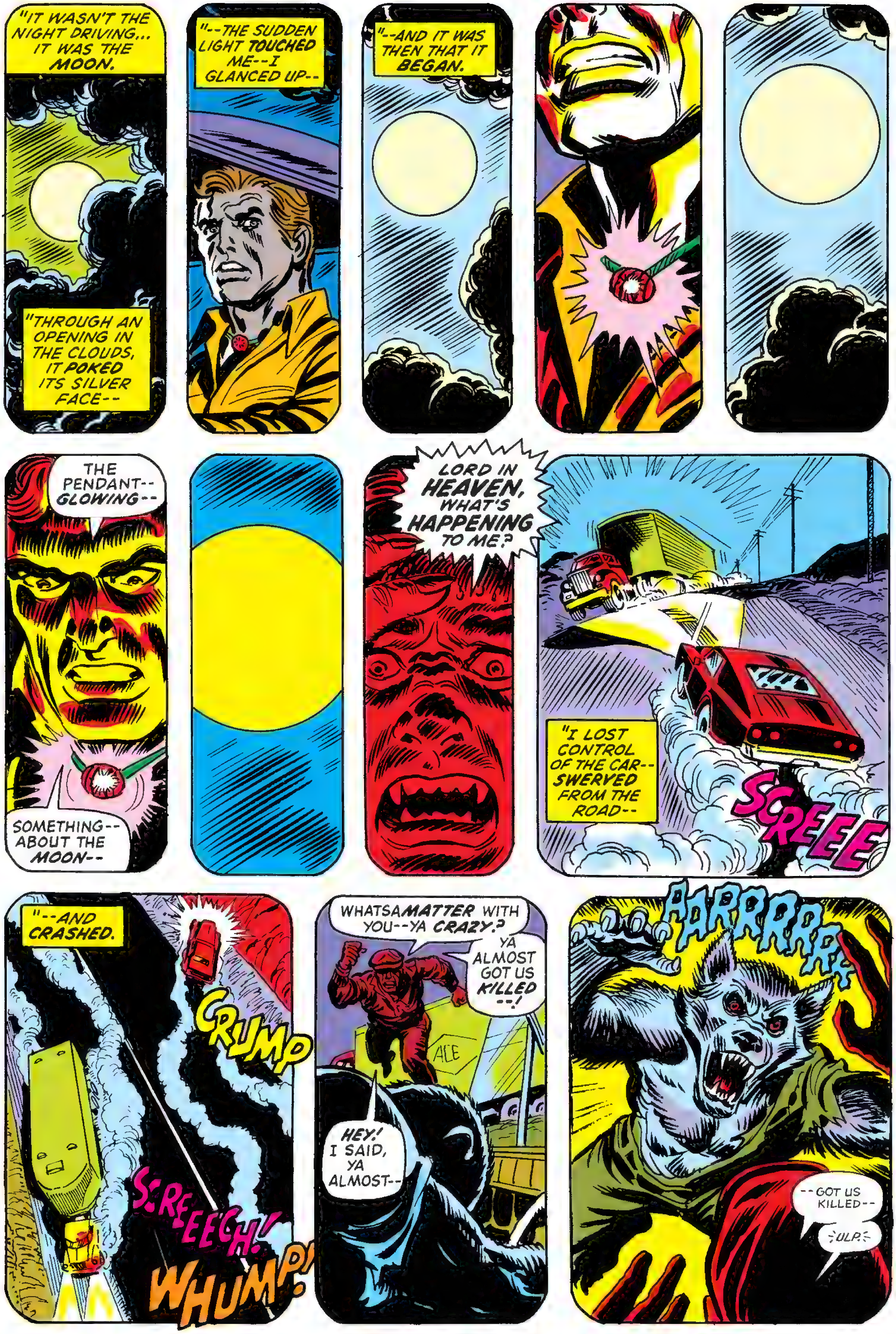

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, HE'S REGAINING A PORTION OF THE ENTHUSIASM HE ONCE THRIVED ON, THE INTEREST IN EXPLORING THE MYSTERIOUS AND UNKNOWN--
--AN INTEREST HE LOST WHEN GWEN DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE VILLAIN CALLED THE GREEN GOBLIN--!
RETURNING NOW TO HIS APARTMENT, HE'S ALREADY CONSIDERING THIS NEW MYSTERY...
...AS WELL AS RETURNING HIS ATTENTION TO AN OLD ONE.
HARRY'S STILL GONE. IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW...
IF HE HADN'T SHOWN UP FOR A MOMENT YESTERDAY, I'D BEGIN TO THINK SOMETHING'D HAPPENED TO HIM...ASIDE FROM HAVING HIS FATHER DIE!
I CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM FOR DROPPING OUT OF SIGHT. IT'S WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO...
...AND IT'S WHAT I WOULD DO, IF I HADN'T ALREADY FOULED UP MY SCHOOL RECORD SO BADLY IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT.
HEY-- THAT'S A PRETTY BAD CUT!
LUCKY I HAVEN'T PASSED OUT FROM BLOOD LOSS.
THAT'S ALL I'D NEED.
ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE--
--I'M GOING TO BE ANEMIC.
C'MON, PARKER... SNAP OUT OF IT.
YOU'VE GOT TO THINK, MR. HOT-SHOT-STUDENT AND BOY-PHOTOGRAPHER.
WHERE HAVE YOU SEEN THAT PENDANT BEFORE? IT COULD MEAN THE ANSWER TO SOME HEAVY QUESTIONS...
LIKE: WHO IS THE MAN-WOLF... WHY DID HE ATTACK J. JONAH JAMESON...
...AND MOST IMPORTANT ...OF ALL... WHY WOULD OL' JONAH...
...GOOD OL' LOVABLE TIGHTWAD JONAH...
...WANT ...TO PROTECT... A MONSTER... THAT TRIED... TO...KILL... HIM...


WHILE OUR WEARIED HERO TAKES SOME MUCH NEEDED *REST*, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE *OTHER* MEMBERS OF OUR CAST A FEW HOURS LATER, IN A *COFFEE SHOP* NEAR THE CAMPUS, AS MARY JANE WATSON HAS AN UNORTHODOX *BREAKFAST* WITH AN OLD FRIEND...
HEY, PRETTY LADY... WHAT'S *WRONG?* YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY *DOWN*.
C'MON, GIVE US A *SMILE*.
A GRIN FOR OL' *FLASH THOMPSON*.
HOW'S *THIS*, FLASH? BRIGHT ENOUGH FOR YA?
SORRY IF I HAVEN'T BEEN MY USUAL *BOUNCY SELF* --I GUESS I'VE BEEN BROODING ABOUT *PETEY* AGAIN.
IT'S A HABIT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO *BREAK*.
AND *HOW*, M.J.! THE PAST COUPLE OF DAYS YOU'VE BEEN AS MUCH OF A BUMMER AS *PARKER*.
SURE, HE'S HAD IT *ROUGH*... BUT EVEN *BEFORE* ALL THIS HAPPENED, HE WAS ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS A SUBMARINE WITH *OPEN WINDOWS*.
SPEAKING OF *FUN*--
LOOK WHO'S JUST *DROPPED IN*.
HARRY! WHERE'VE YOU *BEEN*, TIGER? THE GANG'S BEEN LOOKING--
HARRY?
WHEW! WHAT'S *WITH* THIS TROOP? IS THERE SOME SORT OF *EPIDEMIC* GOING AROUND?
STOP IT, FLASH...
YOU *KNOW* BOTH PETEY AND HARRY HAVE REALLY GONE THRU A *LOT* THE PAST WEEK OR SO.
GIVE THEM A *BREAK*, WILL YOU?
SURE.
JUST AS SOON AS THEY GIVE *US* A BREAK, M.J.

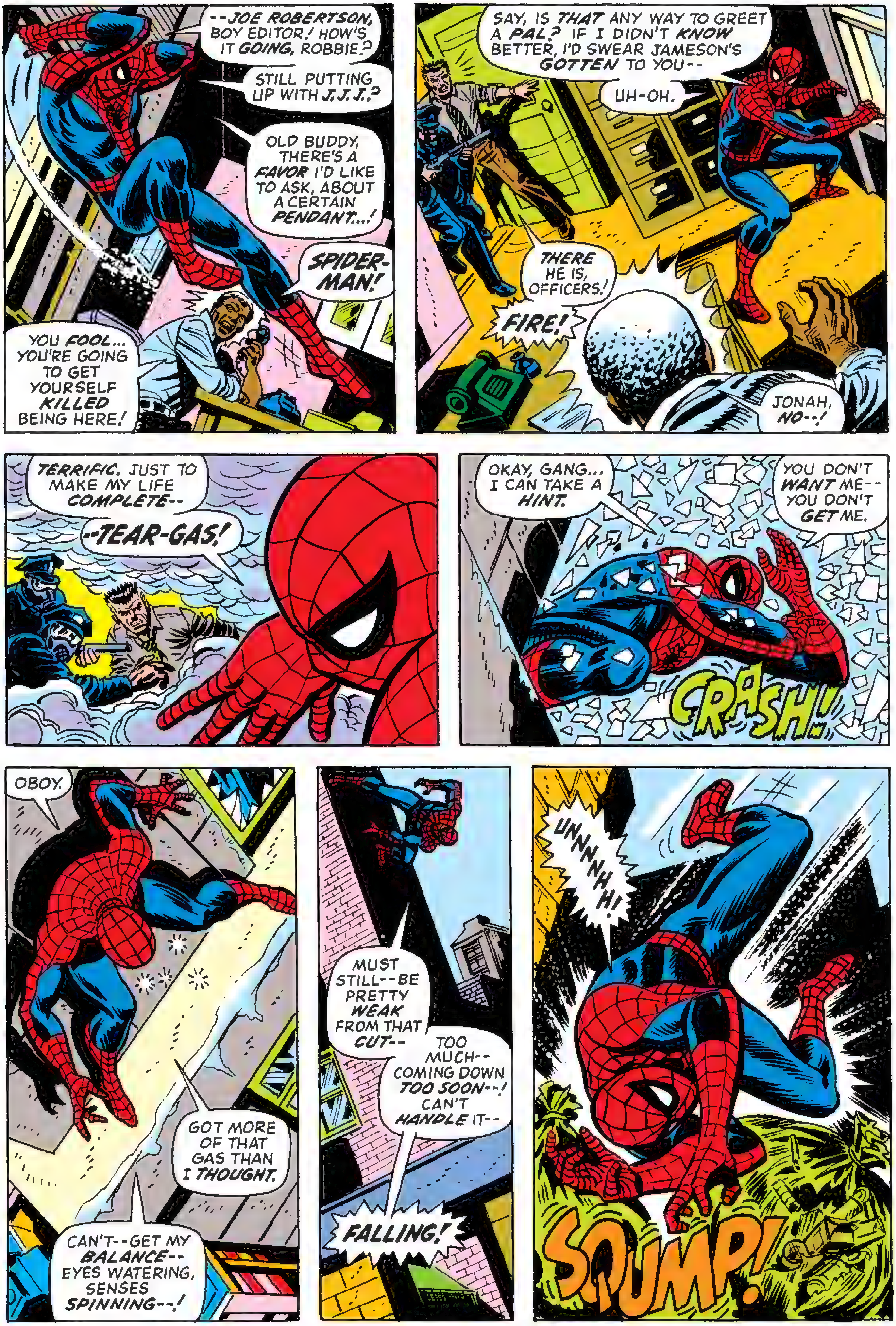

GRIEF ONLY GOES SO FAR, KID.
THEN IT GETS TO BE SELF-PITY.
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, HARRY.
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.
AND YOU DO, MARY JANE? FAT CHANCE. I DON'T NEED YOUR FALSE SYMPATHY-- GO SHOVEL IT ON PARKER.
AFTER ALL, HE'S THE GUY YOU'VE BEEN SEEING LATELY--
I'M ONLY THE GUY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GOING WITH... REMEMBER?
HARRY, I--
STUFF IT, SWEETHEART. JUST GET OUT OF MY SIGHT--
--BEFORE I DO SOMETHING WE BOTH REGRET!
DON'T, HARRY-- PLEASE, DON'T--
MOVE!
SAY, MJ-- WHAT--?
MAYBE WE BETTER BUTT OUT, FLASH.
SILENCIO... DIG?
ELSEWHERE THIS SAME MORNING, ON A SHADY BLOCK OF RESIDENTIAL BROWNSTONES OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON RIVER...
THIS IS IT... MY SON'S APARTMENT.
DO I DARE GO UPSTAIRS? IT COULD MEAN THE END OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WORKED AND HOPED FOR...
THE BEGINNING OF A NIGHTMARE...!
BUT THEN... I DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DO I?
I DIDN'T MAKE THE NAME JONAH JAMESON A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN THIS CITY BY IGNORING FACTS--
--EVEN UNPLEASANT FACTS.
ALL I CAN DO IS PRAY I'M WRONG.
FOR MY SON JOHN'S SAKE--AND HEAVEN HELP ME, FOR MY OWN!

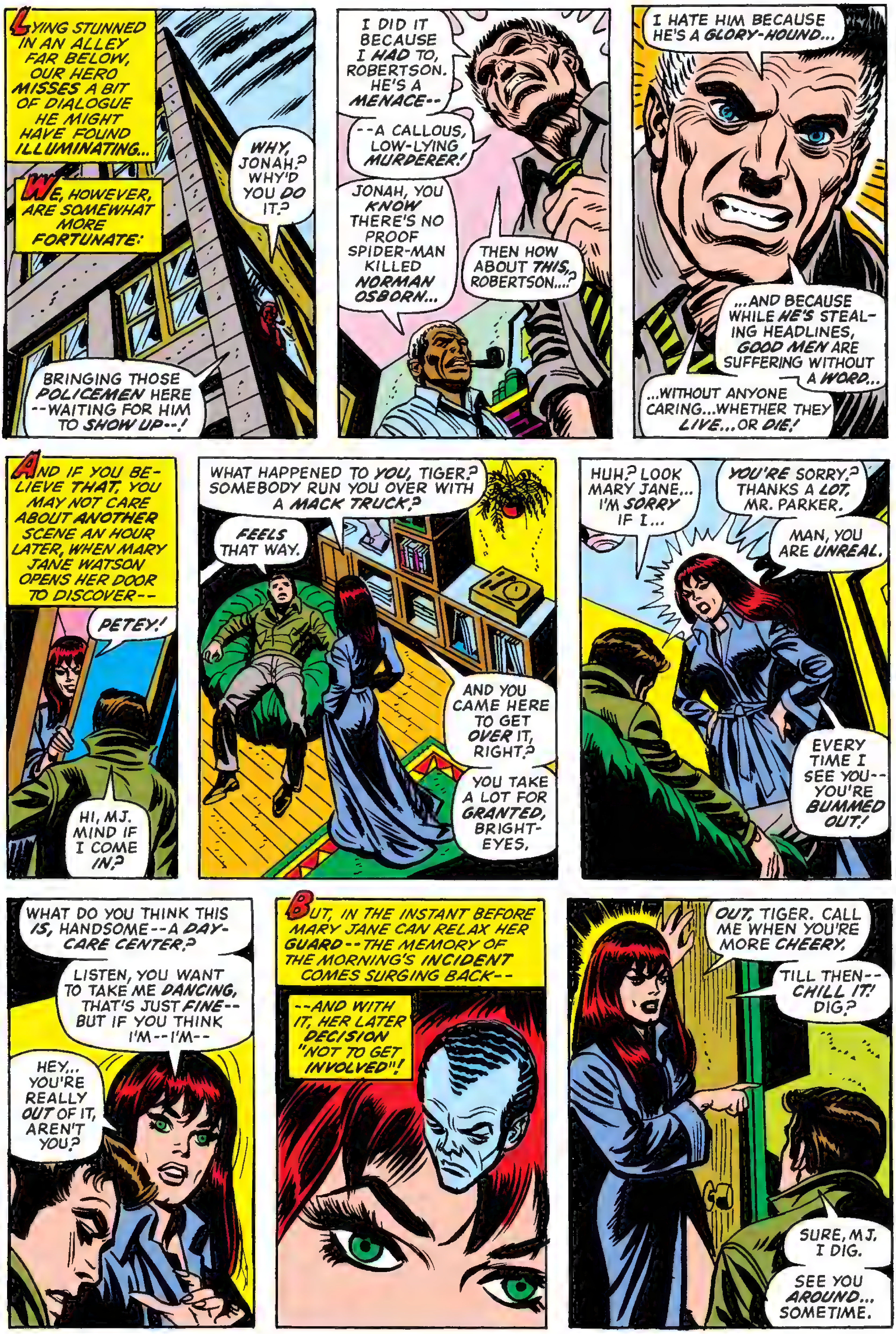

THE DOOR'S **AJAR**... THERE'S SOMEONE LYING ON THE **COUCH**.
JOHN? SON, ARE YOU **THERE?**
BLAST IT, BOY-- **ANSWER ME!**
OH DEAR LORD...
THAT **COSTUME**... I'D RECOGNIZE IT **ANYWHERE!** IT'S **TRUE**, THEN...
...**MY SON IS A MAN-WOLF!**
JOHN...JOHN, **WAKE UP!** THIS IS YOUR **FATHER** TALKING TO YOU.
I WANT TO KNOW THE **MEANING** OF THIS **AT ONCE!**
I DEMAND AN **EXPLANATION**-- DO YOU **HEAR** ME?
DAD... IS THAT **YOU**...?
OF **COURSE** IT'S ME, JOHN. AND I'M **ALONE**...DO YOU THINK I'D INVOLVE SOMEONE **ELSE** IN THIS DISASTER OF YOURS?
NOW...WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S **HAPPENED** TO YOU...WHAT SORT OF **INSANITY**...?
I WISH I **WERE** INSANE, DAD.
IT'D BE EASIER TO ACCEPT...THAN **THIS**...!
FOR A MOMENT, J. JONAH JAMESON STARES AT THE MAN HE CALLS HIS SON...AND WHEN HE SPEAKS AGAIN, HIS VOICE IS SOFTER, AND SOME OF THE DEFENSIVE ANGER HAS LEFT HIS STANCE...
TELL ME, JOHN... **PLEASE.**
I WANT TO **HELP**...
IF ONLY YOU **COULD**. THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR **ANYONE** CAN DO...
THIS IS **MY** NIGHTMARE. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF IT **MYSELF**... JUST AS I GOT **INTO** IT...
...ALL BY **MYSELF**.
IT STARTED **SIX MONTHS AGO** AT CAPE KENNEDY, WITH THE TAKE-OFF OF A SPECIAL **UNSCHEDULED** MOON-FLIGHT, ONE THAT RECEIVED **NO** PUBLICITY... BECAUSE **"OFFICIALLY"** NO FLIGHT **OCCURRED**.
I CAN'T TELL YOU THE **REASON** FOR OUR MISSION--IT WAS AND IS **TOP SECRET**--BUT IN EVERY WAY IT WAS THE **SAME** AS THE PREVIOUS **PUBLIC** MOON-FLIGHTS--
--IN EVERY WAY, THAT IS...BUT **ONE**.
UNITED STATES

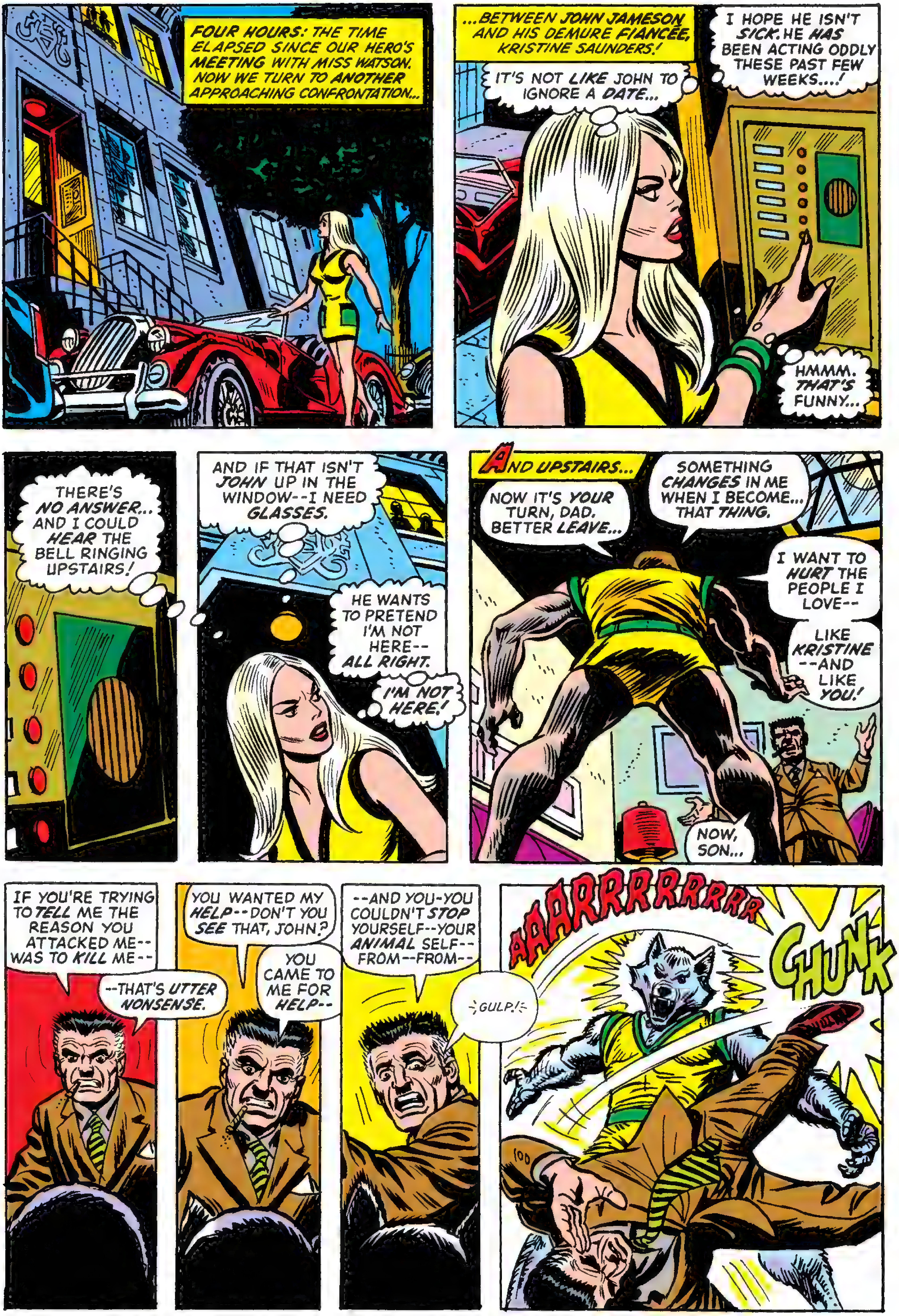

"I FOUND SOMETHING ON THE MOON'S SURFACE...
"...A ROCK...THE STRANGEST ROCK I'D EVER SEEN.
"RIGHT THEN, I WAS DETERMINED THAT IT WOULD BE MINE...
"...AND RIGHT THEN, I SEALED MY DOOM!
"BACK ON EARTH, I HAD A FRIEND WHO WORKED IN THE QUARANTINE CENTER. WITH A LITTLE COAXING, I GOT HIM TO 'BORROW' THE MOON ROCK FOR ME.
"I DIDN'T THINK ONE MORE ROCK WOULD MATTER-- THERE WERE ALREADY SO MANY ORE SAMPLES, EACH ONE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS ANOTHER.
"I HAD MY ROCK MADE INTO A PENDANT, AND I TOOK TO WEARING IT AROUND MY NECK...
"DIDN'T THINK MUCH ABOUT IT, AT FIRST...
"...UNTIL ONE NIGHT, I WAS TAKING THE TURNPIKE UP TO NEW YORK FOR A LATE DINNER DATE WITH MY FIANCÉE, KRISTINE, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME...
"...SOMETHING INEXPLICABLE...
"...SOMETHING I STILL DON'T QUITE BELIEVE, EVEN AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME SINCE!
THAT'S FUNNY... SUDDENLY I FEEL TIRED... EXHAUSTED.
MUSTN'T BE GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP..
...EITHER THAT, OR IT'S THIS BLASTED NIGHT DRIVING...!
BG-TM

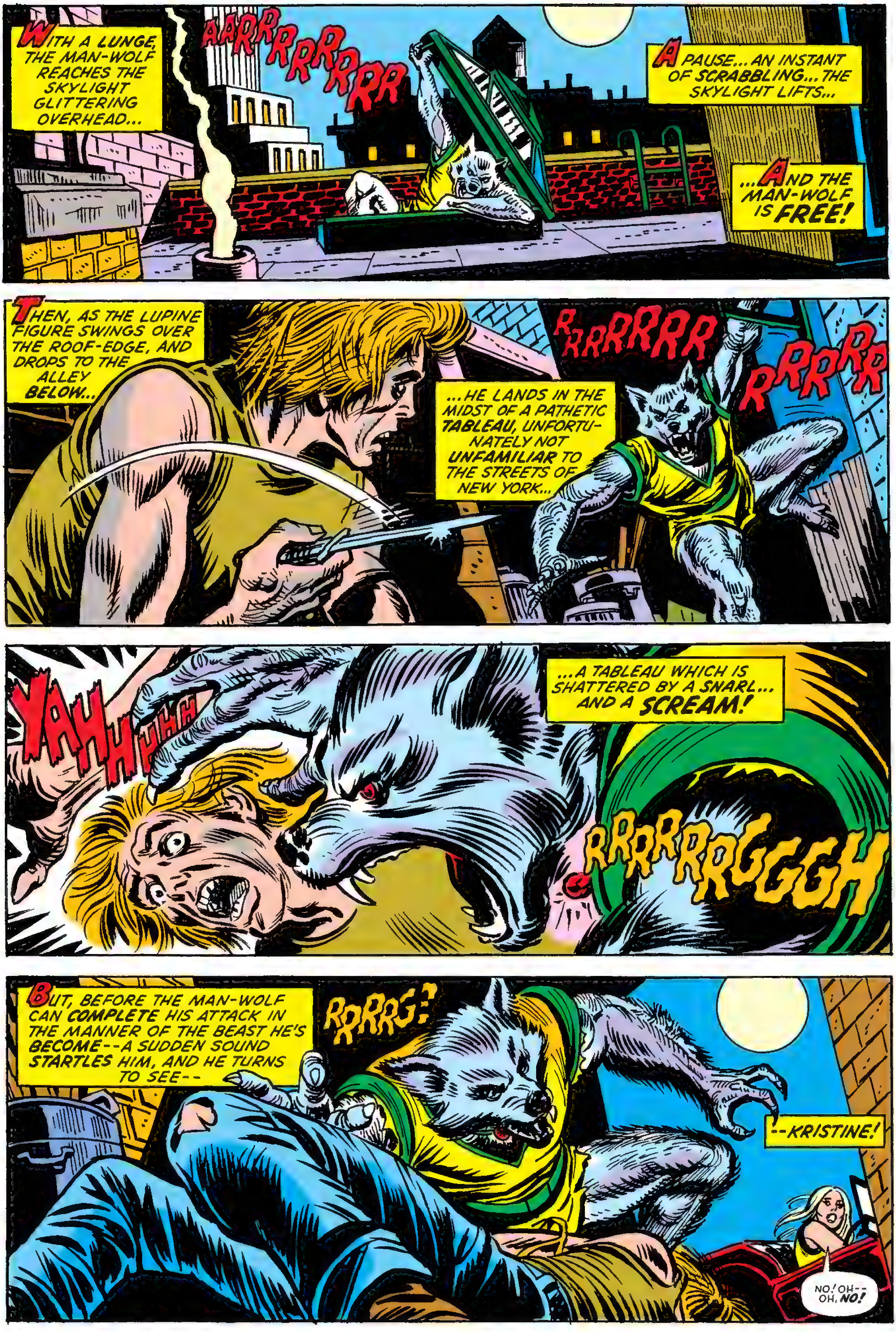

"IT WASN'T THE NIGHT DRIVING... IT WAS THE MOON.
"THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE CLOUDS, IT POKED ITS SILVER FACE--
"--THE SUDDEN LIGHT TOUCHED ME--I GLANCED UP--
"--AND IT WAS THEN THAT IT BEGAN.
THE PENDANT--GLOWING--
SOMETHING--ABOUT THE MOON--
LORD IN HEAVEN, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
"I LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR--SWERVED FROM THE ROAD--
SCREEE
"--AND CRASHED.
CRUMP
SCREEECH!
WHUMP!
WHATSAMATTER WITH YOU--YA CRAZY?
YA ALMOST GOT US KILLED--!
ACE
HEY! I SAID, YA ALMOST--
AARRRRR
--GOT US KILLED--
ULP

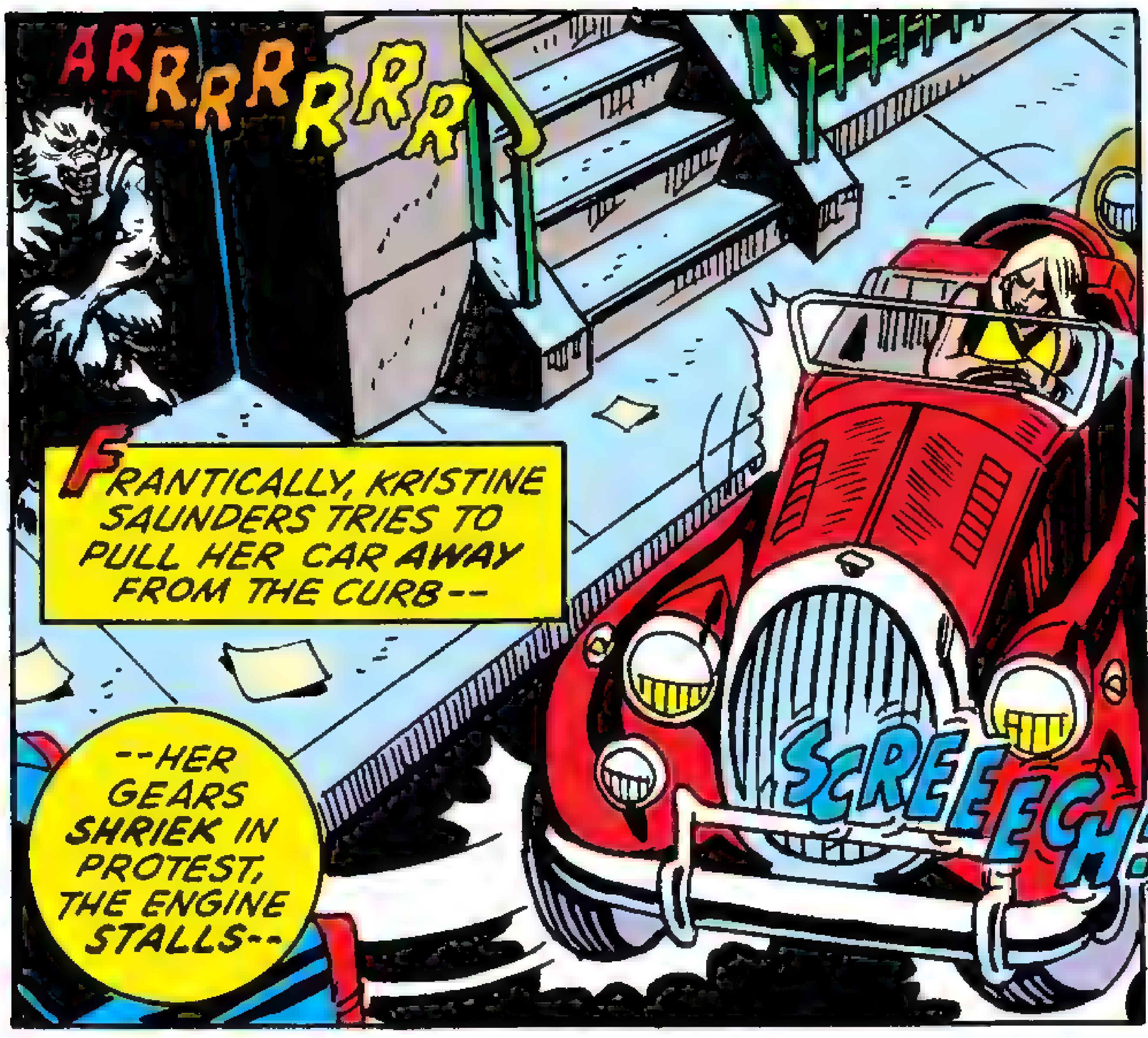
"THAT'S HOW IT STARTED. SOMEHOW THAT DRIVER ESCAPED--I WANDERED INTO THE PENNSYLVANIAN HILLS--AND WHEN I WOKE THE NEXT MORNING, I FOUND MYSELF HALF-NAKED IN A RAIN-FILLED CULVERT.
"EVERY MONTH SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN TRANSFORMED--
"--AND TO DATE, NONE OF MY EFFORTS TO STOP THAT TRANSFORMATION HAVE SUCCEEDED--
"--NOT EVEN THE RADIATION SUIT I HAD MADE TO CUT OUT THE LUNAR RAYS. THE FIRST TIME I WORE IT--LAST NIGHT--THE SUIT CAME APART--
--JUST LIKE MY CHANCES TO SEE THIS MADNESS THROUGH ALIVE!
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, SON. IT'S OBVIOUS YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT THIS OUT AT ALL.
WHY NOT JUST TAKE OFF THE PENDANT?
DAD, TRY NOT TO TREAT ME WITH THE CONTEMPT YOU SAVE FOR YOUR EMPLOYEES.
I HAVE TRIED TO REMOVE THE STONE... BUT IT'S TOO LATE.
IT'S GRAFTED ITSELF TO MY SKIN--
--PERMANENTLY!
SEVEN HOURS: THAT'S HOW LONG PETER PARKER'S SLEPT SINCE FALLING EXHAUSTED TO HIS BED.
SEVEN HOURS: AND NOW IT'S THE MIDDLE AFTERNOON OF A NEW DAY...
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE IT SLOW TODAY--
--THE CUT ON MY CHEST IS STILL A LITTLE SORE--AND I'M NOT TOO CERTAIN ABOUT THE BANDAGE I MADE UP LAST NIGHT.
CAN'T WORRY ABOUT IT NOW, THOUGH--
--SINCE I'M FINALLY FUNCTIONING LIKE MYSELF AGAIN--
--AND I WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT AS LONG AS IT LASTS.
WHICH MEANS GETTING IN TOUCH WITH A FRIEND OF MINE AT THE DAILY BUGLE--

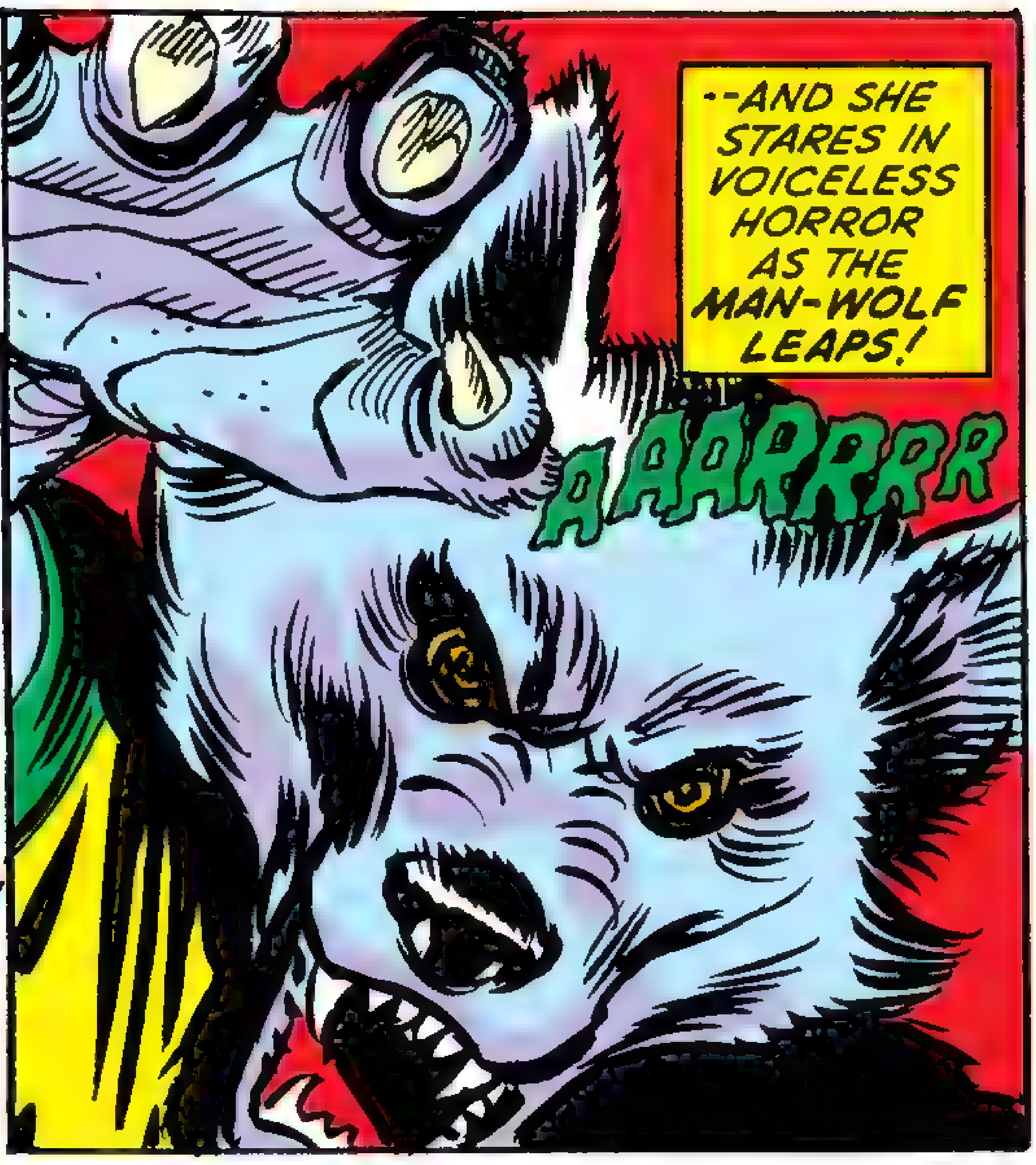

--JOE ROBERTSON, BOY EDITOR! HOW'S IT GOING, ROBBIE?
STILL PUTTING UP WITH J.J.J.?
OLD BUDDY, THERE'S A FAVOR I'D LIKE TO ASK, ABOUT A CERTAIN PENDANT...!
SPIDER-MAN!
YOU FOOL... YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED BEING HERE!
SAY, IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET A PAL? IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR JAMESON'S GOTTEN TO YOU--
UH-OH.
THERE HE IS, OFFICERS!
FIRE!
JONAH, NO--!
TERRIFIC. JUST TO MAKE MY LIFE COMPLETE--
--TEAR-GAS!
OKAY, GANG... I CAN TAKE A HINT.
YOU DON'T WANT ME-- YOU DON'T GET ME.
CRASH!
OBOY.
GOT MORE OF THAT GAS THAN I THOUGHT.
CAN'T--GET MY BALANCE-- EYES WATERING, SENSES SPINNING--!
MUST STILL--BE PRETTY WEAK FROM THAT CUT--
TOO MUCH-- COMING DOWN TOO SOON--! CAN'T HANDLE IT--
FALLING!
UNNNHH!
SQUMP!

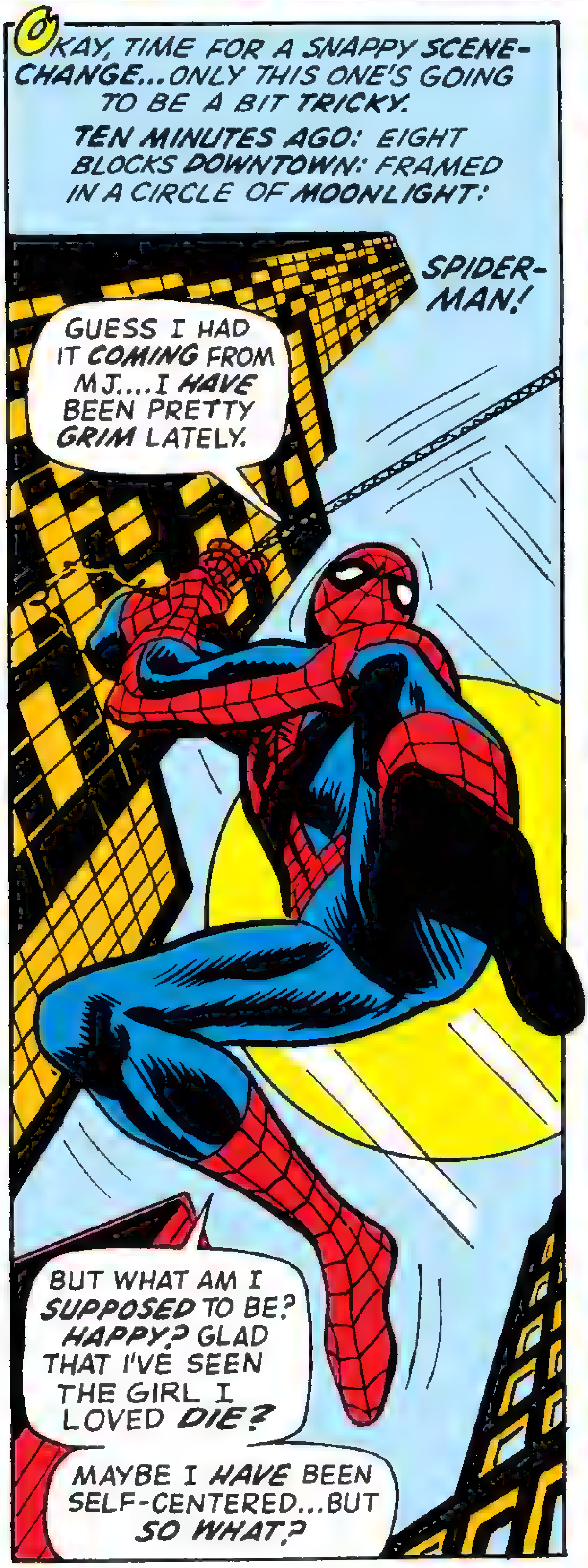

LYING STUNNED IN AN ALLEY FAR BELOW, OUR HERO MISSES A BIT OF DIALOGUE HE MIGHT HAVE FOUND ILLUMINATING...
WE, HOWEVER, ARE SOMEWHAT MORE FORTUNATE:
WHY, JONAH? WHY'D YOU DO IT?
BRINGING THOSE POLICEMEN HERE --WAITING FOR HIM TO SHOW UP--!
I DID IT BECAUSE I HAD TO, ROBERTSON. HE'S A MENACE--
--A CALLOUS, LOW-LYING MURDERER!
JONAH, YOU KNOW THERE'S NO PROOF SPIDER-MAN KILLED NORMAN OSBORN...
THEN HOW ABOUT THIS, ROBERTSON...?
I HATE HIM BECAUSE HE'S A GLORY-HOUND...
...AND BECAUSE WHILE HE'S STEALING HEADLINES, GOOD MEN ARE SUFFERING WITHOUT A WORD...
...WITHOUT ANYONE CARING...WHETHER THEY LIVE...OR DIE!
AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, YOU MAY NOT CARE ABOUT ANOTHER SCENE AN HOUR LATER, WHEN MARY JANE WATSON OPENS HER DOOR TO DISCOVER--
PETEY!
HI, MJ. MIND IF I COME IN?
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, TIGER? SOMEBODY RUN YOU OVER WITH A MACK TRUCK?
FEELS THAT WAY.
AND YOU CAME HERE TO GET OVER IT, RIGHT?
YOU TAKE A LOT FOR GRANTED, BRIGHT-EYES.
HUH? LOOK MARY JANE... I'M SORRY IF I...
YOU'RE SORRY? THANKS A LOT, MR. PARKER.
MAN, YOU ARE UNREAL.
EVERY TIME I SEE YOU--YOU'RE BUMMED OUT!
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, HANDSOME--A DAY-CARE CENTER?
LISTEN, YOU WANT TO TAKE ME DANCING, THAT'S JUST FINE--BUT IF YOU THINK I'M--I'M--
HEY... YOU'RE REALLY OUT OF IT, AREN'T YOU?
BUT, IN THE INSTANT BEFORE MARY JANE CAN RELAX HER GUARD--THE MEMORY OF THE MORNING'S INCIDENT COMES SURGING BACK--
--AND WITH IT, HER LATER DECISION "NOT TO GET INVOLVED"!
OUT, TIGER. CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE MORE CHEERY.
TILL THEN--CHILL IT! DIG?
SURE, MJ. I DIG.
SEE YOU AROUND... SOMETIME.

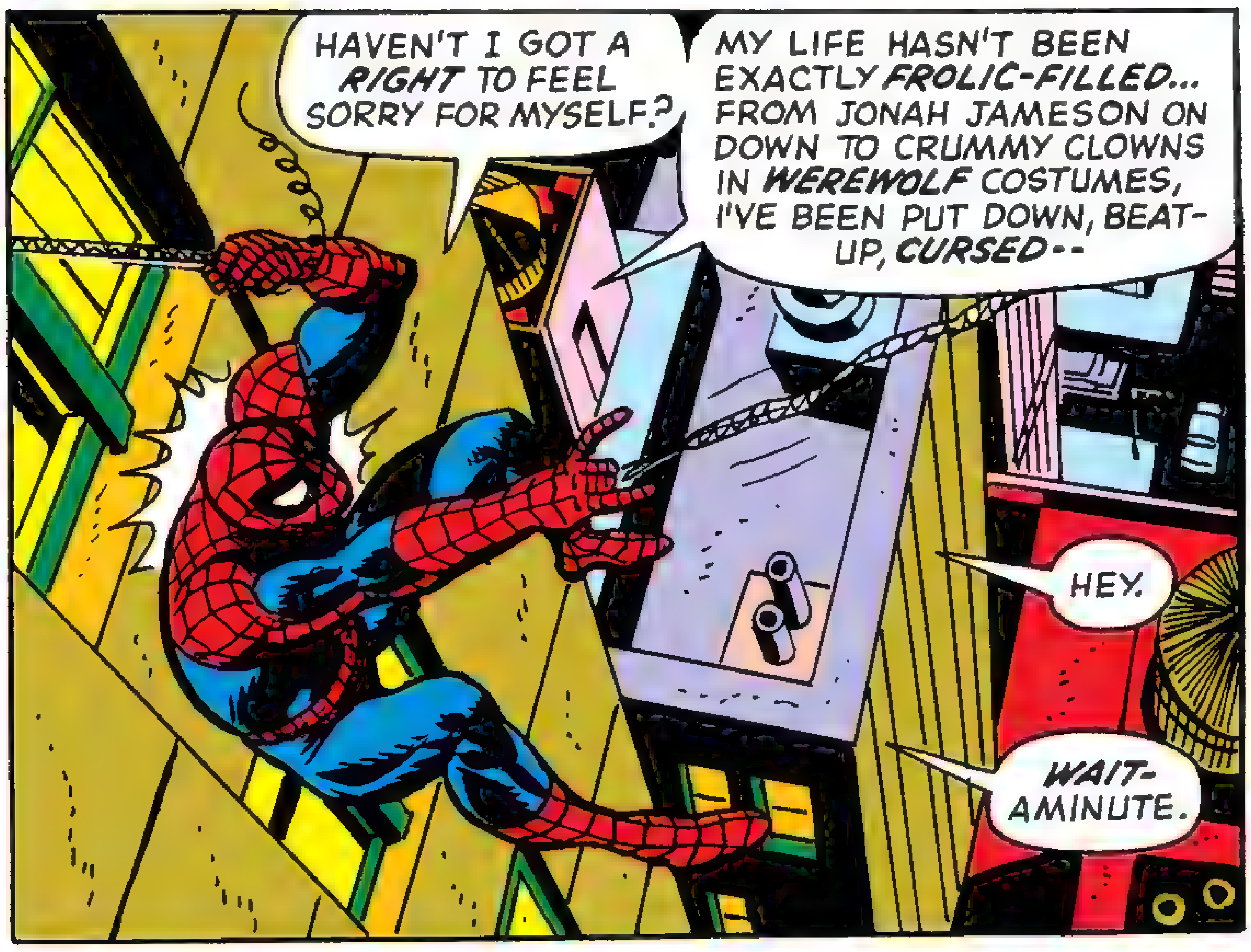

FOUR HOURS: THE TIME ELAPSED SINCE OUR HERO'S MEETING WITH MISS WATSON. NOW WE TURN TO ANOTHER APPROACHING CONFRONTATION...
...BETWEEN JOHN JAMESON AND HIS DEMURE FIANCÉE, KRISTINE SAUNDERS!
IT'S NOT LIKE JOHN TO IGNORE A DATE...
I HOPE HE ISN'T SICK. HE HAS BEEN ACTING ODDLY THESE PAST FEW WEEKS....!
HMMM. THAT'S FUNNY...
THERE'S NO ANSWER... AND I COULD HEAR THE BELL RINGING UPSTAIRS!
AND IF THAT ISN'T JOHN UP IN THE WINDOW--I NEED GLASSES.
HE WANTS TO PRETEND I'M NOT HERE-- ALL RIGHT.
I'M NOT HERE!
AND UPSTAIRS...
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, DAD. BETTER LEAVE...
SOMETHING CHANGES IN ME WHEN I BECOME... THAT THING.
I WANT TO HURT THE PEOPLE I LOVE--
LIKE KRISTINE --AND LIKE YOU!
NOW, SON...
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THE REASON YOU ATTACKED ME-- WAS TO KILL ME--
--THAT'S UTTER NONSENSE.
YOU WANTED MY HELP--DON'T YOU SEE THAT, JOHN?
YOU CAME TO ME FOR HELP--
--AND YOU-YOU COULDN'T STOP YOURSELF--YOUR ANIMAL SELF-- FROM--FROM--
GULP!
AAARRRRRRRRR
CHUNK

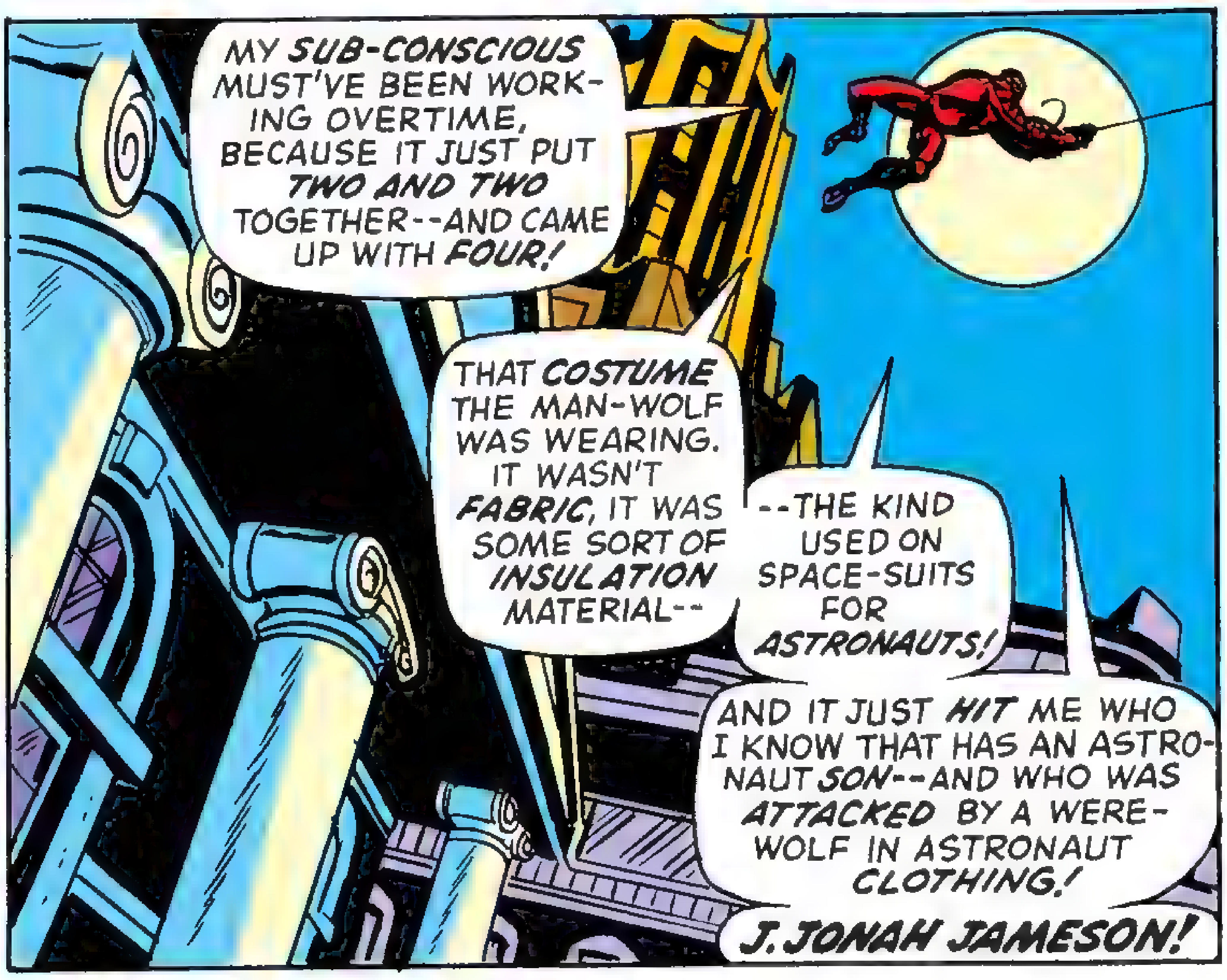

WITH A LUNGE, THE MAN-WOLF REACHES THE SKYLIGHT GLITTERING OVERHEAD...
AARRRRRRRRRR
A PAUSE... AN INSTANT OF SCRABBLING... THE SKYLIGHT LIFTS...
...AND THE MAN-WOLF IS FREE!
THEN, AS THE LUPINE FIGURE SWINGS OVER THE ROOF-EDGE, AND DROPS TO THE ALLEY BELOW...
RRRRRRRR
RRRRRR
...HE LANDS IN THE MIDST OF A PATHETIC TABLEAU, UNFORTUNATELY NOT UNFAMILIAR TO THE STREETS OF NEW YORK...
YAHHHHHH
...A TABLEAU WHICH IS SHATTERED BY A SNARL... AND A SCREAM!
RRRRRRGGGH
BUT, BEFORE THE MAN-WOLF CAN COMPLETE HIS ATTACK IN THE MANNER OF THE BEAST HE'S BECOME--A SUDDEN SOUND STARTLES HIM, AND HE TURNS TO SEE--
RRRRG?
--KRISTINE!
NO! OH--OH, NO!

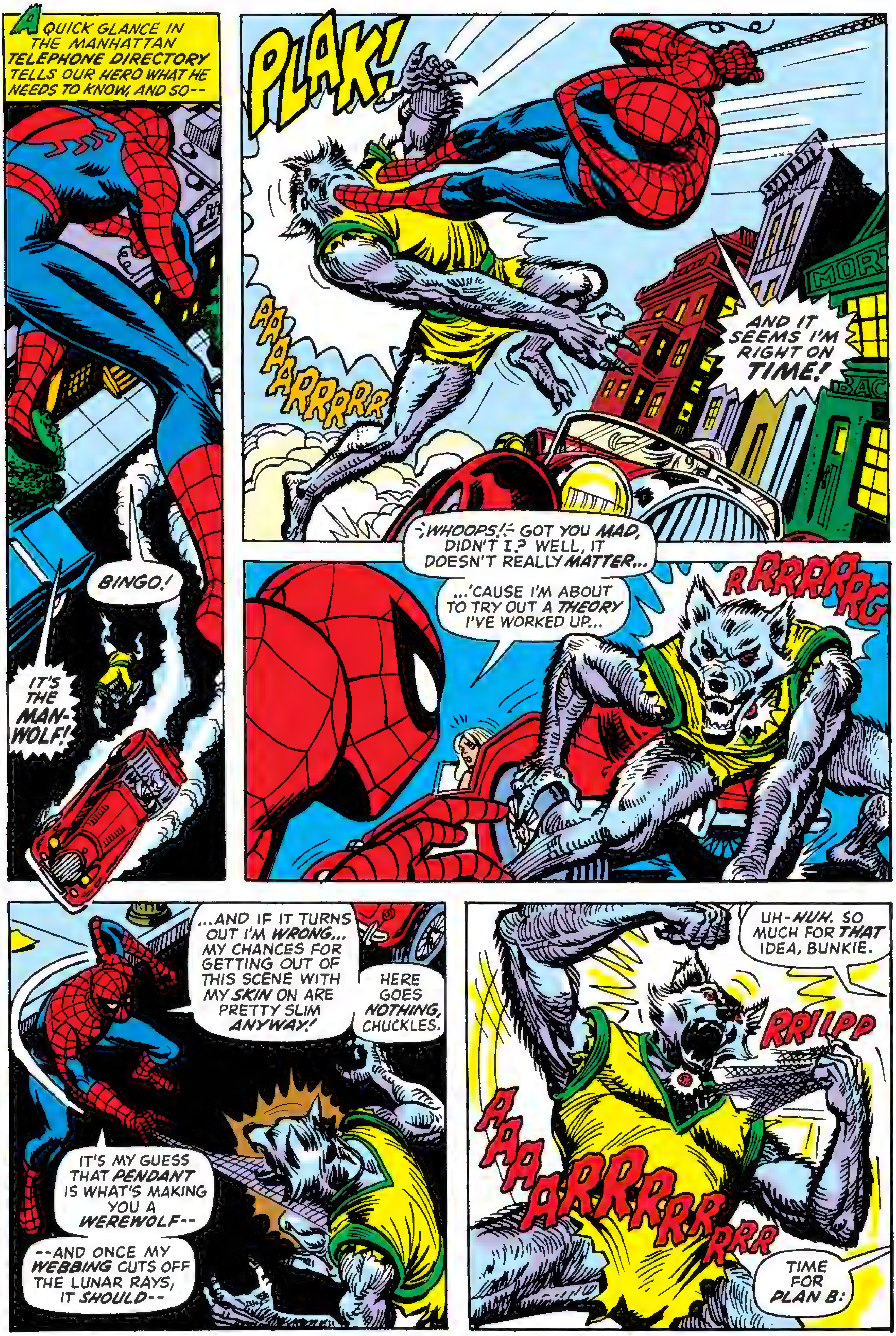

ARRRRRRRRR
FRANTICALLY, KRISTINE SAUNDERS TRIES TO PULL HER CAR AWAY FROM THE CURB--
--HER GEARS SHRIEK IN PROTEST, THE ENGINE STALLS--
SCREEEECH!

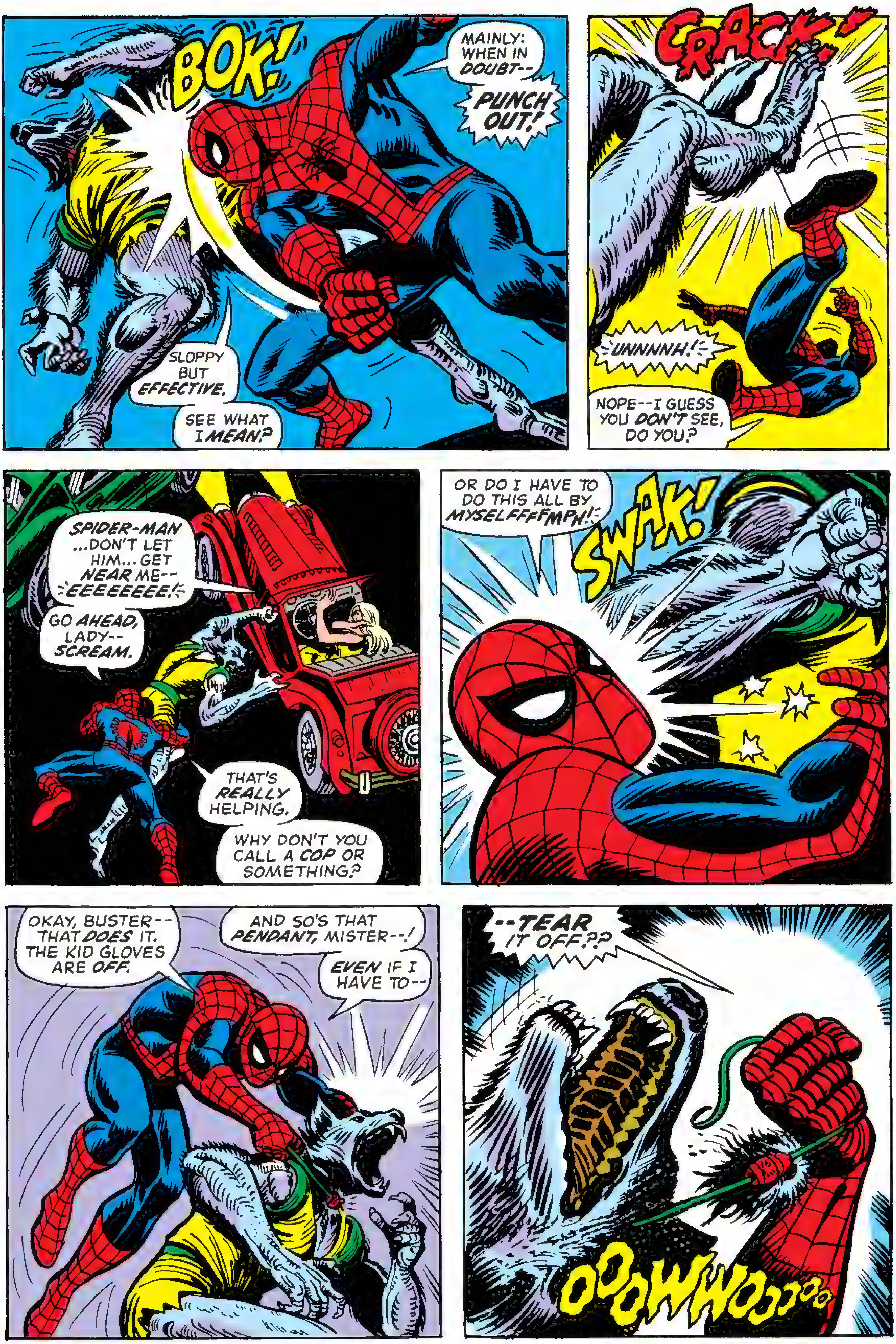

--AND SHE STARES IN VOICELESS HORROR AS THE MAN-WOLF LEAPS!
AAARRRRR

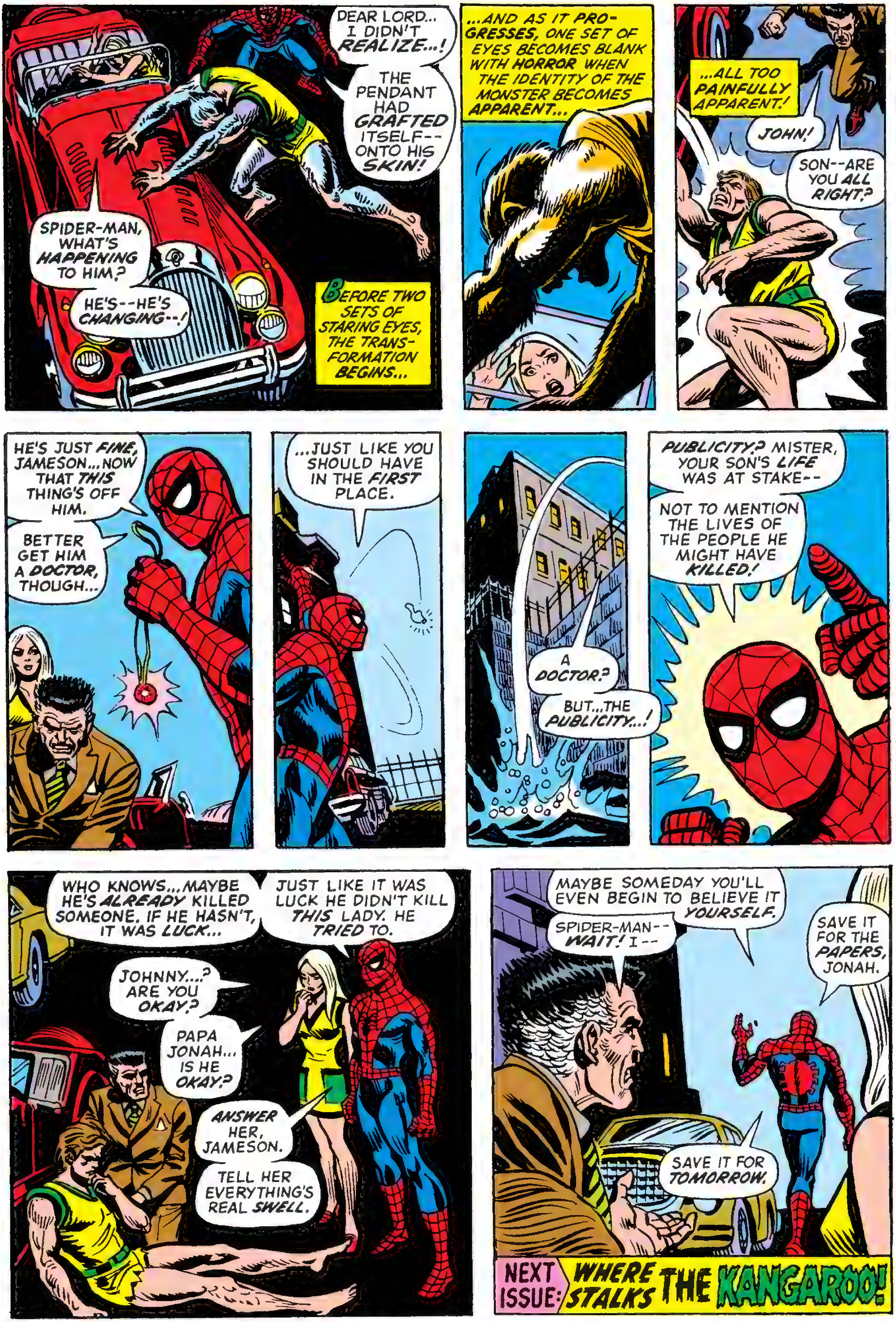

OKAY, TIME FOR A SNAPPY SCENE-CHANGE...ONLY THIS ONE'S GOING TO BE A BIT TRICKY.
TEN MINUTES AGO: EIGHT BLOCKS DOWNTOWN: FRAMED IN A CIRCLE OF MOONLIGHT:
SPIDER-MAN!
GUESS I HAD IT COMING FROM M.J....I HAVE BEEN PRETTY GRIM LATELY.
BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE? HAPPY? GLAD THAT I'VE SEEN THE GIRL I LOVED DIE?
MAYBE I HAVE BEEN SELF-CENTERED...BUT SO WHAT?

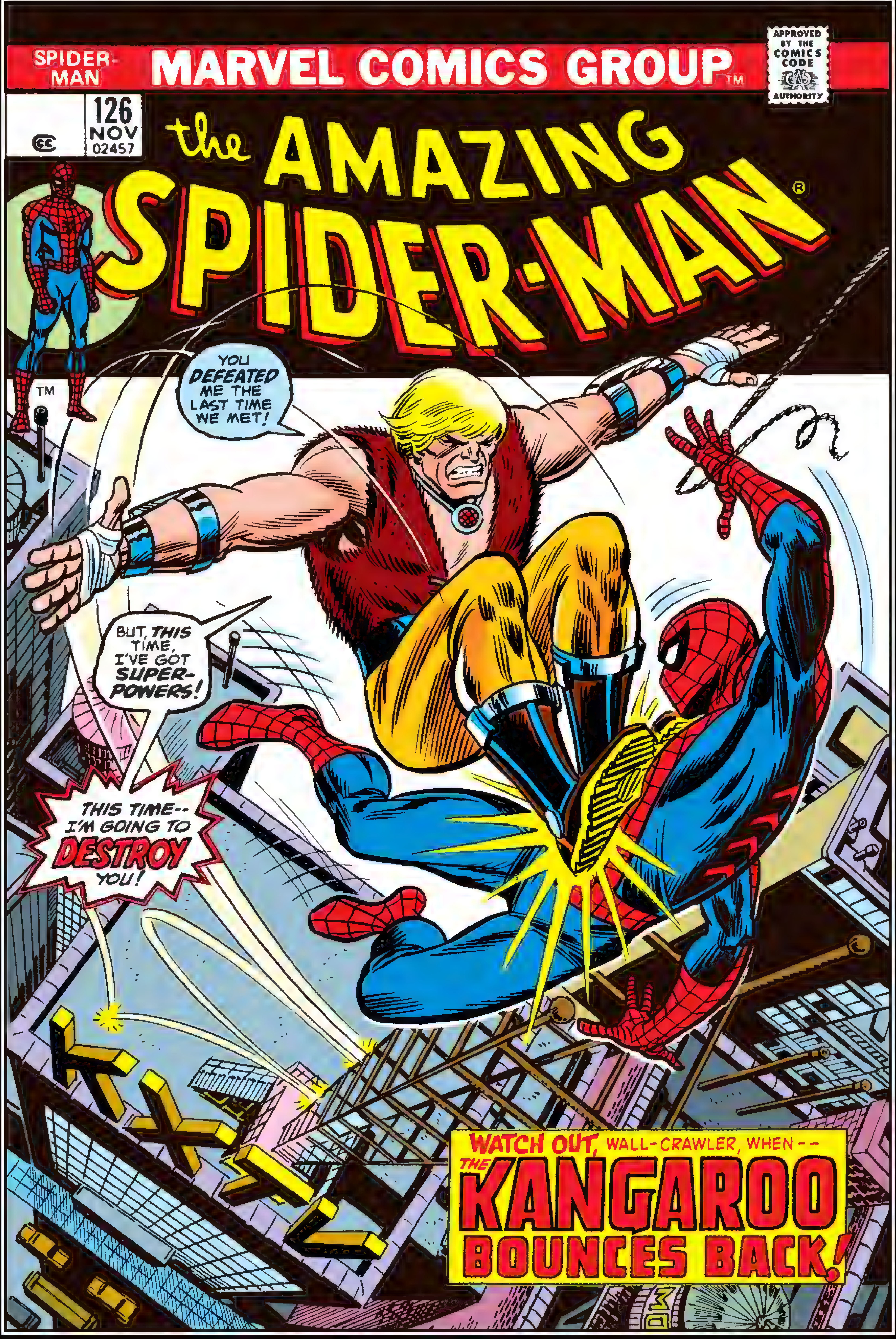

HAVEN'T I GOT A RIGHT TO FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF?
MY LIFE HASN'T BEEN EXACTLY FROLIC-FILLED... FROM JONAH JAMESON ON DOWN TO CRUMMY CLOWNS IN WEREWOLF COSTUMES, I'VE BEEN PUT DOWN, BEAT-UP, CURSED--
HEY.
WAIT-AMINUTE.


MY SUB-CONSCIOUS MUST'VE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME, BECAUSE IT JUST PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER--AND CAME UP WITH FOUR!
THAT COSTUME THE MAN-WOLF WAS WEARING. IT WASN'T FABRIC, IT WAS SOME SORT OF INSULATION MATERIAL--
--THE KIND USED ON SPACE-SUITS FOR ASTRONAUTS!
AND IT JUST HIT ME WHO I KNOW THAT HAS AN ASTRONAUT SON--AND WHO WAS ATTACKED BY A WEREWOLF IN ASTRONAUT CLOTHING!
J. JONAH JAMESON!


A QUICK GLANCE IN THE MANHATTAN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY TELLS OUR HERO WHAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW, AND SO--
BINGO.!
IT'S THE MAN-WOLF!
PLAK!
AAAARRRRRR
AND IT SEEMS I'M RIGHT ON TIME!
MOR
BAC
WHOOPS!- GOT YOU MAD, DIDN'T I.? WELL, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER...
...'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO TRY OUT A THEORY I'VE WORKED UP...
RRRRRRRG
...AND IF IT TURNS OUT I'M WRONG... MY CHANCES FOR GETTING OUT OF THIS SCENE WITH MY SKIN ON ARE PRETTY SLIM ANYWAY!
HERE GOES NOTHING, CHUCKLES.
IT'S MY GUESS THAT PENDANT IS WHAT'S MAKING YOU A WEREWOLF--
--AND ONCE MY WEBBING CUTS OFF THE LUNAR RAYS, IT SHOULD--
UH-HUH. SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA, BUNKIE.
RRIIPP
AAAARRRRRRRRR
TIME FOR PLAN B:

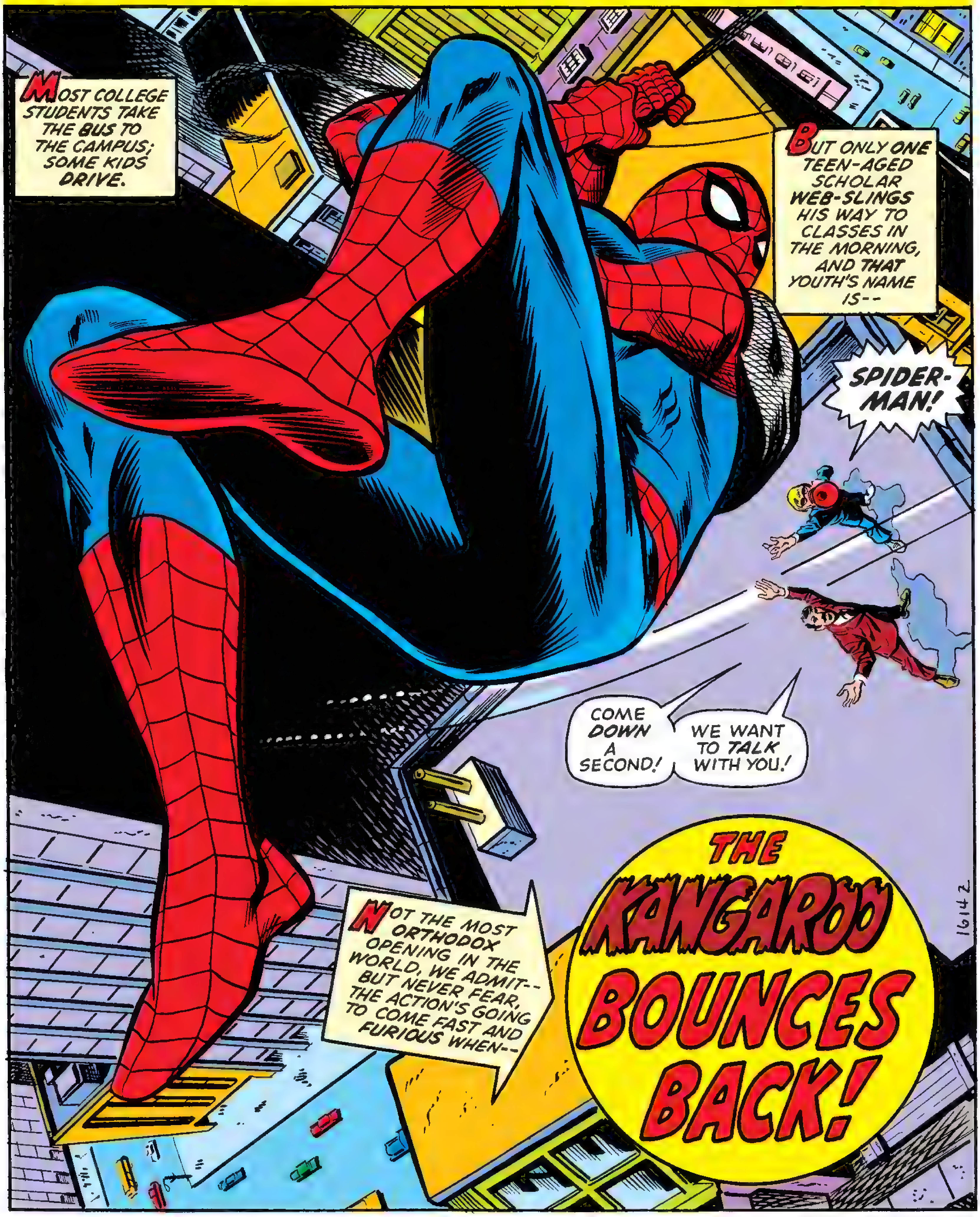

BOK!
MAINLY: WHEN IN DOUBT--
PUNCH OUT!
SLOPPY BUT EFFECTIVE.
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
CRACK!
UNNNNH!
NOPE--I GUESS YOU DON'T SEE, DO YOU?
SPIDER-MAN ...DON'T LET HIM... GET NEAR ME-- EEEEEEEE!
GO AHEAD, LADY-- SCREAM.
THAT'S REALLY HELPING.
WHY DON'T YOU CALL A COP OR SOMETHING?
OR DO I HAVE TO DO THIS ALL BY MYSELFFFFMPH!
SWAK!
OKAY, BUSTER-- THAT DOES IT. THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF.
AND SO'S THAT PENDANT, MISTER--!
EVEN IF I HAVE TO--
--TEAR IT OFF??
OOOWWOOOOO

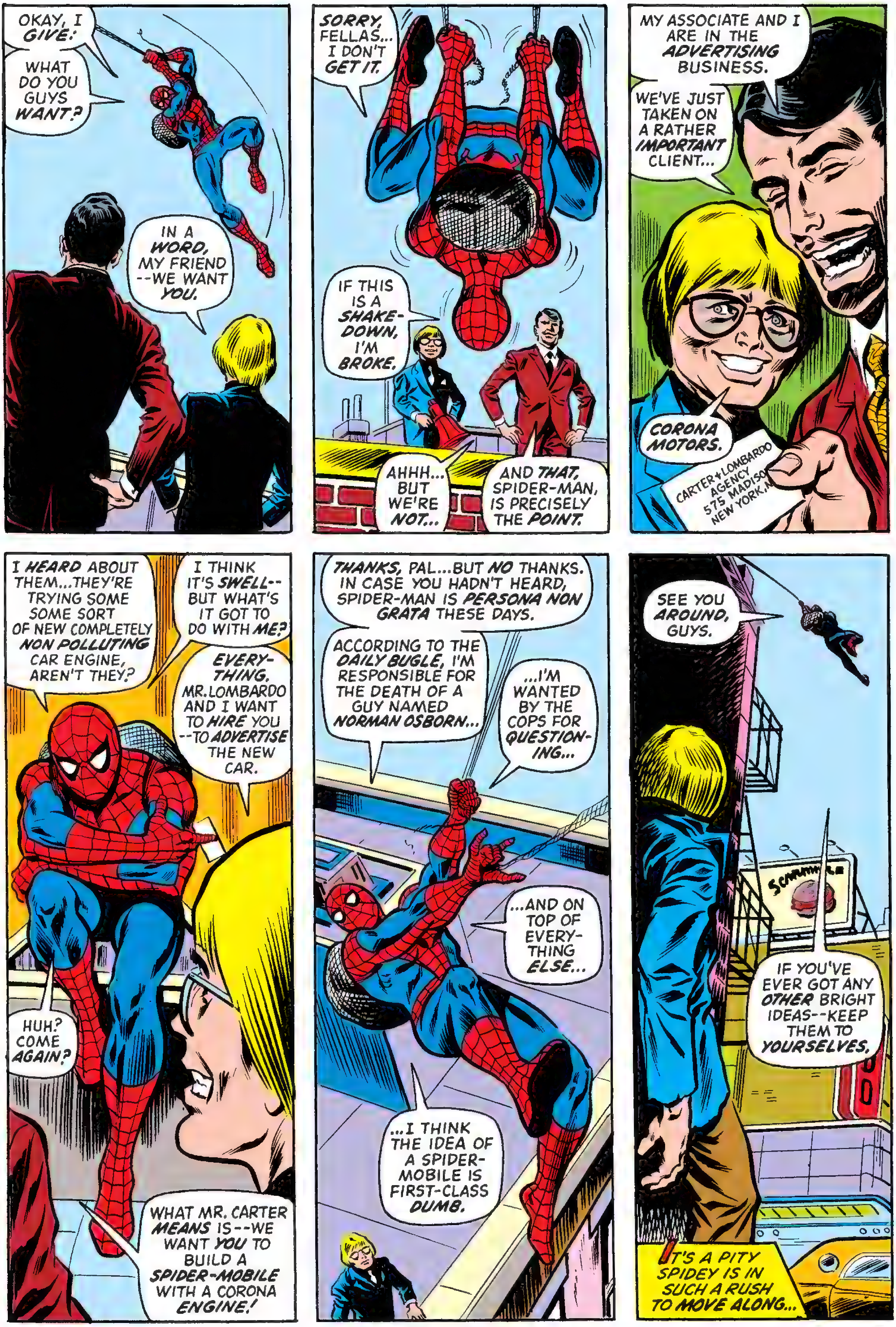

DEAR LORD... I DIDN'T REALIZE...!
THE PENDANT HAD GRAFTED ITSELF-- ONTO HIS SKIN!
SPIDER-MAN, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?
HE'S--HE'S CHANGING--!
BEFORE TWO SETS OF STARING EYES, THE TRANSFORMATION BEGINS...
...AND AS IT PROGRESSES, ONE SET OF EYES BECOMES BLANK WITH HORROR WHEN THE IDENTITY OF THE MONSTER BECOMES APPARENT...
...ALL TOO PAINFULLY APPARENT!
JOHN!
SON--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE'S JUST FINE, JAMESON... NOW THAT THIS THING'S OFF HIM.
BETTER GET HIM A DOCTOR, THOUGH...
...JUST LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
A DOCTOR?
BUT... THE PUBLICITY...!
PUBLICITY? MISTER, YOUR SON'S LIFE WAS AT STAKE--
NOT TO MENTION THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED!
WHO KNOWS... MAYBE HE'S ALREADY KILLED SOMEONE. IF HE HASN'T, IT WAS LUCK...
JUST LIKE IT WAS LUCK HE DIDN'T KILL THIS LADY. HE TRIED TO.
JOHNNY...? ARE YOU OKAY?
PAPA JONAH... IS HE OKAY?
ANSWER HER, JAMESON.
TELL HER EVERYTHING'S REAL SWELL.
MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU'LL EVEN BEGIN TO BELIEVE IT YOURSELF.
SPIDER-MAN-- WAIT! I--
SAVE IT FOR THE PAPERS, JONAH.
SAVE IT FOR TOMORROW.
NEXT ISSUE: WHERE STALKS THE KANGAROO!

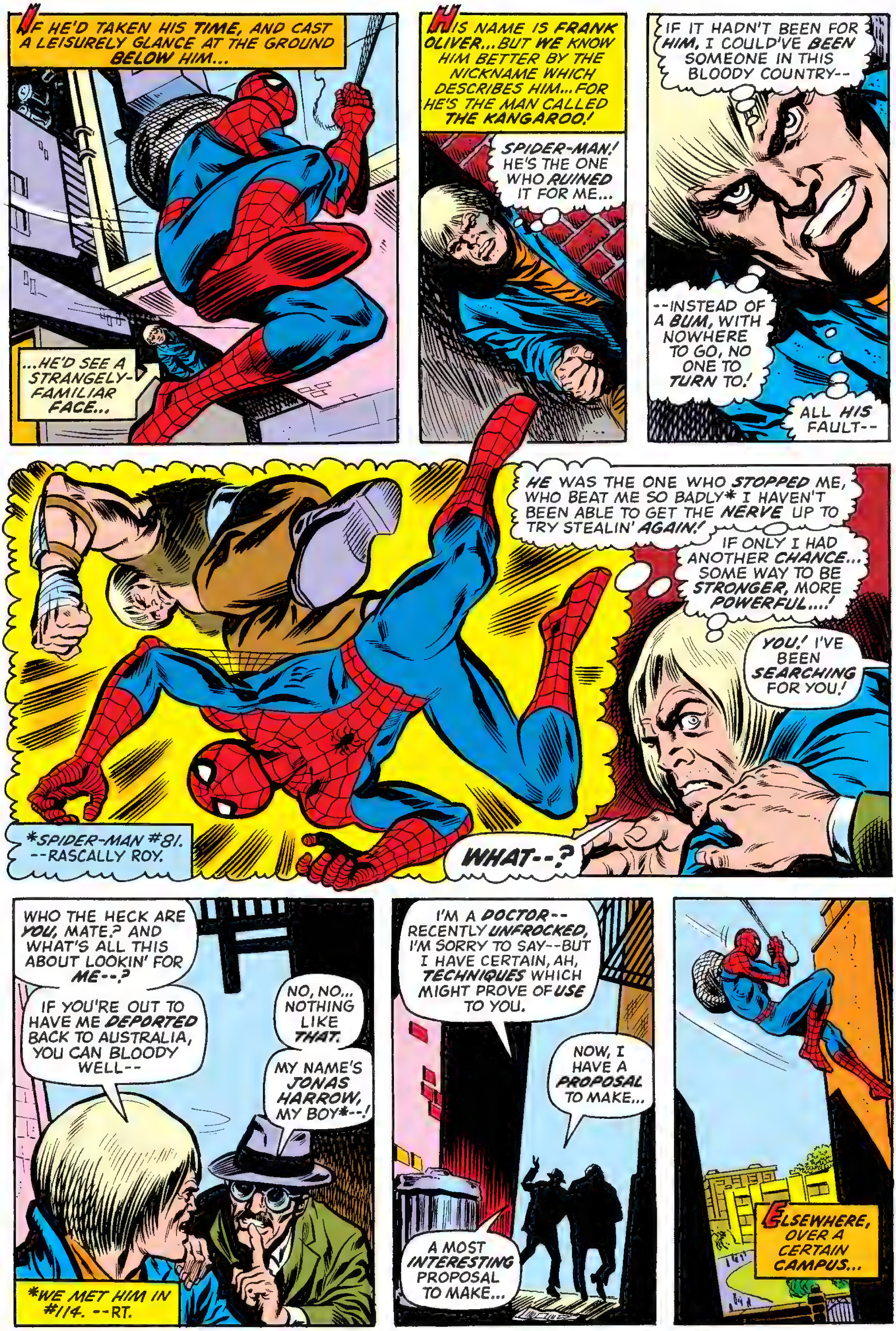

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
126 NOV 02457
CC
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
TM
YOU DEFEATED ME THE LAST TIME WE MET!
BUT, THIS TIME, I'VE GOT SUPER-POWERS!
THIS TIME-- I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU!
WATCH OUT, WALL-CRAWLER, WHEN-- THE KANGAROO BOUNCES BACK!

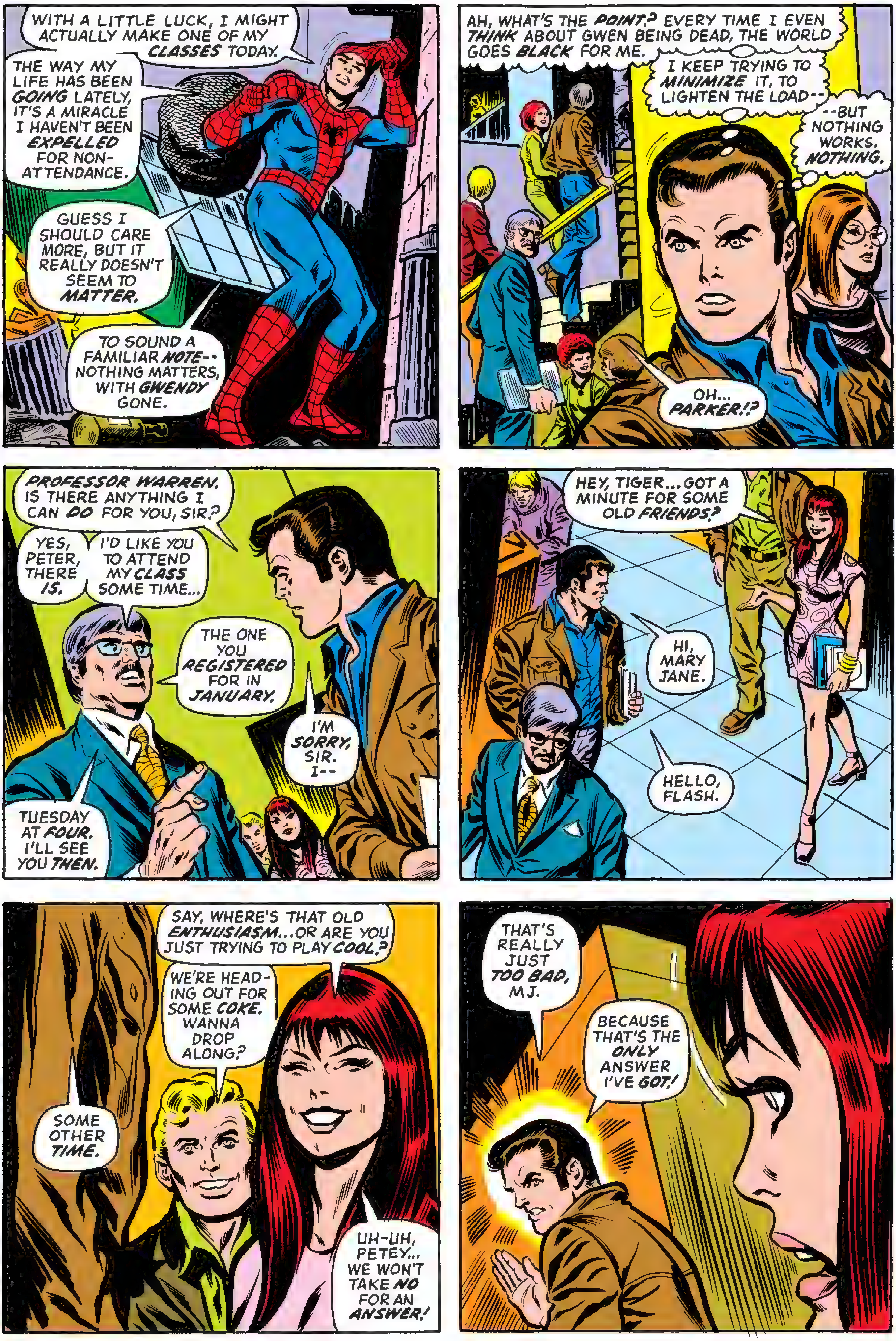
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

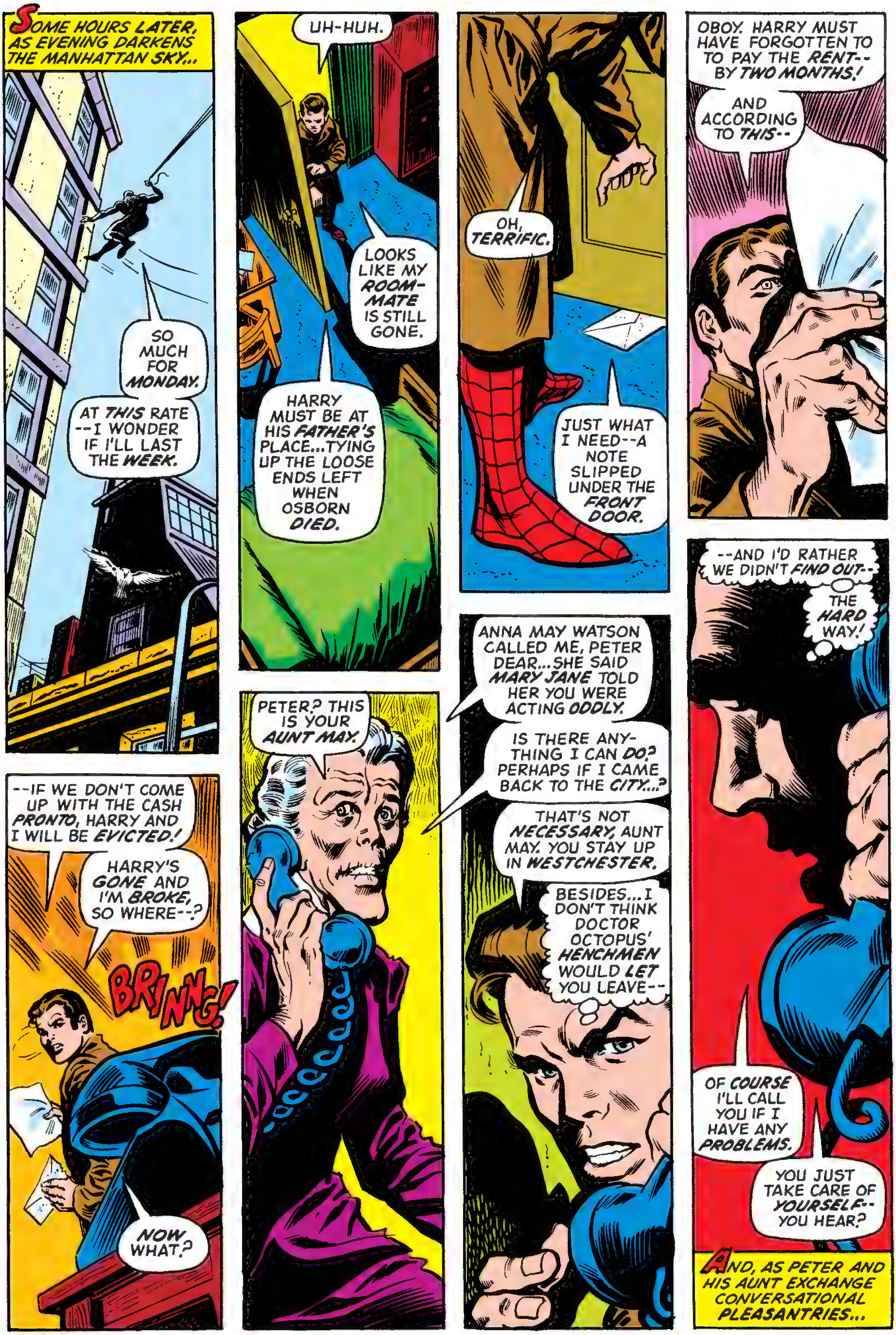
GERRY CONWAY *SCRIPTER* ✱ **ROSS ANDRU** *ARTIST* ✱ **JIM MOONEY** *INKER* ✱ **ARTIE SIMEK,** *LETTERER* **LINDA LESSMANN,** *COLORIST* ✱ **ROY THOMAS** *EDITOR*

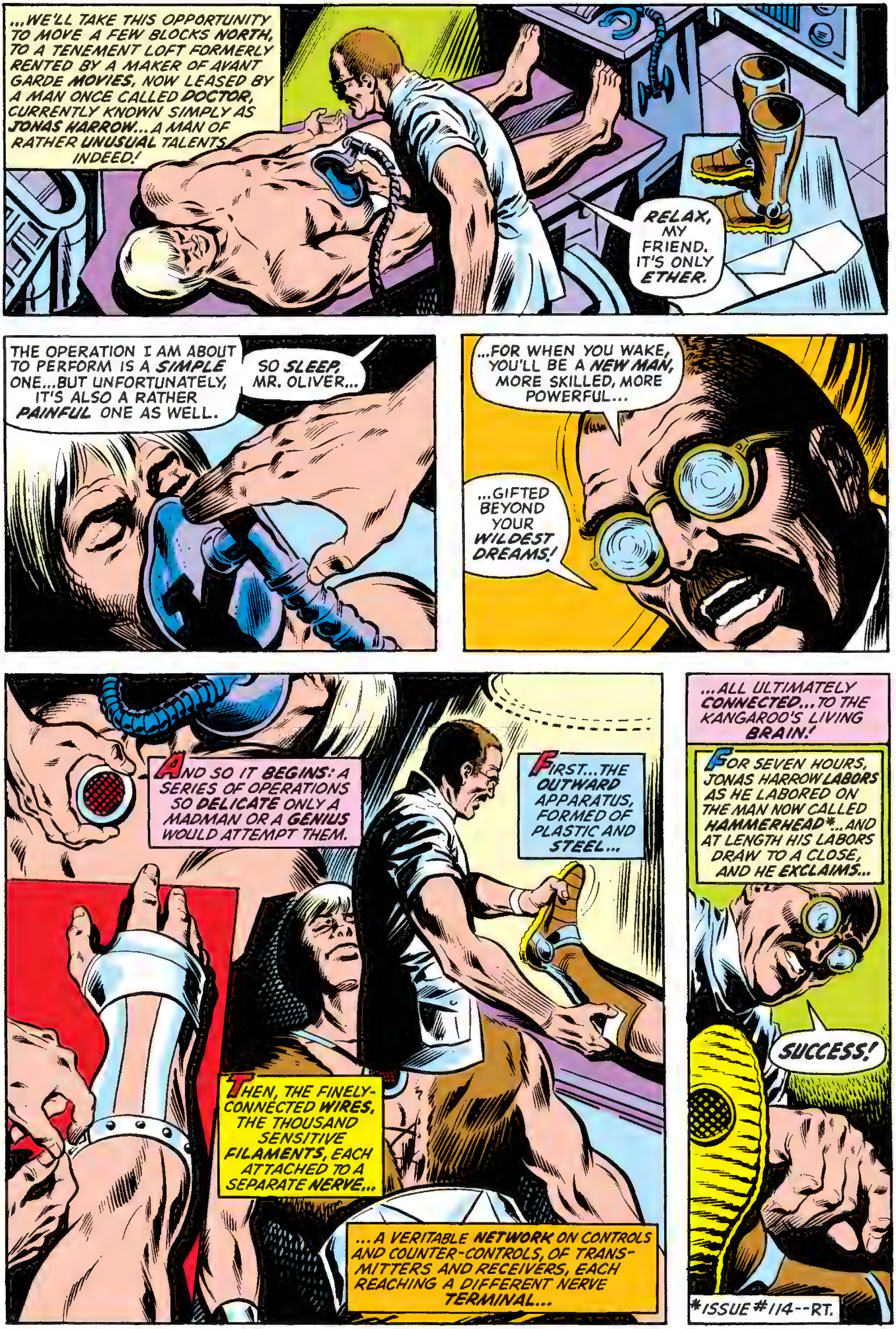

MOST COLLEGE STUDENTS TAKE THE BUS TO THE CAMPUS; SOME KIDS DRIVE.
BUT ONLY ONE TEEN-AGED SCHOLAR WEB-SLINGS HIS WAY TO CLASSES IN THE MORNING, AND THAT YOUTH'S NAME IS--
SPIDER-MAN!
COME DOWN A SECOND!
WE WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!
NOT THE MOST ORTHODOX OPENING IN THE WORLD, WE ADMIT-- BUT NEVER FEAR, THE ACTION'S GOING TO COME FAST AND FURIOUS WHEN--
THE KANGAROO BOUNCES BACK!
16142

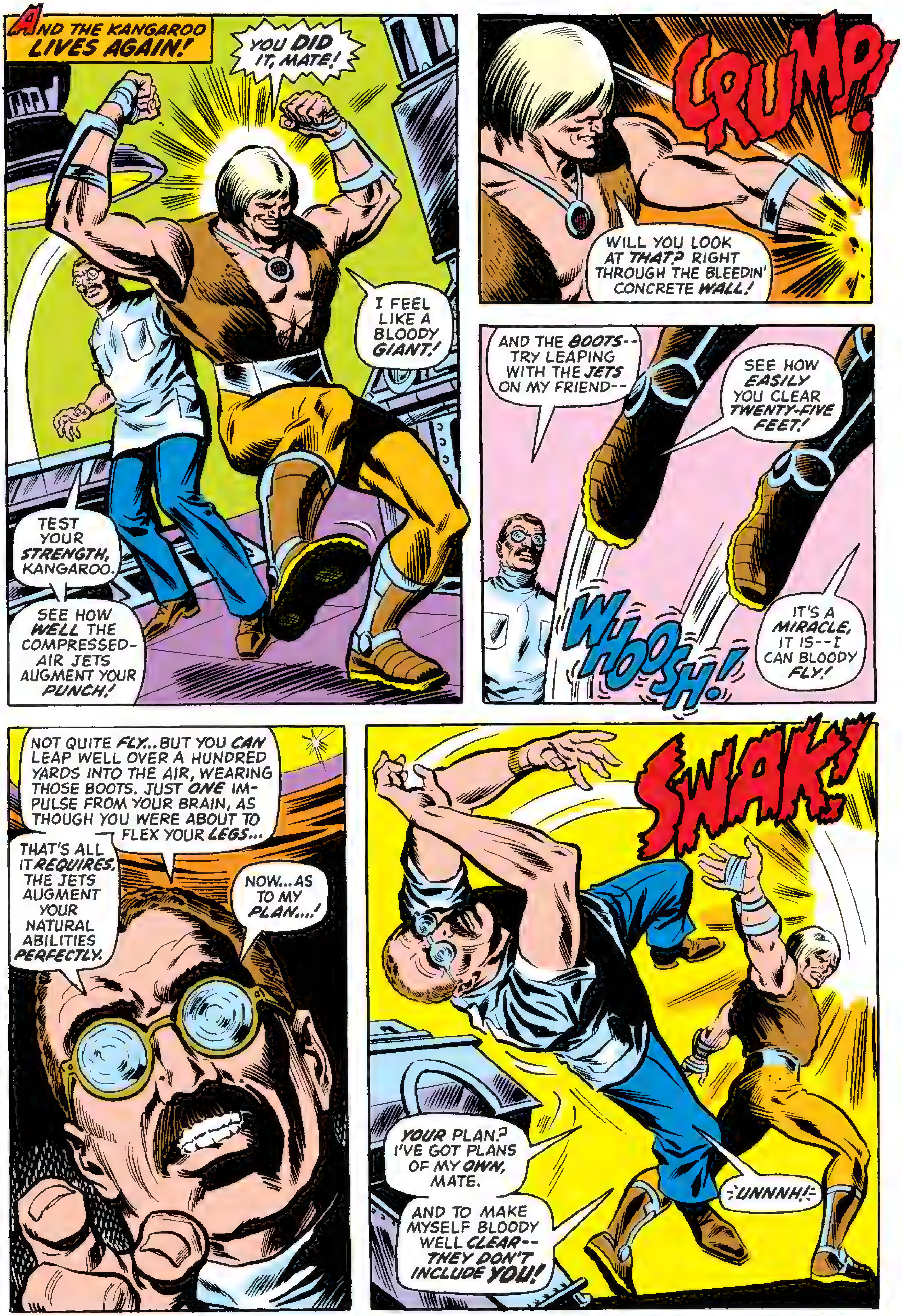

OKAY, I GIVE:
WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?
IN A WORD, MY FRIEND --WE WANT YOU.
SORRY, FELLAS... I DON'T GET IT.
IF THIS IS A SHAKE-DOWN, I'M BROKE.
AHHH... BUT WE'RE NOT...
AND THAT, SPIDER-MAN, IS PRECISELY THE POINT.
MY ASSOCIATE AND I ARE IN THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS.
WE'VE JUST TAKEN ON A RATHER IMPORTANT CLIENT...
CORONA MOTORS.
CARTER+LOMBARDO AGENCY 575 MADISO NEW YORK,N
I HEARD ABOUT THEM...THEY'RE TRYING SOME SOME SORT OF NEW COMPLETELY NON POLLUTING CAR ENGINE, AREN'T THEY?
I THINK IT'S SWELL--BUT WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
EVERY-THING. MR. LOMBARDO AND I WANT TO HIRE YOU --TO ADVERTISE THE NEW CAR.
HUH? COME AGAIN?
WHAT MR. CARTER MEANS IS--WE WANT YOU TO BUILD A SPIDER-MOBILE WITH A CORONA ENGINE!
THANKS, PAL...BUT NO THANKS. IN CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD, SPIDER-MAN IS PERSONA NON GRATA THESE DAYS.
ACCORDING TO THE DAILY BUGLE, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF A GUY NAMED NORMAN OSBORN...
...I'M WANTED BY THE COPS FOR QUESTION-ING...
...AND ON TOP OF EVERY-THING ELSE...
...I THINK THE IDEA OF A SPIDER-MOBILE IS FIRST-CLASS DUMB.
SEE YOU AROUND, GUYS.
IF YOU'VE EVER GOT ANY OTHER BRIGHT IDEAS--KEEP THEM TO YOURSELVES.
IT'S A PITY SPIDEY IS IN SUCH A RUSH TO MOVE ALONG...


IF HE'D TAKEN HIS TIME, AND CAST A LEISURELY GLANCE AT THE GROUND BELOW HIM...
...HE'D SEE A STRANGELY-FAMILIAR FACE...
HIS NAME IS FRANK OLIVER...BUT WE KNOW HIM BETTER BY THE NICKNAME WHICH DESCRIBES HIM...FOR HE'S THE MAN CALLED THE KANGAROO!
SPIDER-MAN! HE'S THE ONE WHO RUINED IT FOR ME...
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, I COULD'VE BEEN SOMEONE IN THIS BLOODY COUNTRY--
--INSTEAD OF A BUM, WITH NOWHERE TO GO, NO ONE TO TURN TO!
ALL HIS FAULT--
HE WAS THE ONE WHO STOPPED ME, WHO BEAT ME SO BADLY* I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THE NERVE UP TO TRY STEALIN' AGAIN!
IF ONLY I HAD ANOTHER CHANCE... SOME WAY TO BE STRONGER, MORE POWERFUL...!
YOU! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU!
WHAT--?
*SPIDER-MAN #81. --RASCALLY ROY.
WHO THE HECK ARE YOU, MATE? AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT LOOKIN' FOR ME--?
IF YOU'RE OUT TO HAVE ME DEPORTED BACK TO AUSTRALIA, YOU CAN BLOODY WELL--
NO, NO... NOTHING LIKE THAT.
MY NAME'S JONAS HARROW, MY BOY*--!
*WE MET HIM IN #114. --RT.
I'M A DOCTOR--RECENTLY UNFROCKED, I'M SORRY TO SAY--BUT I HAVE CERTAIN, AH, TECHNIQUES WHICH MIGHT PROVE OF USE TO YOU.
NOW, I HAVE A PROPOSAL TO MAKE...
A MOST INTERESTING PROPOSAL TO MAKE...
ELSEWHERE, OVER A CERTAIN CAMPUS...

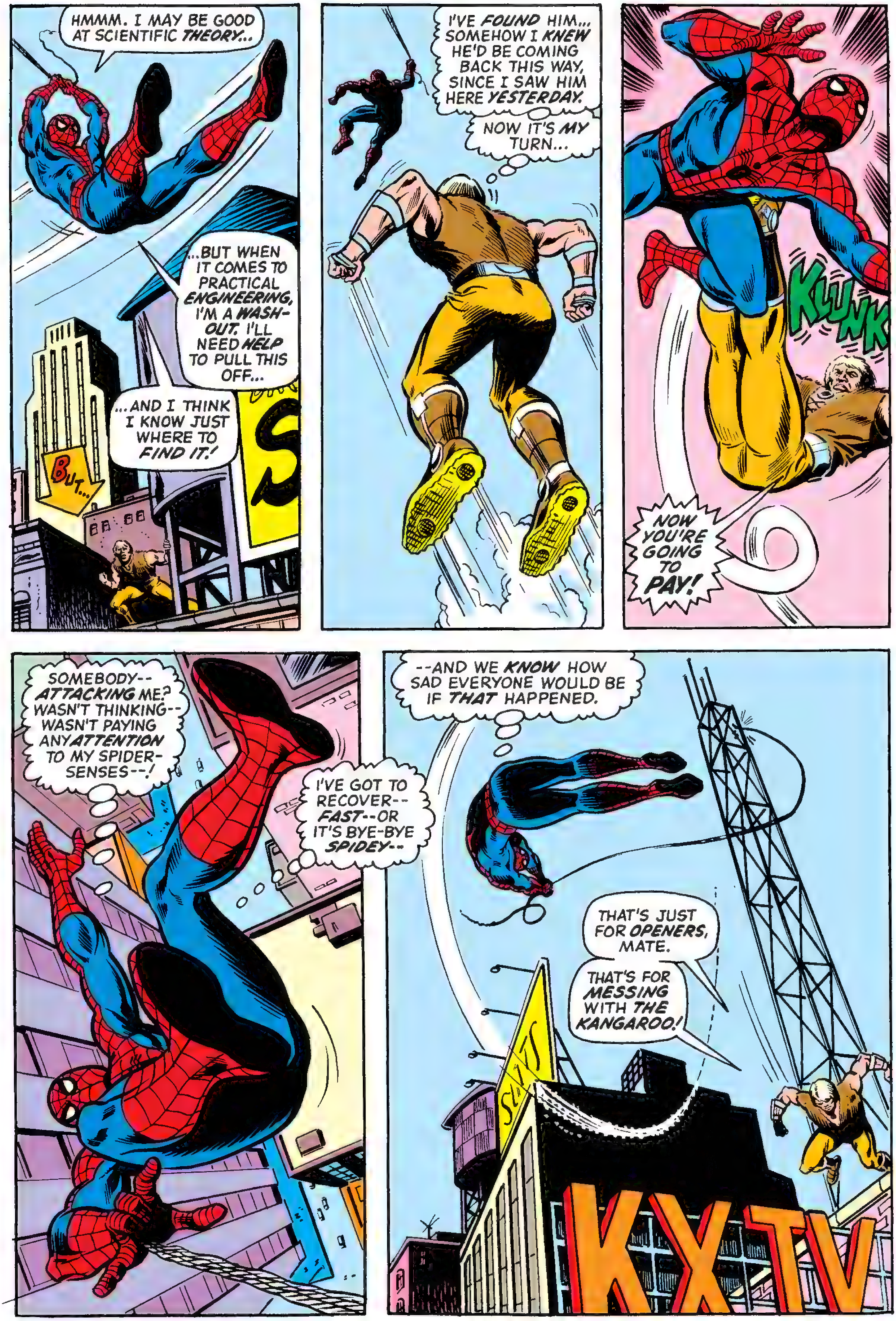

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, I MIGHT ACTUALLY MAKE ONE OF MY *CLASSES* TODAY.
THE WAY MY LIFE HAS BEEN *GOING* LATELY, IT'S A MIRACLE I HAVEN'T BEEN *EXPELLED* FOR NON-ATTENDANCE.
GUESS I SHOULD CARE MORE, BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T SEEM TO *MATTER*.
TO SOUND A FAMILIAR *NOTE*-- NOTHING MATTERS, WITH *GWENDY* GONE.
AH, WHAT'S THE *POINT?* EVERY TIME I EVEN *THINK* ABOUT GWEN BEING DEAD, THE WORLD GOES *BLACK* FOR ME.
I KEEP TRYING TO *MINIMIZE* IT, TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD--
--BUT NOTHING WORKS. *NOTHING*.
OH... *PARKER!?*
PROFESSOR WARREN. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN *DO* FOR YOU, SIR?
YES, PETER, THERE *IS*.
I'D LIKE YOU TO ATTEND MY *CLASS* SOME TIME...
THE ONE YOU *REGISTERED* FOR IN *JANUARY*.
I'M *SORRY*, SIR. I--
TUESDAY AT *FOUR*. I'LL SEE YOU *THEN*.
HEY, TIGER... GOT A MINUTE FOR SOME OLD *FRIENDS?*
HI, MARY JANE.
HELLO, FLASH.
SAY, WHERE'S THAT OLD *ENTHUSIASM*... OR ARE YOU JUST TRYING TO PLAY *COOL?*
WE'RE HEADING OUT FOR SOME *COKE*. WANNA DROP ALONG?
SOME OTHER *TIME*.
UH-UH, PETEY... WE WON'T TAKE *NO* FOR AN *ANSWER!*
THAT'S REALLY JUST *TOO BAD*, MJ.
BECAUSE THAT'S THE *ONLY* ANSWER I'VE *GOT!*

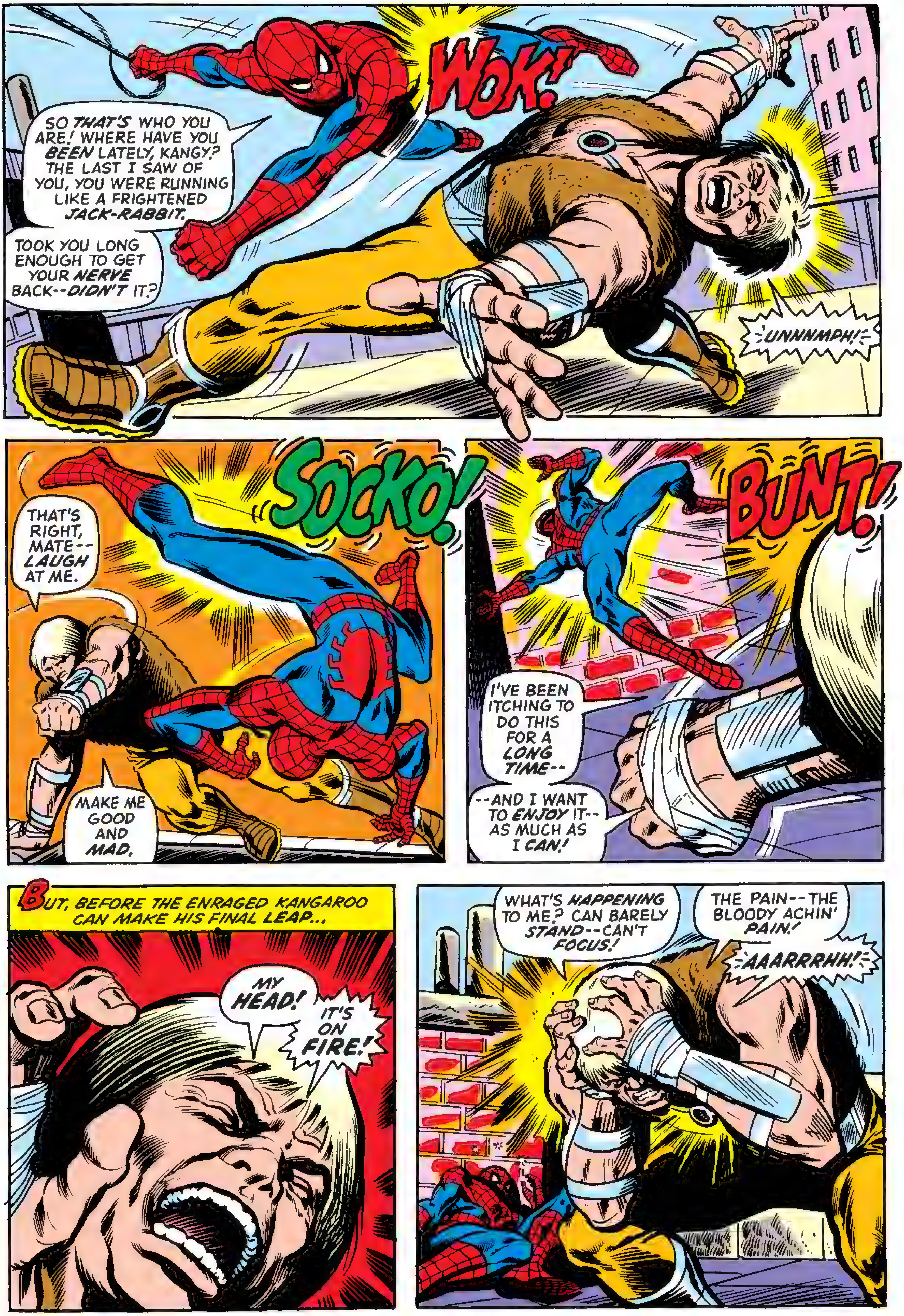

SOME HOURS LATER, AS EVENING DARKENS THE MANHATTAN SKY...
SO MUCH FOR *MONDAY.*
AT *THIS* RATE --I WONDER IF I'LL LAST THE *WEEK.*
UH-HUH.
LOOKS LIKE MY *ROOM-MATE* IS STILL GONE.
HARRY MUST BE AT HIS *FATHER'S* PLACE...TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS LEFT WHEN OSBORN *DIED.*
OH, *TERRIFIC.*
JUST WHAT I NEED--A NOTE SLIPPED UNDER THE *FRONT DOOR.*
OBOY. HARRY MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TO PAY THE *RENT*-- BY *TWO MONTHS!*
AND ACCORDING TO *THIS*--
--IF WE DON'T COME UP WITH THE CASH *PRONTO,* HARRY AND I WILL BE *EVICTED!*
HARRY'S *GONE* AND I'M *BROKE,* SO WHERE--?
BRINNG!
NOW WHAT?
PETER? THIS IS YOUR *AUNT MAY.*
ANNA MAY WATSON CALLED ME, PETER DEAR...SHE SAID *MARY JANE* TOLD HER YOU WERE ACTING *ODDLY.*
IS THERE ANY-THING I CAN *DO?* PERHAPS IF I CAME BACK TO THE *CITY...?*
THAT'S NOT *NECESSARY,* AUNT MAY. YOU STAY UP IN *WESTCHESTER.*
BESIDES...I DON'T THINK DOCTOR OCTOPUS' *HENCHMEN* WOULD *LET* YOU LEAVE--
--AND I'D RATHER WE DIDN'T *FIND OUT*--
THE *HARD* WAY!
OF *COURSE* I'LL CALL YOU IF I HAVE ANY *PROBLEMS.*
YOU JUST TAKE CARE OF *YOURSELF*-- YOU HEAR?
AND, AS PETER AND HIS AUNT EXCHANGE CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRIES...

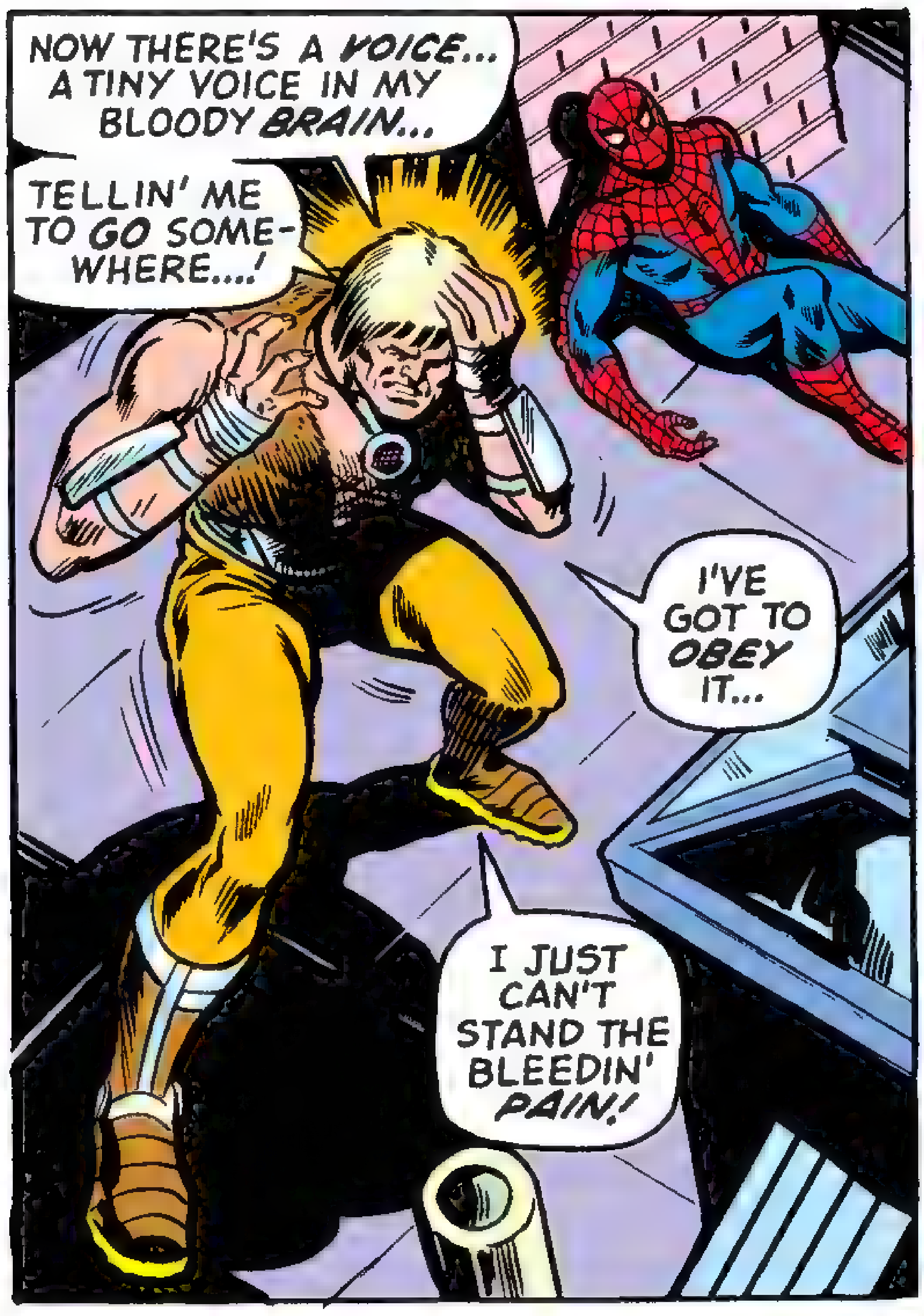

...WE'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO MOVE A FEW BLOCKS NORTH, TO A TENEMENT LOFT FORMERLY RENTED BY A MAKER OF AVANT GARDE MOVIES, NOW LEASED BY A MAN ONCE CALLED DOCTOR, CURRENTLY KNOWN SIMPLY AS JONAS HARROW... A MAN OF RATHER UNUSUAL TALENTS INDEED!
RELAX, MY FRIEND. IT'S ONLY ETHER.
THE OPERATION I AM ABOUT TO PERFORM IS A SIMPLE ONE...BUT UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S ALSO A RATHER PAINFUL ONE AS WELL.
SO SLEEP, MR. OLIVER...
...FOR WHEN YOU WAKE, YOU'LL BE A NEW MAN, MORE SKILLED, MORE POWERFUL...
...GIFTED BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS!
AND SO IT BEGINS: A SERIES OF OPERATIONS SO DELICATE ONLY A MADMAN OR A GENIUS WOULD ATTEMPT THEM.
FIRST...THE OUTWARD APPARATUS, FORMED OF PLASTIC AND STEEL...
THEN, THE FINELY-CONNECTED WIRES, THE THOUSAND SENSITIVE FILAMENTS, EACH ATTACHED TO A SEPARATE NERVE...
...A VERITABLE NETWORK ON CONTROLS AND COUNTER-CONTROLS, OF TRANSMITTERS AND RECEIVERS, EACH REACHING A DIFFERENT NERVE TERMINAL...
...ALL ULTIMATELY CONNECTED...TO THE KANGAROO'S LIVING BRAIN!
FOR SEVEN HOURS, JONAS HARROW LABORS AS HE LABORED ON THE MAN NOW CALLED HAMMERHEAD*...AND AT LENGTH HIS LABORS DRAW TO A CLOSE, AND HE EXCLAIMS...
SUCCESS!
*ISSUE #114--RT.

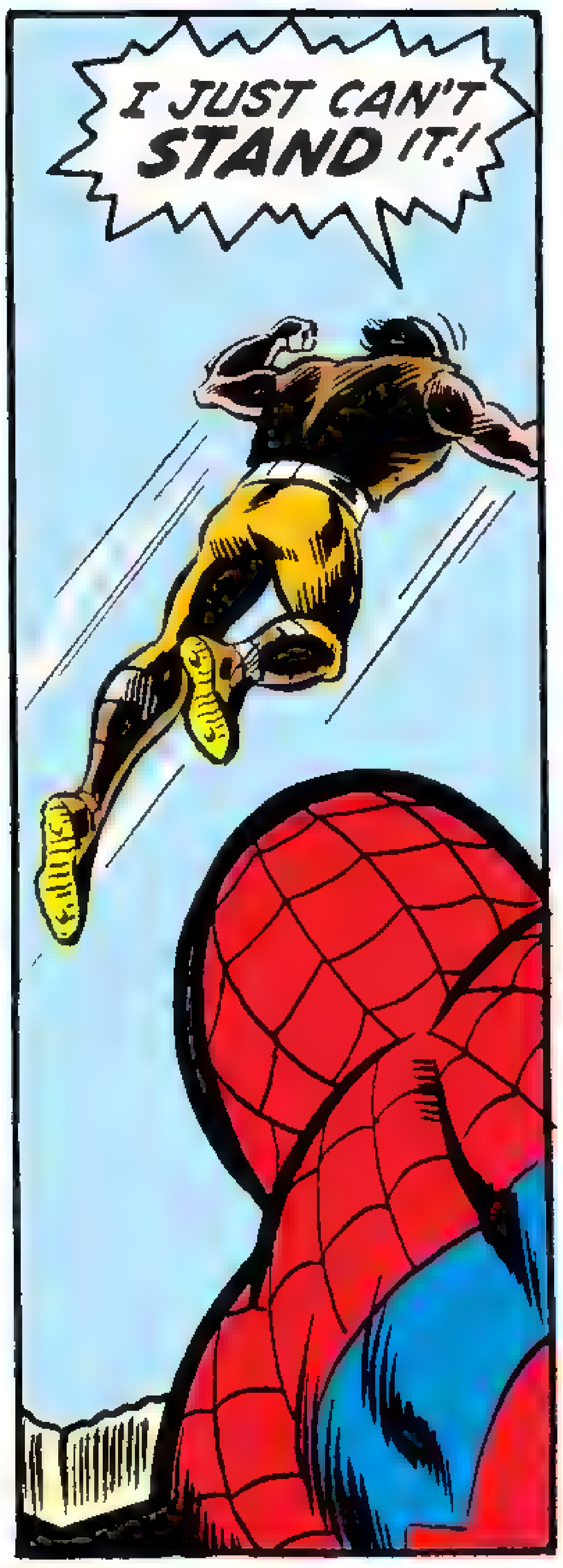

AND THE KANGAROO LIVES AGAIN!
YOU DID IT, MATE!
I FEEL LIKE A BLOODY GIANT!
TEST YOUR STRENGTH, KANGAROO.
SEE HOW WELL THE COMPRESSED-AIR JETS AUGMENT YOUR PUNCH!
CRUMP!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT? RIGHT THROUGH THE BLEEDIN' CONCRETE WALL!
AND THE BOOTS--TRY LEAPING WITH THE JETS ON MY FRIEND--
SEE HOW EASILY YOU CLEAR TWENTY-FIVE FEET!
WHOOSH!
IT'S A MIRACLE, IT IS--I CAN BLOODY FLY!
NOT QUITE FLY...BUT YOU CAN LEAP WELL OVER A HUNDRED YARDS INTO THE AIR, WEARING THOSE BOOTS. JUST ONE IMPULSE FROM YOUR BRAIN, AS THOUGH YOU WERE ABOUT TO FLEX YOUR LEGS...
THAT'S ALL IT REQUIRES. THE JETS AUGMENT YOUR NATURAL ABILITIES PERFECTLY.
NOW...AS TO MY PLAN...!
SWAK!
YOUR PLAN? I'VE GOT PLANS OF MY OWN, MATE.
AND TO MAKE MYSELF BLOODY WELL CLEAR--THEY DON'T INCLUDE YOU!
UNNNH!

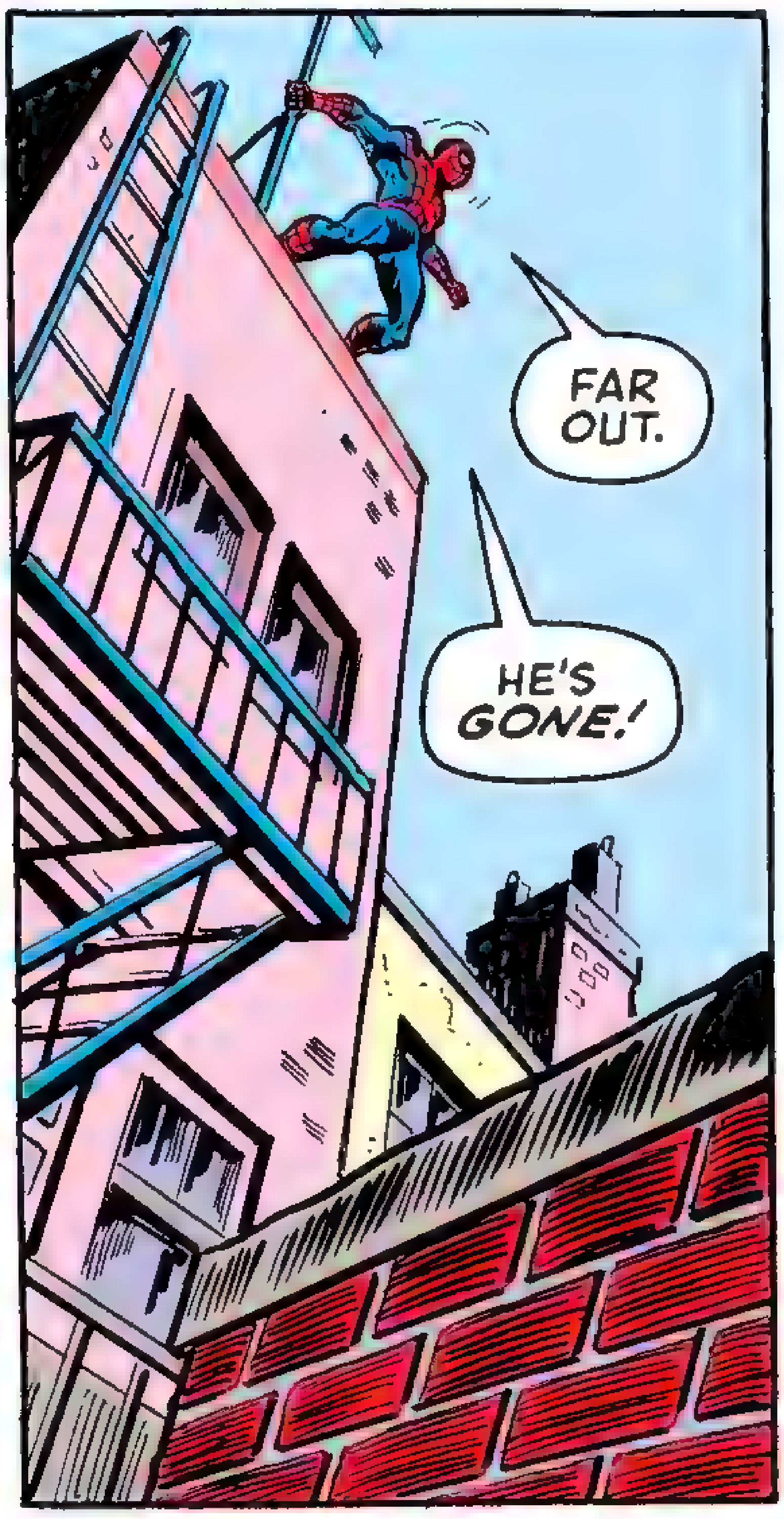
SOME FIVE HOURS LATER, AS A NEW DAY BEGINS ON MADISON AVENUE, THE ADVERTISING FIRM OF CARTER AND LOMBARDO RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR IN THE FORM OF...
SPIDER-MAN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE?
DROPPED IN TO SAY HI...
...'CAUSE I WONDERED IF THAT DEAL IS STILL OPEN.
YOU MEAN YOU'LL BUILD THE CAR?
YOU'LL USE CORONA ENGINE?
SURE... FOR AN EVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN ADVANCE, IN CASH.
IT'S PRETTY HARD TO CASH A CHECK WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THIS CRAZY COSTUME.
SPIDER-MAN... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW PLEASED WE ARE YOU DECIDED TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS.
WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?
LET'S JUST SAY SOME BILLS CAME DUE.
BILLS?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE... THE RENT?
SAY... ONE MORE THING: WHEN DO I PICK UP THE DESIGNS FROM YOU GUYS?
THERE ARE NO DESIGNS, SPIDER-MAN.
YOU'RE TO BUILD THE CAR FROM SCRATCH.
NOW YOU TELL ME.
ANDY GRANITELLI... LOOK OUT!

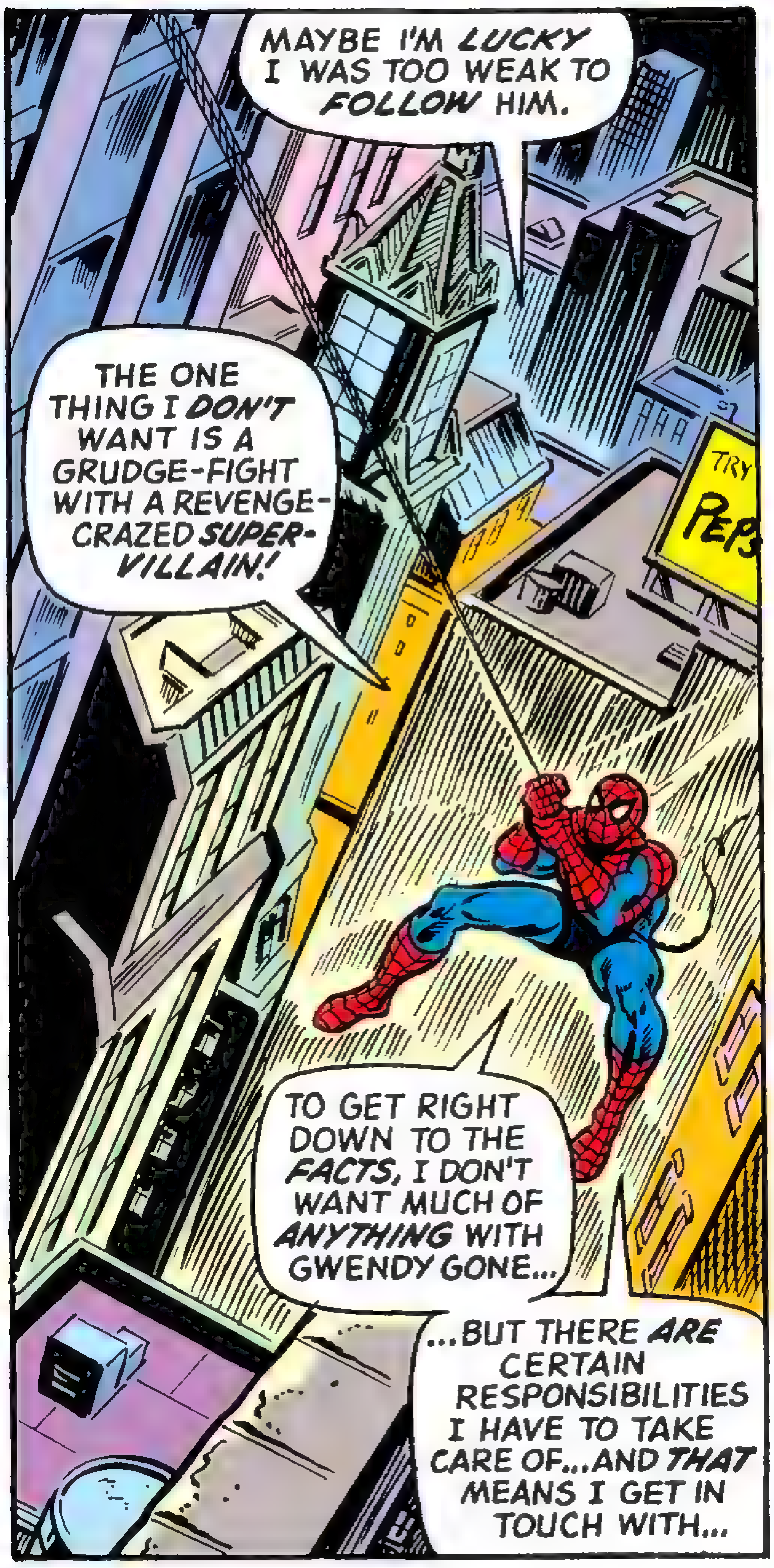

HMMM. I MAY BE GOOD AT SCIENTIFIC *THEORY*...
...BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PRACTICAL *ENGINEERING*, I'M A *WASH-OUT*. I'LL NEED *HELP* TO PULL THIS OFF...
...AND I THINK I KNOW JUST WHERE TO *FIND IT!*
BUT...
I'VE *FOUND* HIM... SOMEHOW I *KNEW* HE'D BE COMING BACK THIS WAY, SINCE I SAW HIM HERE *YESTERDAY*.
NOW IT'S *MY* TURN...
KLUNK
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
SOMEBODY-- *ATTACKING* ME? WASN'T THINKING-- WASN'T PAYING ANY *ATTENTION* TO MY SPIDER-SENSES--!
I'VE GOT TO RECOVER-- *FAST*--OR IT'S BYE-BYE *SPIDEY*--
--AND WE *KNOW* HOW SAD EVERYONE WOULD BE IF *THAT* HAPPENED.
THAT'S JUST FOR *OPENERS*, MATE.
THAT'S FOR *MESSING* WITH *THE KANGAROO!*
KX TV

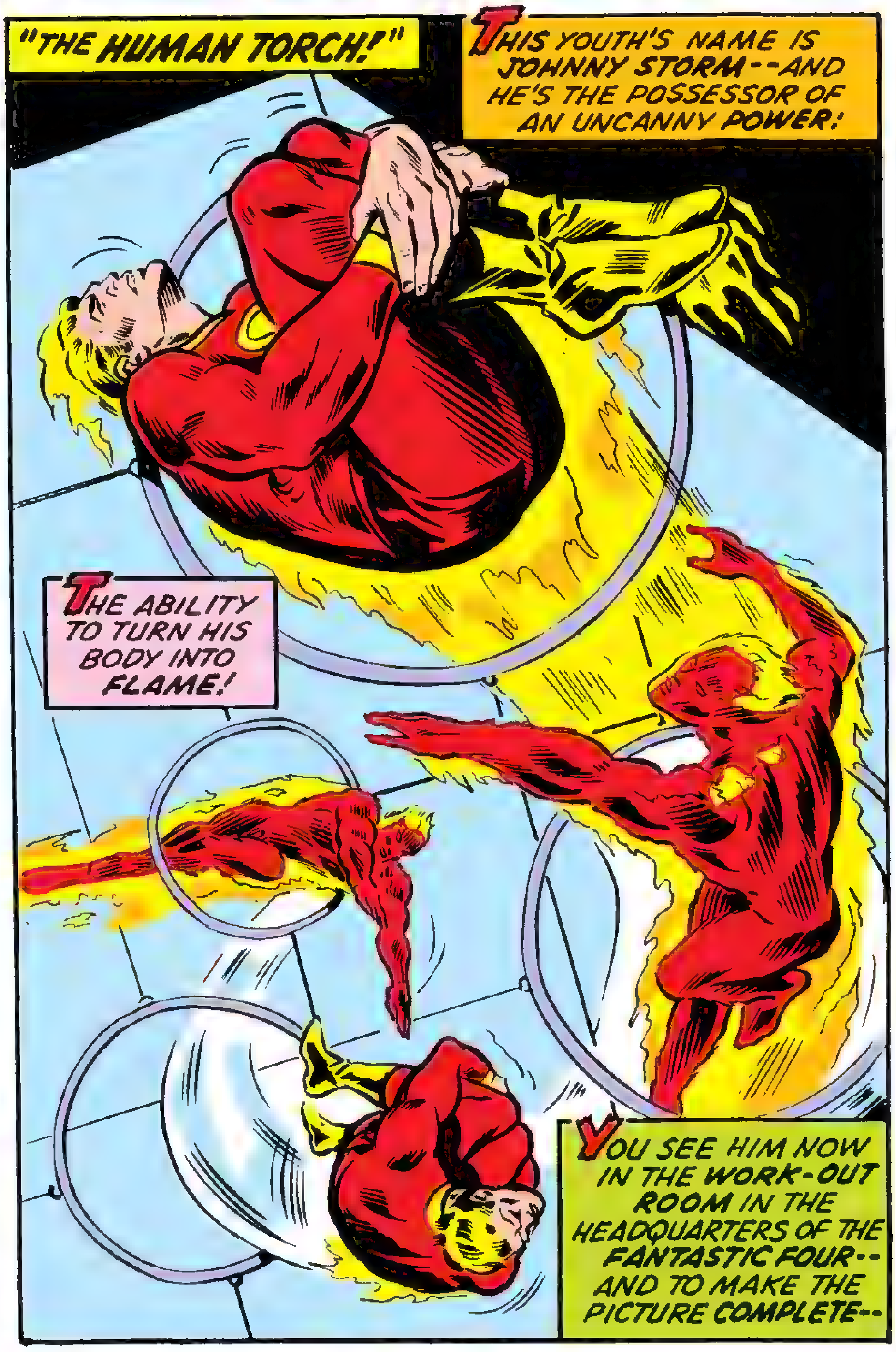

SO THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN LATELY, KANGY? THE LAST I SAW OF YOU, YOU WERE RUNNING LIKE A FRIGHTENED JACK-RABBIT.
TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET YOUR NERVE BACK--DIDN'T IT?
WOK!
UNNNMPH!
THAT'S RIGHT, MATE--LAUGH AT ME.
SOCKO!
MAKE ME GOOD AND MAD.
BUNT!
I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME--
--AND I WANT TO ENJOY IT--AS MUCH AS I CAN!
BUT, BEFORE THE ENRAGED KANGAROO CAN MAKE HIS FINAL LEAP...
MY HEAD!
IT'S ON FIRE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? CAN BARELY STAND--CAN'T FOCUS!
THE PAIN--THE BLOODY ACHIN' PAIN!
AAARRRHH!

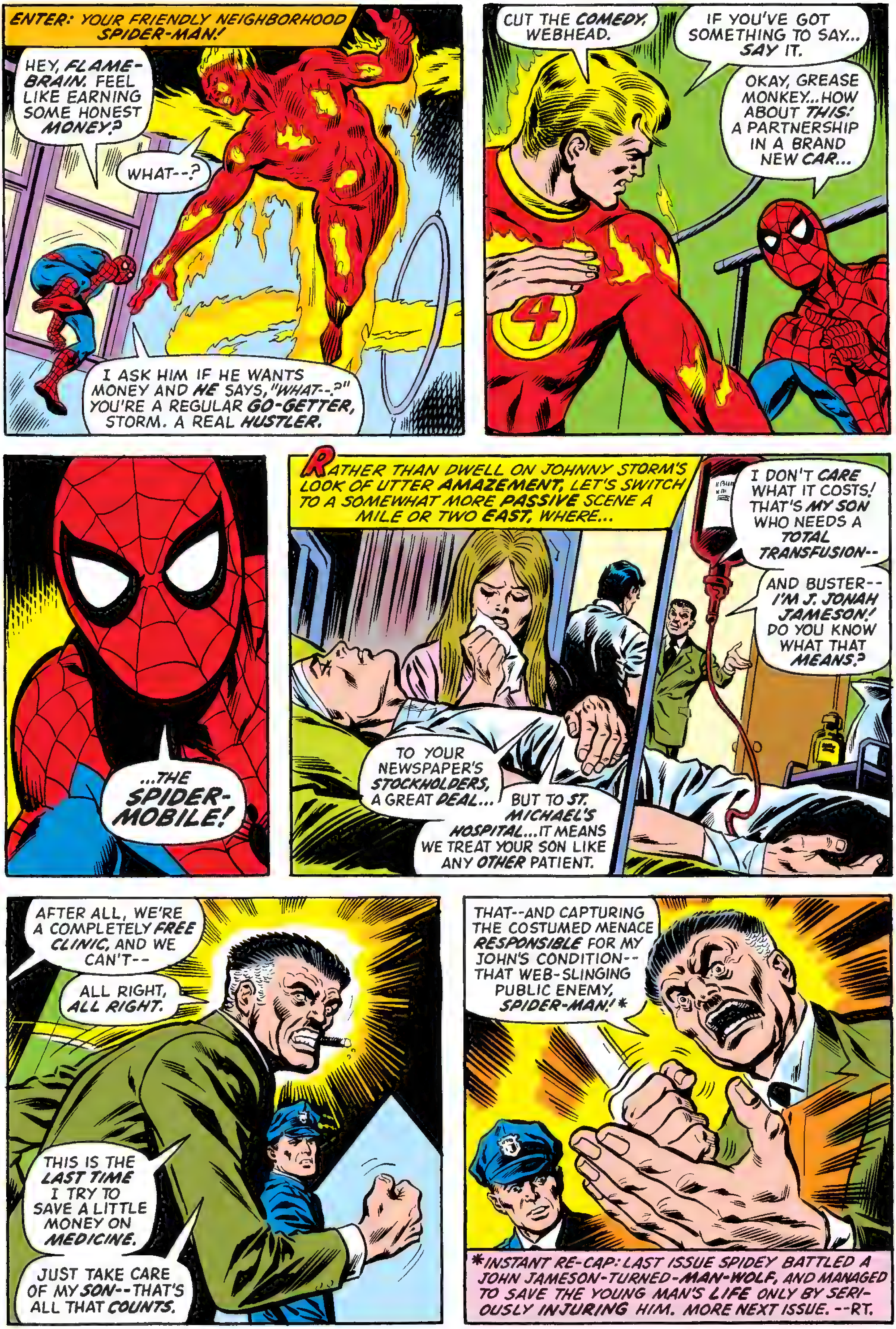

NOW THERE'S A *VOICE*... A TINY VOICE IN MY BLOODY *BRAIN*...
TELLIN' ME TO *GO* SOMEWHERE....!
I'VE GOT TO *OBEY* IT...
I JUST CAN'T STAND THE BLEEDIN' *PAIN!*


I JUST CAN'T *STAND* IT!

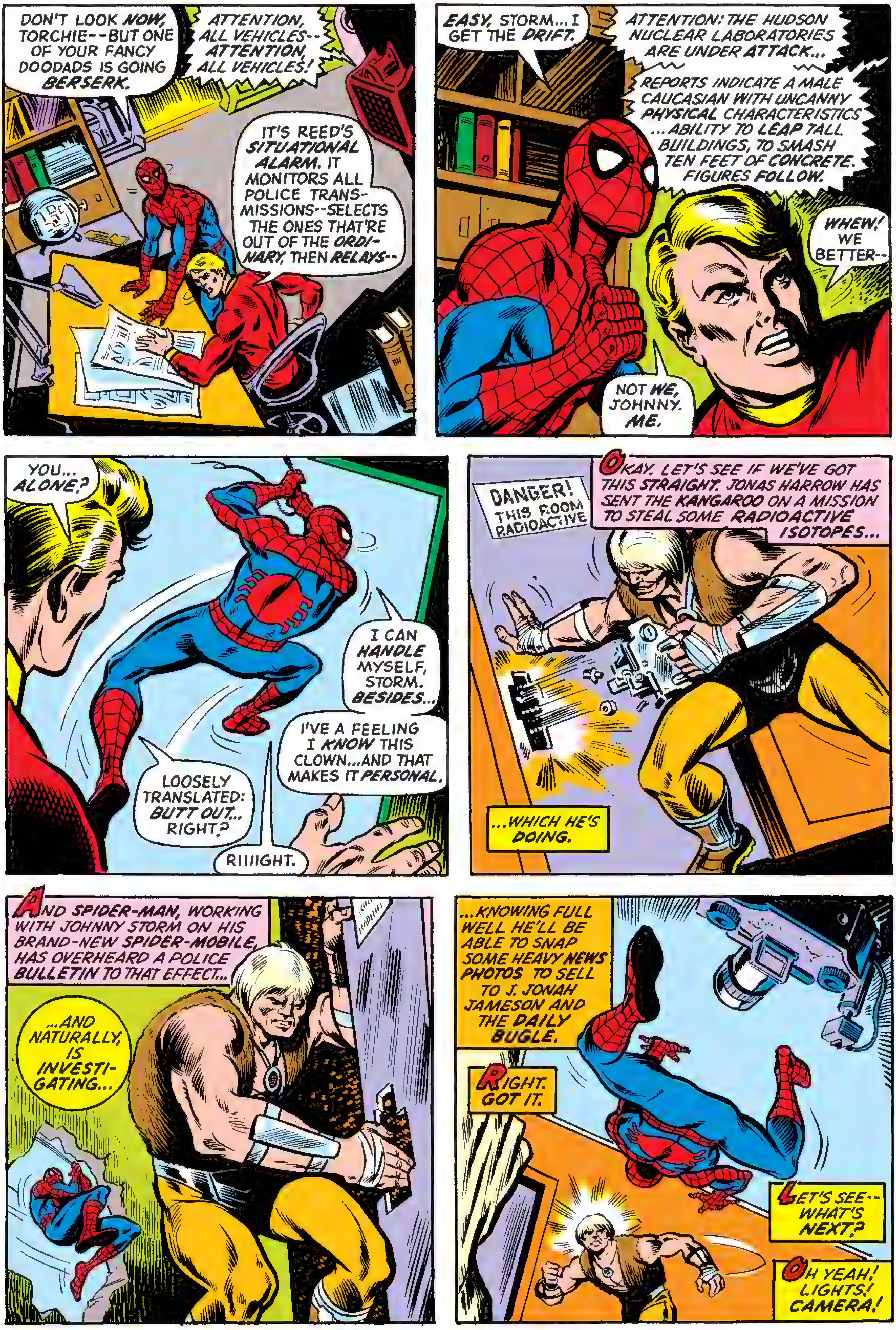

FAR OUT.
HE'S *GONE!*


MAYBE I'M *LUCKY* I WAS TOO WEAK TO *FOLLOW* HIM.
THE ONE THING I *DON'T* WANT IS A GRUDGE-FIGHT WITH A REVENGE-CRAZED *SUPER-VILLAIN!*
TRY
PEPS
TO GET RIGHT DOWN TO THE *FACTS,* I DON'T WANT MUCH OF *ANYTHING* WITH GWENDY GONE...
...BUT THERE *ARE* CERTAIN RESPONSIBILITIES I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF...AND *THAT* MEANS I GET IN TOUCH WITH...

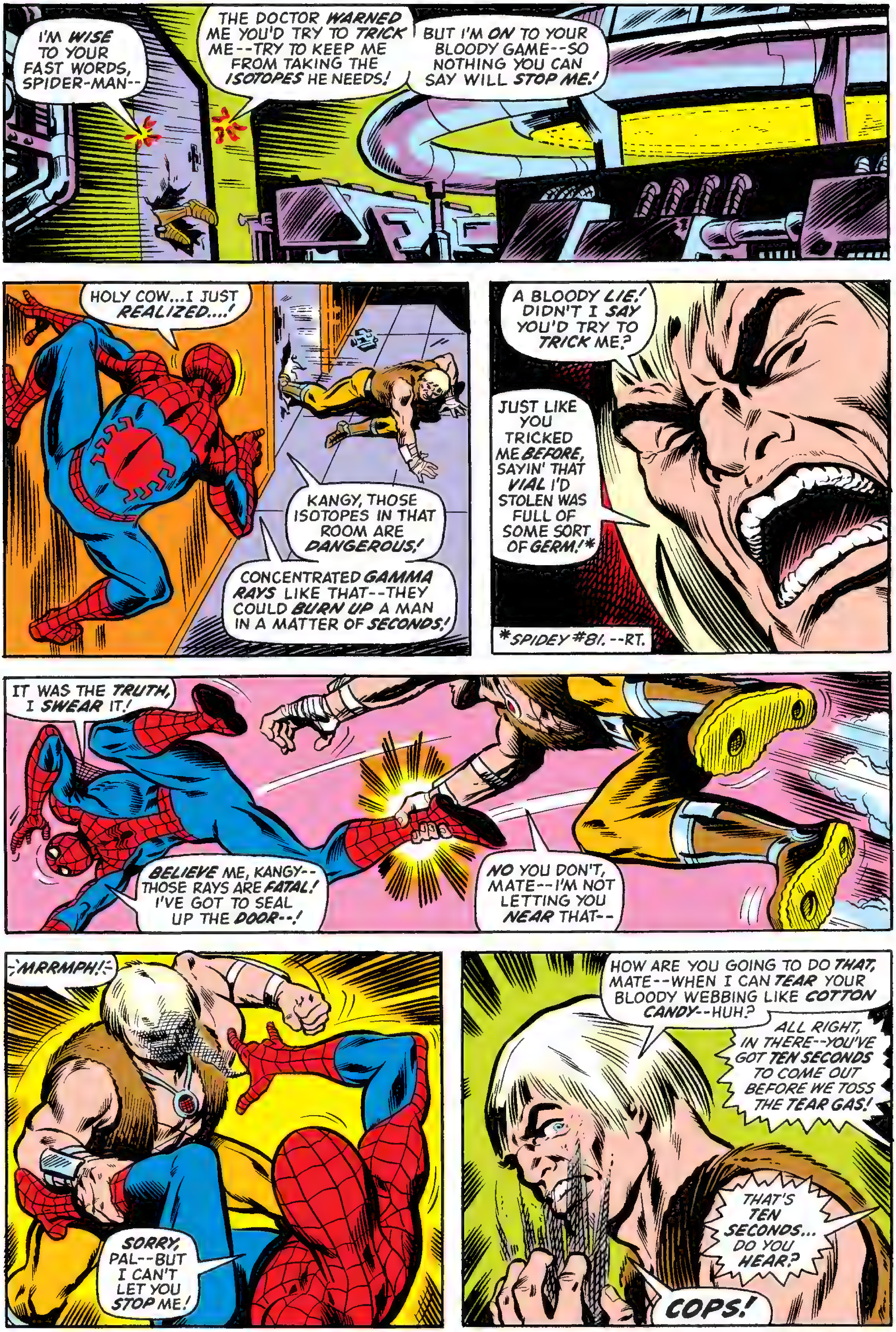

"THE HUMAN TORCH!"
THIS YOUTH'S NAME IS JOHNNY STORM--AND HE'S THE POSSESSOR OF AN UNCANNY *POWER:*
THE ABILITY TO TURN HIS BODY INTO FLAME!
YOU SEE HIM NOW IN THE *WORK-OUT ROOM* IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*--AND TO MAKE THE PICTURE COMPLETE--

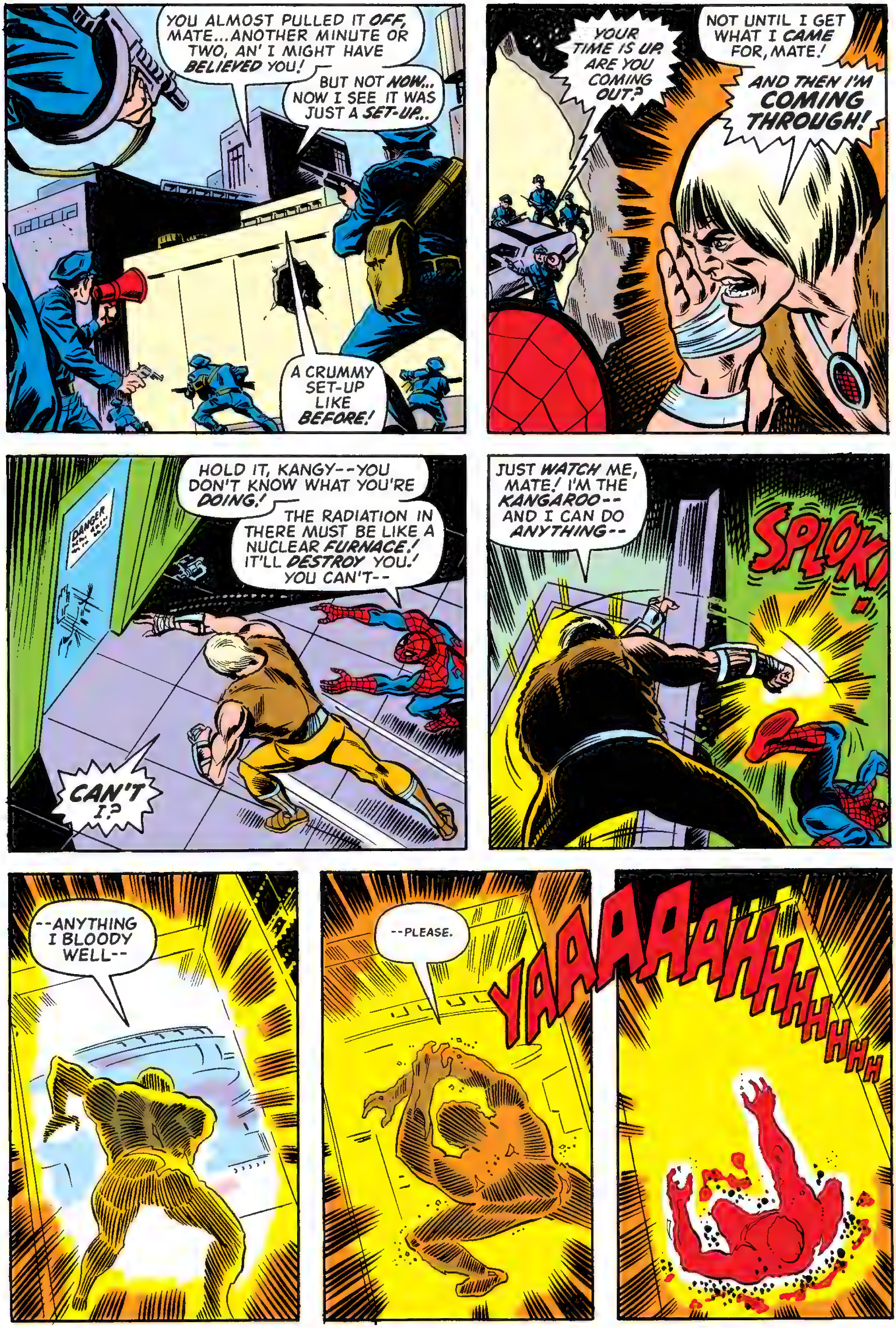

ENTER: YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!
HEY, FLAME-BRAIN. FEEL LIKE EARNING SOME HONEST MONEY?
WHAT--?
I ASK HIM IF HE WANTS MONEY AND HE SAYS, "WHAT--?" YOU'RE A REGULAR GO-GETTER, STORM. A REAL HUSTLER.
CUT THE COMEDY, WEBHEAD.
IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY... SAY IT.
OKAY, GREASE MONKEY...HOW ABOUT THIS: A PARTNERSHIP IN A BRAND NEW CAR...
...THE SPIDER-MOBILE!
RATHER THAN DWELL ON JOHNNY STORM'S LOOK OF UTTER AMAZEMENT, LET'S SWITCH TO A SOMEWHAT MORE PASSIVE SCENE A MILE OR TWO EAST, WHERE...
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS! THAT'S MY SON WHO NEEDS A TOTAL TRANSFUSION--
AND BUSTER--I'M J. JONAH JAMESON! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
TO YOUR NEWSPAPER'S STOCKHOLDERS, A GREAT DEAL...
BUT TO ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL...IT MEANS WE TREAT YOUR SON LIKE ANY OTHER PATIENT.
AFTER ALL, WE'RE A COMPLETELY FREE CLINIC, AND WE CAN'T--
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
THIS IS THE LAST TIME I TRY TO SAVE A LITTLE MONEY ON MEDICINE.
JUST TAKE CARE OF MY SON--THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.
THAT--AND CAPTURING THE COSTUMED MENACE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY JOHN'S CONDITION--THAT WEB-SLINGING PUBLIC ENEMY, SPIDER-MAN! *
*INSTANT RE-CAP: LAST ISSUE SPIDEY BATTLED A JOHN JAMESON-TURNED-MAN-WOLF, AND MANAGED TO SAVE THE YOUNG MAN'S LIFE ONLY BY SERIOUSLY INJURING HIM. MORE NEXT ISSUE. --RT.

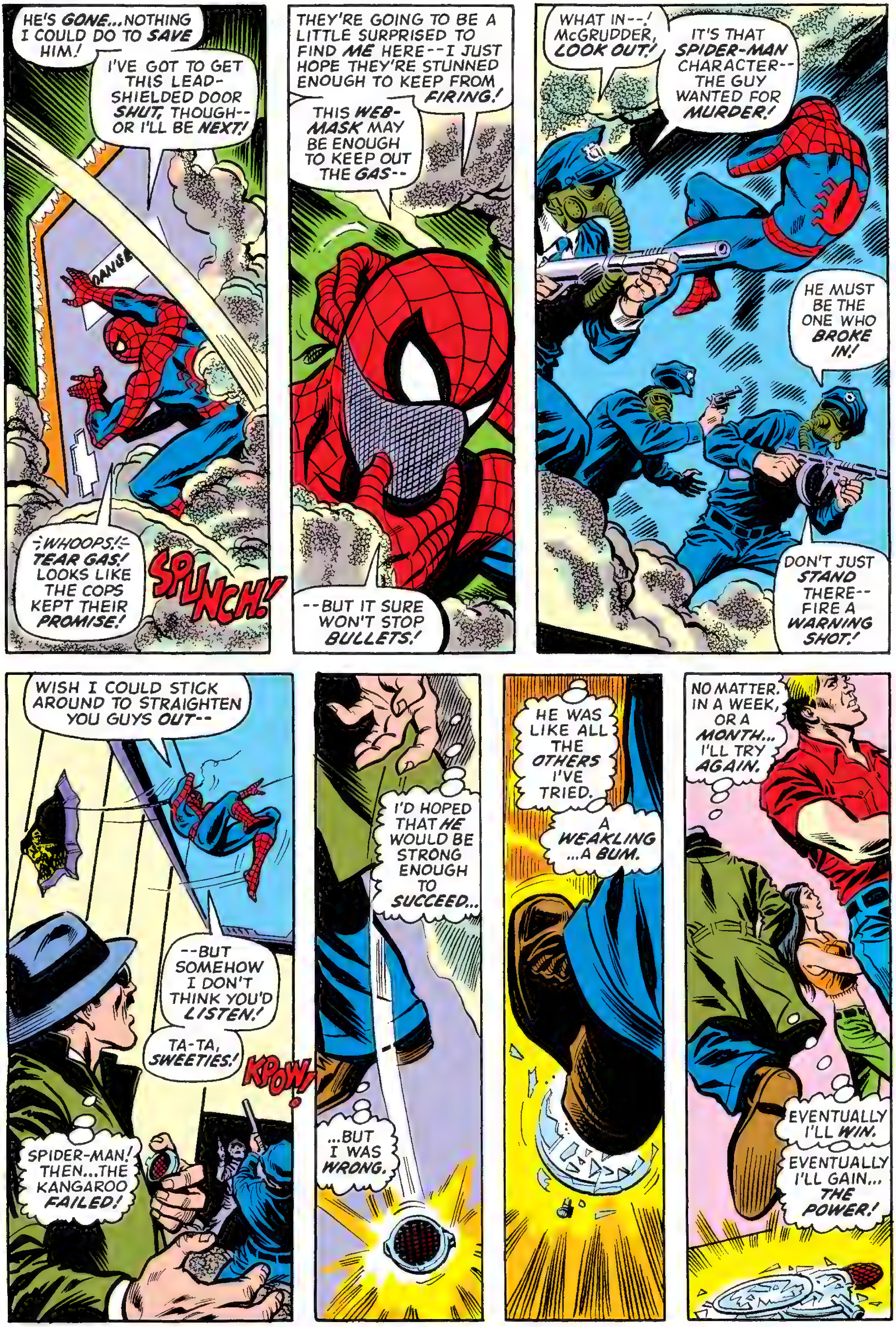
MEANWHILE...
HARROW...WHAT'D YOU DO TO ME? MY HEAD...
NEVER FELT SUCH BLOODY AGONY...!
YOU'LL FEEL IT AGAIN, IF YOU CONTINUE TO DISOBEY ME.
THESE MACHINES CONTROL A DEVICE IN YOUR SKULL--
A SMALL MENTAL PACEMAKER EMBEDDED PARTIALLY UNDER YOUR SKIN.
ONE TWIST OF A DIAL--HERE OR ON A REMOTE CONTROL--AND YOU'RE MINE.
IT'S MY PRIVATE INSURANCE POLICY, YOU SEE. NOW: MY PLAN.
LISTEN VERY CLOSELY...
FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, JONAS HARROW SPEAKS, AND THEN--
--THE KANGAROO LEAPS!
HARROW WANTS SOME SORT OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE.
ACCORDING TO HIM, IT'S INSIDE A SPECIAL LAB ON THE HUDSON RIVER--
--AND SINCE THE LAB'S WALLS ARE ONLY TEN FEET THICK--
--THEY'RE BLOODY CHILD'S PLAY--
WHAK!
CRASH!
--FOR THE MAN CALLED THE KANGAROO!
KAROOM!

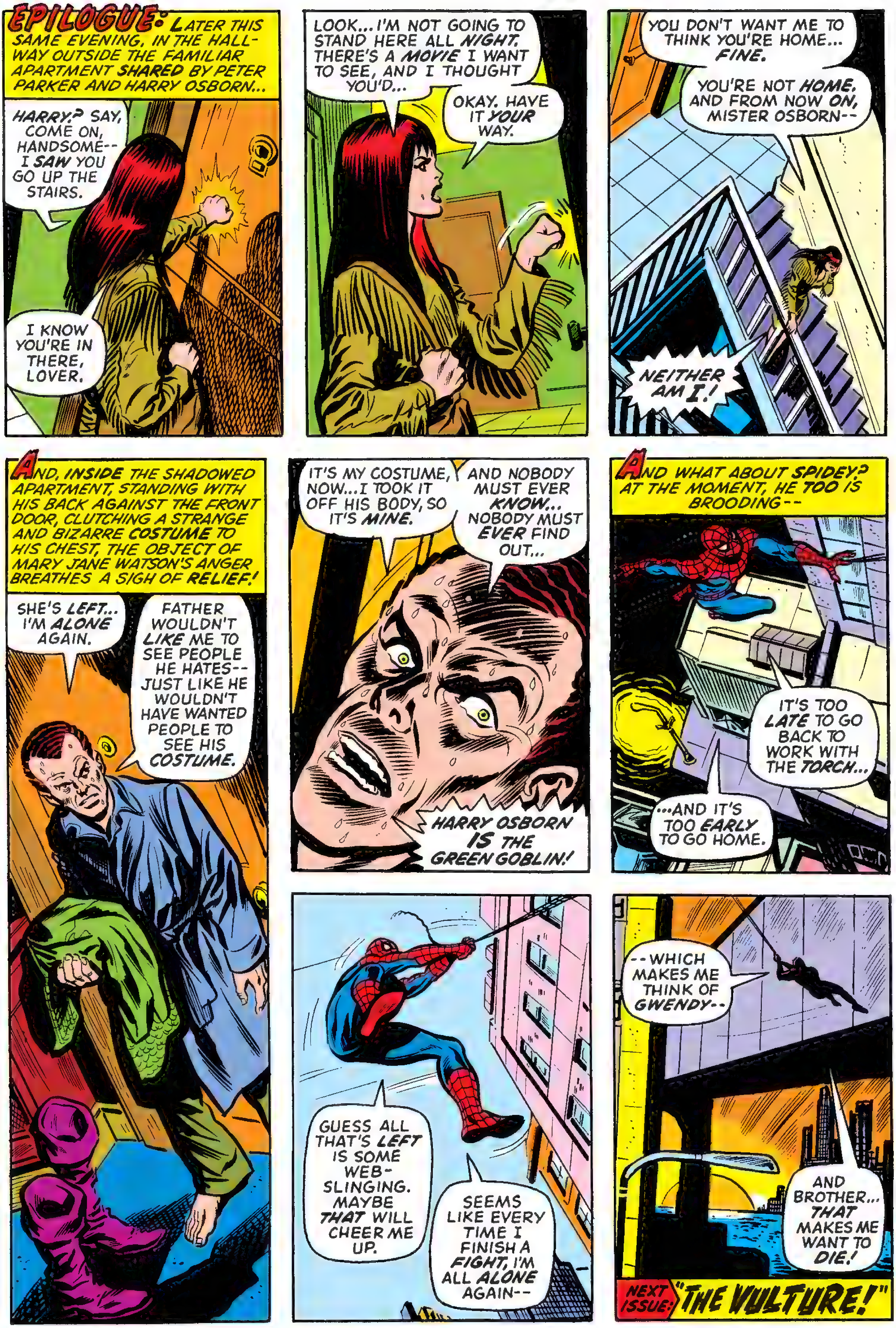

DON'T LOOK NOW, TORCHIE--BUT ONE OF YOUR FANCY DOODADS IS GOING BERSERK.
ATTENTION, ALL VEHICLES--ATTENTION, ALL VEHICLES!
IT'S REED'S SITUATIONAL ALARM. IT MONITORS ALL POLICE TRANSMISSIONS--SELECTS THE ONES THAT'RE OUT OF THE ORDINARY, THEN RELAYS--
EASY, STORM...I GET THE DRIFT.
ATTENTION: THE HUDSON NUCLEAR LABORATORIES ARE UNDER ATTACK...
REPORTS INDICATE A MALE CAUCASIAN WITH UNCANNY PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS ...ABILITY TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS, TO SMASH TEN FEET OF CONCRETE. FIGURES FOLLOW.
WHEW! WE BETTER--
NOT WE, JOHNNY. ME.
YOU... ALONE?
I CAN HANDLE MYSELF, STORM. BESIDES...
I'VE A FEELING I KNOW THIS CLOWN...AND THAT MAKES IT PERSONAL.
LOOSELY TRANSLATED: BUTT OUT... RIGHT?
RIIIIGHT.
DANGER! THIS ROOM RADIOACTIVE
OKAY. LET'S SEE IF WE'VE GOT THIS STRAIGHT. JONAS HARROW HAS SENT THE KANGAROO ON A MISSION TO STEAL SOME RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES...
...WHICH HE'S DOING.
AND SPIDER-MAN, WORKING WITH JOHNNY STORM ON HIS BRAND-NEW SPIDER-MOBILE, HAS OVERHEARD A POLICE BULLETIN TO THAT EFFECT...
...AND NATURALLY, IS INVESTIGATING...
...KNOWING FULL WELL HE'LL BE ABLE TO SNAP SOME HEAVY NEWS PHOTOS TO SELL TO J. JONAH JAMESON AND THE DAILY BUGLE.
RIGHT. GOT IT.
LET'S SEE--WHAT'S NEXT?
OH YEAH! LIGHTS! CAMERA!

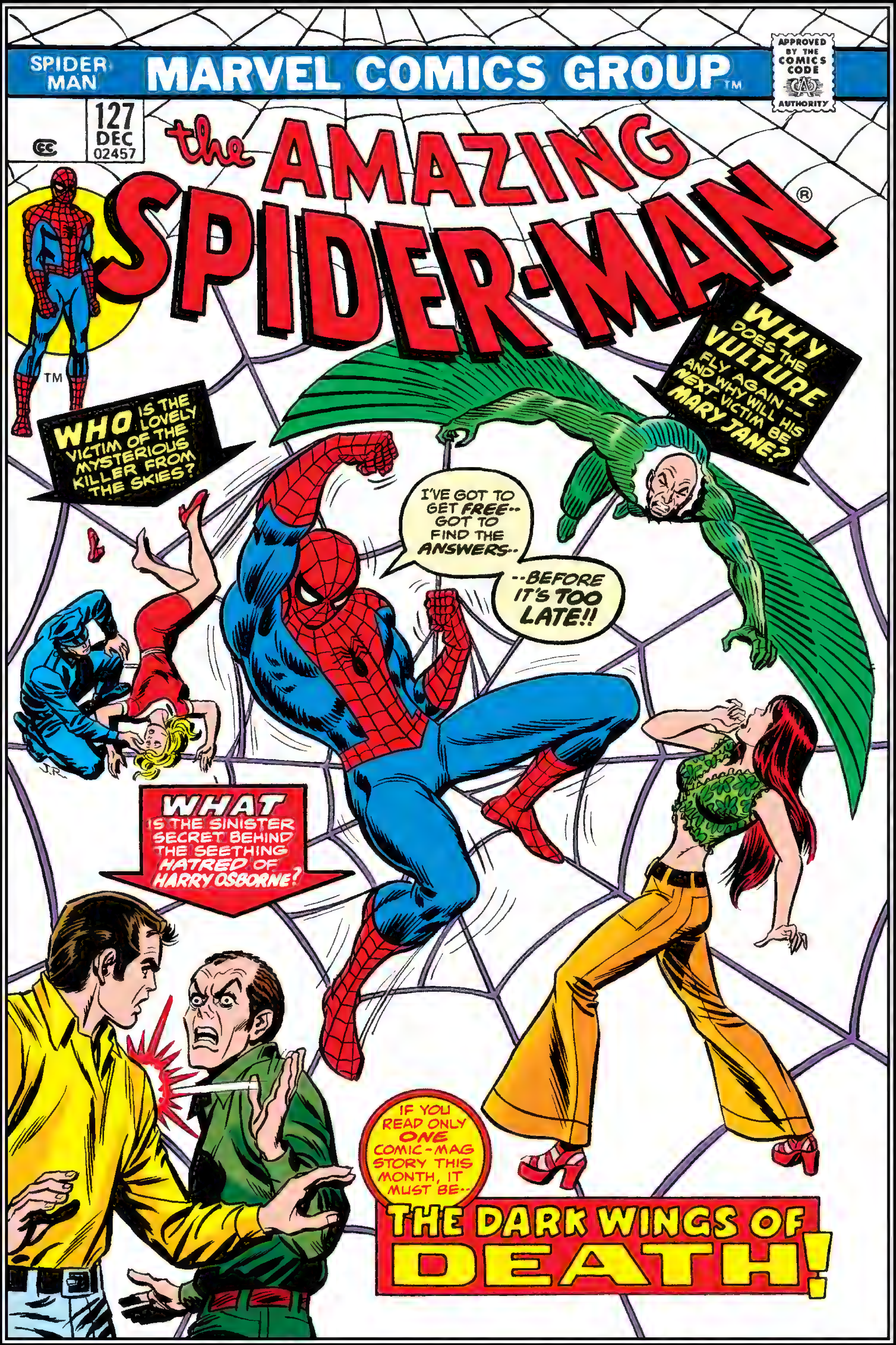
ACTION!
ALL RIGHT, MATE--
YOU FOLLOWED ME HERE, YOU ASKED FOR IT--!
DON'T DO ANYTHING HASTY NOW, CHUM. I WAS JUST--
WHUMP!
YOU'RE A BLOODY DEAD MAN, MATE!
WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT TO SOP UP WITH A SPONGE!
TEMPER, TEMPER, KANGY.
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO CONTROL THESE PARANOIC SUSPICIONS.
IF ANYBODY'S OUT TO GET YOU--
--IT'S YOURSELF!
DANGER
KRUNG
YOU'RE JUST TALKING, MATE --TRYING TO STALL ME! IT WON'T WORK--


I'M WISE TO YOUR FAST WORDS, SPIDER-MAN--
THE DOCTOR WARNED ME YOU'D TRY TO TRICK ME--TRY TO KEEP ME FROM TAKING THE ISOTOPES HE NEEDS!
BUT I'M ON TO YOUR BLOODY GAME--SO NOTHING YOU CAN SAY WILL STOP ME!
HOLY COW...I JUST REALIZED...!
KANGY, THOSE ISOTOPES IN THAT ROOM ARE DANGEROUS!
CONCENTRATED GAMMA RAYS LIKE THAT--THEY COULD BURN UP A MAN IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!
A BLOODY LIE! DIDN'T I SAY YOU'D TRY TO TRICK ME?
JUST LIKE YOU TRICKED ME BEFORE, SAYIN' THAT VIAL I'D STOLEN WAS FULL OF SOME SORT OF GERM!*
*SPIDEY #81. --RT.
IT WAS THE TRUTH, I SWEAR IT!
BELIEVE ME, KANGY--THOSE RAYS ARE FATAL! I'VE GOT TO SEAL UP THE DOOR--!
NO YOU DON'T, MATE--I'M NOT LETTING YOU NEAR THAT--
-MRRMPH!-
SORRY, PAL--BUT I CAN'T LET YOU STOP ME!
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO THAT, MATE--WHEN I CAN TEAR YOUR BLOODY WEBBING LIKE COTTON CANDY--HUH?
ALL RIGHT, IN THERE--YOU'VE GOT TEN SECONDS TO COME OUT BEFORE WE TOSS THE TEAR GAS!
THAT'S TEN SECONDS... DO YOU HEAR?
COPS!


YOU ALMOST PULLED IT OFF, MATE...ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO, AN' I MIGHT HAVE BELIEVED YOU!
BUT NOT NOW... NOW I SEE IT WAS JUST A SET-UP...
A CRUMMY SET-UP LIKE BEFORE!
YOUR TIME IS UP. ARE YOU COMING OUT?
NOT UNTIL I GET WHAT I CAME FOR, MATE!
AND THEN I'M COMING THROUGH!
DANGER
HOLD IT, KANGY--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
THE RADIATION IN THERE MUST BE LIKE A NUCLEAR FURNACE! IT'LL DESTROY YOU! YOU CAN'T--
CAN'T I?
JUST WATCH ME, MATE! I'M THE KANGAROO--AND I CAN DO ANYTHING--
SPLOK!
--ANYTHING I BLOODY WELL--
--PLEASE.
YAAAAAHHHHHHH

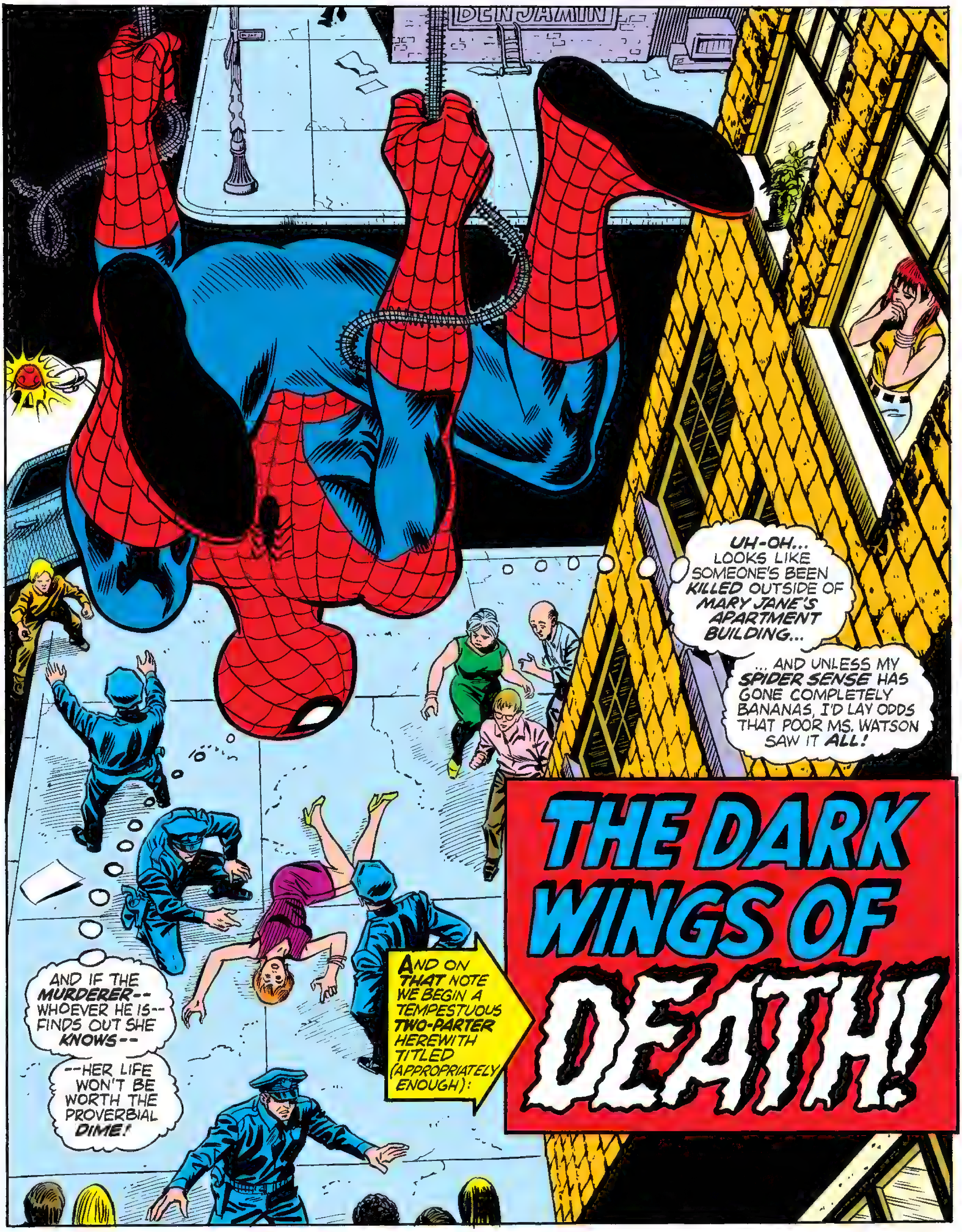

HE'S GONE...NOTHING I COULD DO TO SAVE HIM!
I'VE GOT TO GET THIS LEAD-SHIELDED DOOR SHUT, THOUGH--OR I'LL BE NEXT!
DANGE
WHOOPS! TEAR GAS! LOOKS LIKE THE COPS KEPT THEIR PROMISE!
SPUNCH!
THEY'RE GOING TO BE A LITTLE SURPRISED TO FIND ME HERE--I JUST HOPE THEY'RE STUNNED ENOUGH TO KEEP FROM FIRING!
THIS WEB-MASK MAY BE ENOUGH TO KEEP OUT THE GAS--
--BUT IT SURE WON'T STOP BULLETS!
WHAT IN--! McGRUDDER, LOOK OUT!
IT'S THAT SPIDER-MAN CHARACTER--THE GUY WANTED FOR MURDER!
HE MUST BE THE ONE WHO BROKE IN!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE--FIRE A WARNING SHOT!
WISH I COULD STICK AROUND TO STRAIGHTEN YOU GUYS OUT--
--BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK YOU'D LISTEN!
TA-TA, SWEETIES!
KPOW!
SPIDER-MAN! THEN...THE KANGAROO FAILED!
I'D HOPED THAT HE WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO SUCCEED...
...BUT I WAS WRONG.
HE WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS I'VE TRIED.
A WEAKLING ...A BUM.
NO MATTER. IN A WEEK, OR A MONTH... I'LL TRY AGAIN.
EVENTUALLY I'LL WIN.
EVENTUALLY I'LL GAIN... THE POWER!

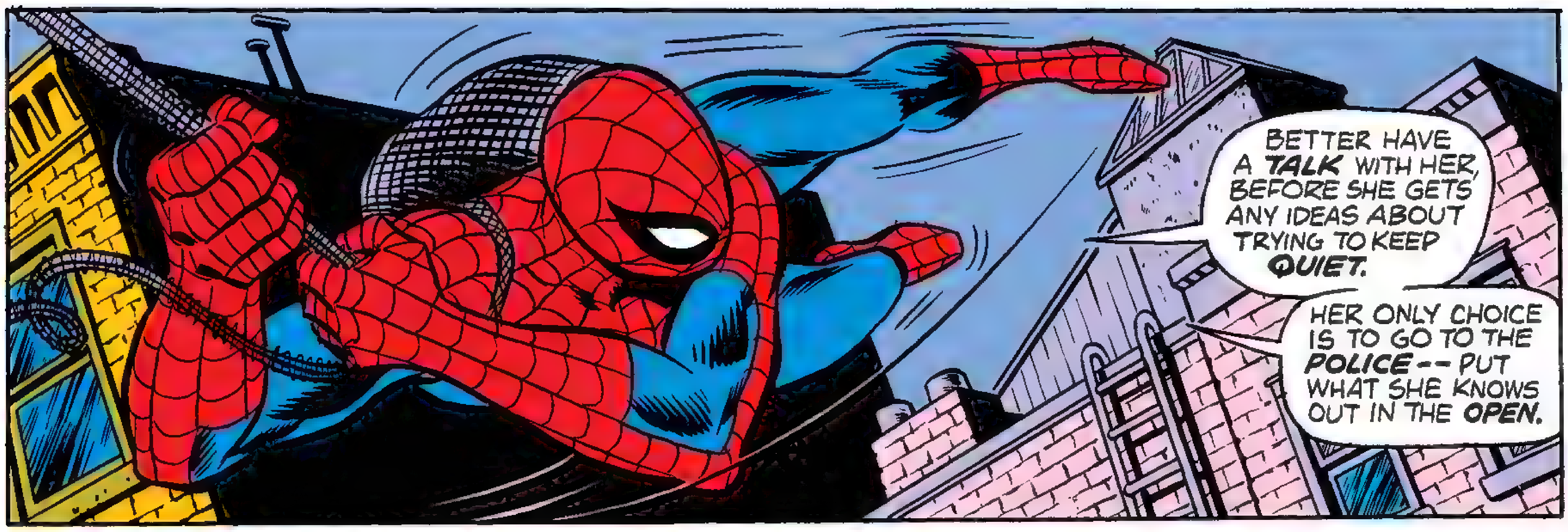

EPILOGUE: LATER THIS SAME EVENING, IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE FAMILIAR APARTMENT SHARED BY PETER PARKER AND HARRY OSBORN...
HARRY? SAY, COME ON, HANDSOME-- I SAW YOU GO UP THE STAIRS.
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, LOVER.
LOOK... I'M NOT GOING TO STAND HERE ALL NIGHT. THERE'S A MOVIE I WANT TO SEE, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D...
OKAY. HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
YOU DON'T WANT ME TO THINK YOU'RE HOME... FINE.
YOU'RE NOT HOME. AND FROM NOW ON, MISTER OSBORN--
NEITHER AM I!
AND, INSIDE THE SHADOWED APARTMENT, STANDING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR, CLUTCHING A STRANGE AND BIZARRE COSTUME TO HIS CHEST, THE OBJECT OF MARY JANE WATSON'S ANGER BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF!
SHE'S LEFT... I'M ALONE AGAIN.
FATHER WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO SEE PEOPLE HE HATES-- JUST LIKE HE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED PEOPLE TO SEE HIS COSTUME.
IT'S MY COSTUME, NOW... I TOOK IT OFF HIS BODY, SO IT'S MINE.
AND NOBODY MUST EVER KNOW... NOBODY MUST EVER FIND OUT...
HARRY OSBORN IS THE GREEN GOBLIN!
AND WHAT ABOUT SPIDEY? AT THE MOMENT, HE TOO IS BROODING--
IT'S TOO LATE TO GO BACK TO WORK WITH THE TORCH...
...AND IT'S TOO EARLY TO GO HOME.
GUESS ALL THAT'S LEFT IS SOME WEB-SLINGING. MAYBE THAT WILL CHEER ME UP.
SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME I FINISH A FIGHT, I'M ALL ALONE AGAIN--
--WHICH MAKES ME THINK OF GWENDY--
AND BROTHER... THAT MAKES ME WANT TO DIE!
NEXT ISSUE: "THE VULTURE!"

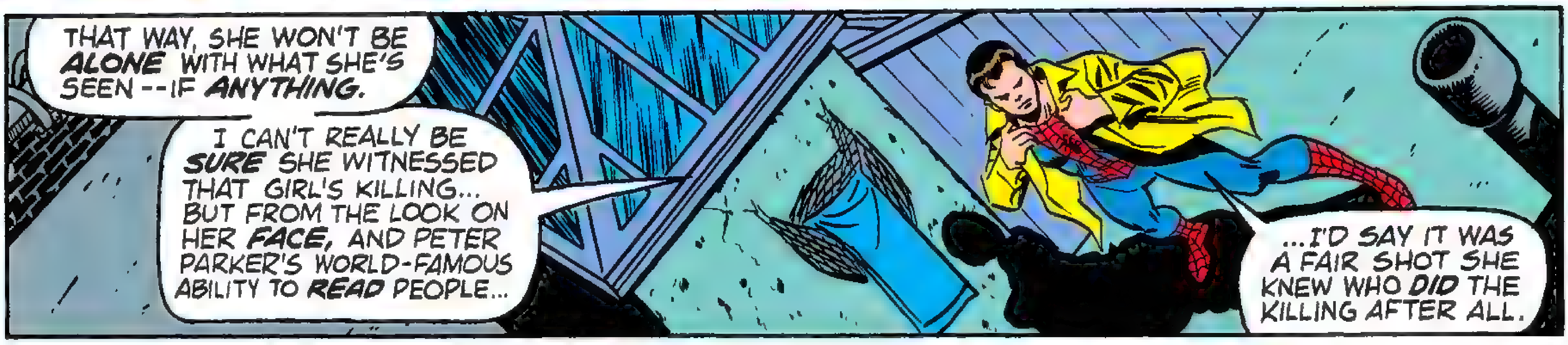

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
127 DEC 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
™
WHO IS THE LOVELY VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER FROM THE SKIES?
WHY DOES THE VULTURE FLY AGAIN -- AND WHY WILL HIS NEXT VICTIM BE MARY JANE?
I'VE GOT TO GET FREE-- GOT TO FIND THE ANSWERS--
--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
J.R.
WHAT IS THE SINISTER SECRET BEHIND THE SEETHING HATRED OF HARRY OSBORNE?
IF YOU READ ONLY ONE COMIC-MAG STORY THIS MONTH, IT MUST BE--
THE DARK WINGS OF DEATH!

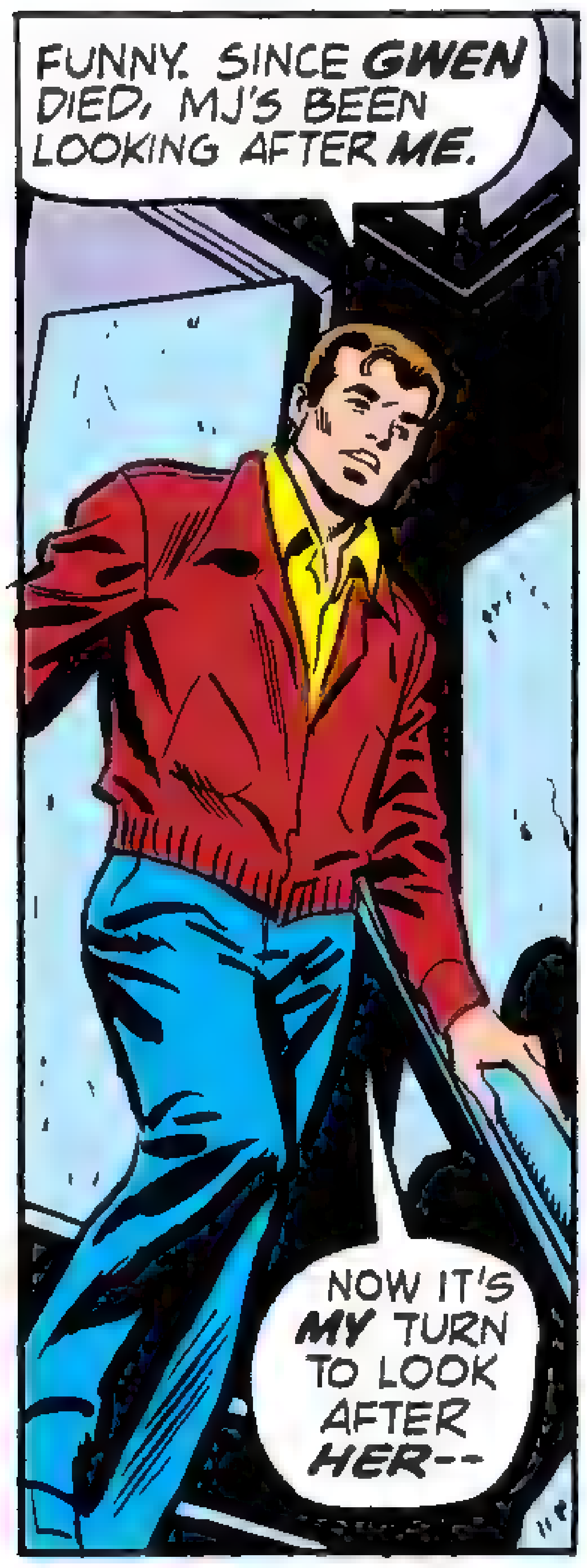
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

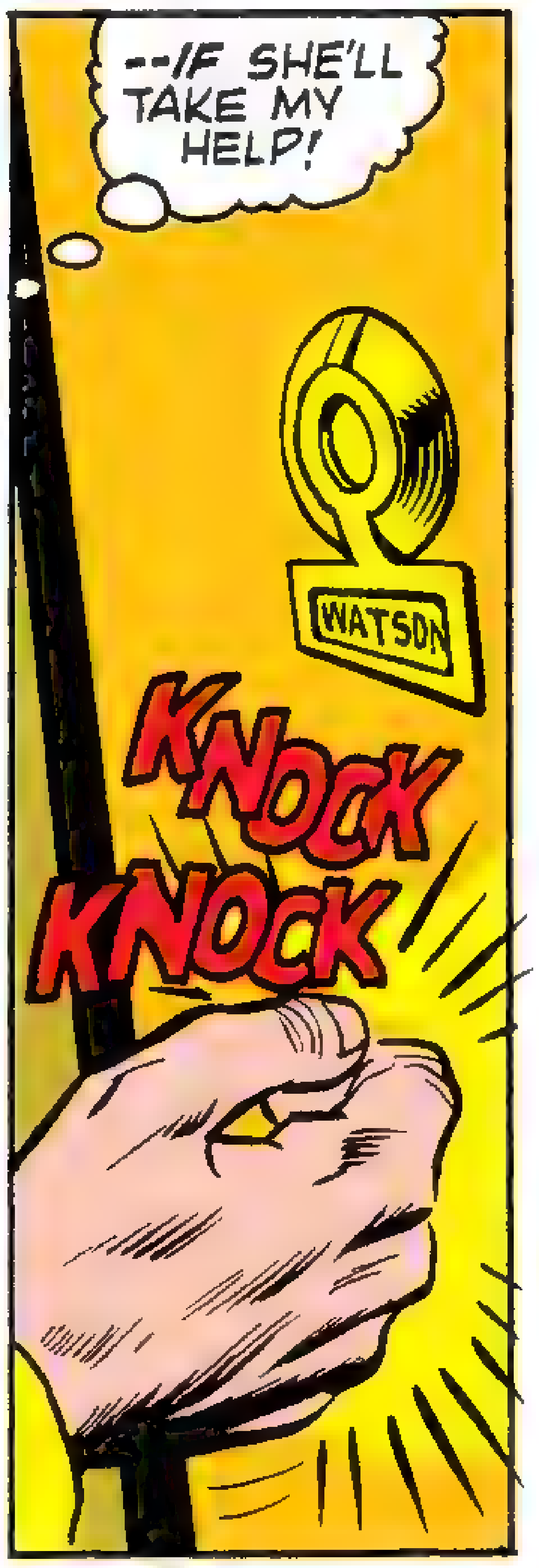
GERRY CONWAY WRITER ✱ **ROSS ANDRU** ARTIST ✱ **F. GIACOIA & D. HUNT** INKERS ✱ **TOM ORZECHOWSKI,** LETTERER **GLYNIS WEIN,** COLORIST ✱ **ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

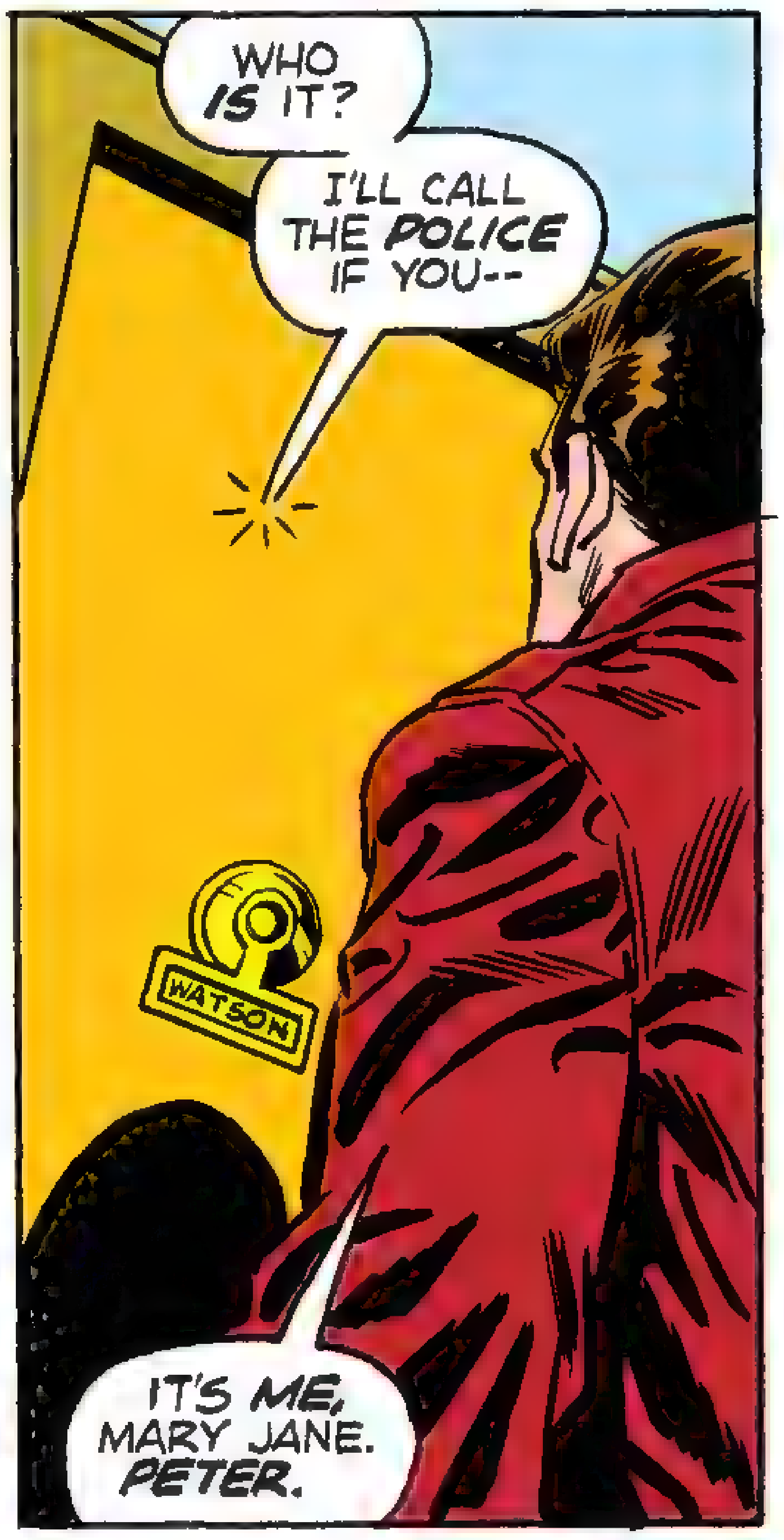

BENJAMIN
UH-OH... LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN KILLED OUTSIDE OF MARY JANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING...
... AND UNLESS MY SPIDER SENSE HAS GONE COMPLETELY BANANAS, I'D LAY ODDS THAT POOR MS. WATSON SAW IT ALL!
AND IF THE MURDERER-- WHOEVER HE IS-- FINDS OUT SHE KNOWS--
--HER LIFE WON'T BE WORTH THE PROVERBIAL DIME!
AND ON THAT NOTE WE BEGIN A TEMPESTUOUS TWO-PARTER HEREWITH TITLED (APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH):
THE DARK WINGS OF DEATH!

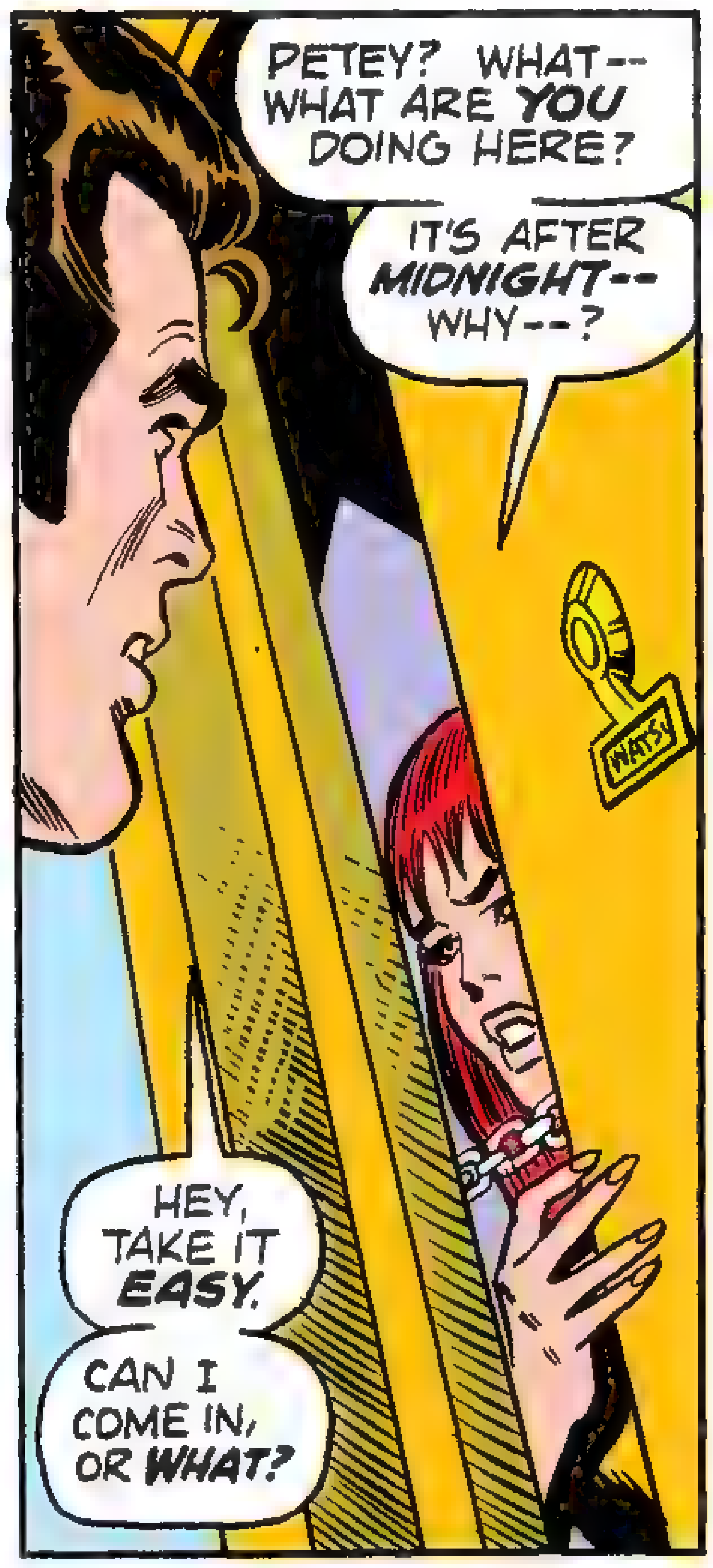

BETTER HAVE A **TALK** WITH HER, BEFORE SHE GETS ANY IDEAS ABOUT TRYING TO KEEP **QUIET.**
HER ONLY CHOICE IS TO GO TO THE **POLICE--** PUT WHAT SHE KNOWS OUT IN THE **OPEN.**

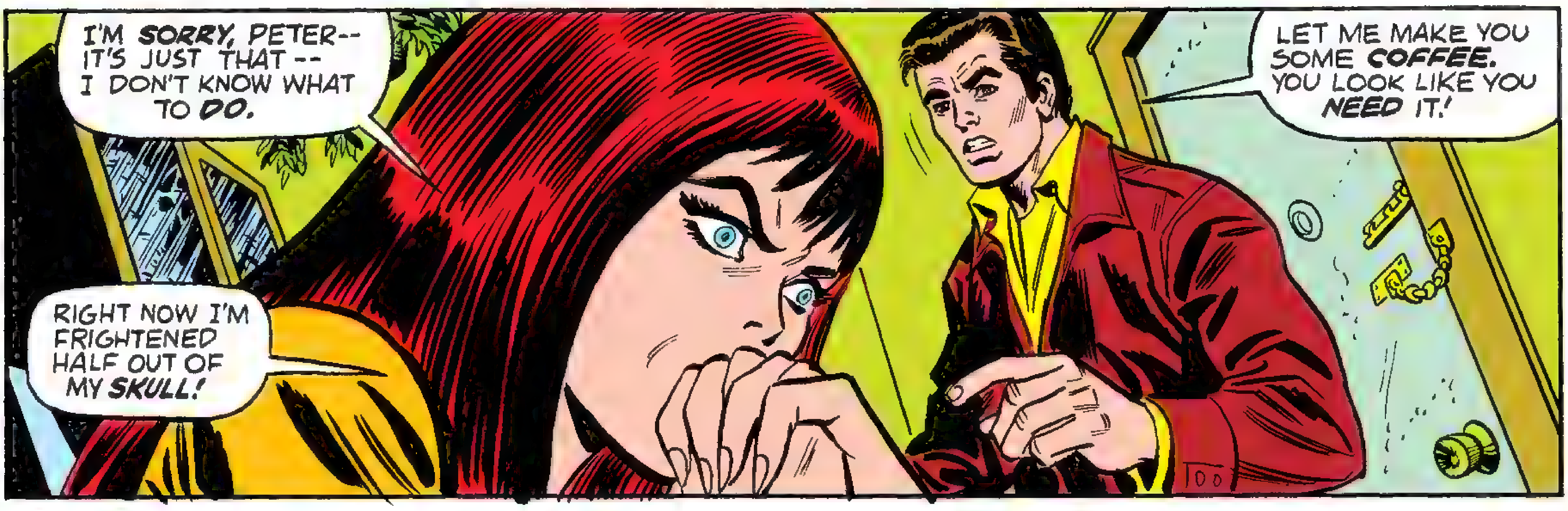

THAT WAY, SHE WON'T BE **ALONE** WITH WHAT SHE'S SEEN --IF **ANYTHING.**
I CAN'T REALLY BE **SURE** SHE WITNESSED THAT GIRL'S KILLING... BUT FROM THE LOOK ON HER **FACE,** AND PETER PARKER'S WORLD-FAMOUS ABILITY TO **READ** PEOPLE...
...I'D SAY IT WAS A FAIR SHOT SHE KNEW WHO **DID** THE KILLING AFTER ALL.

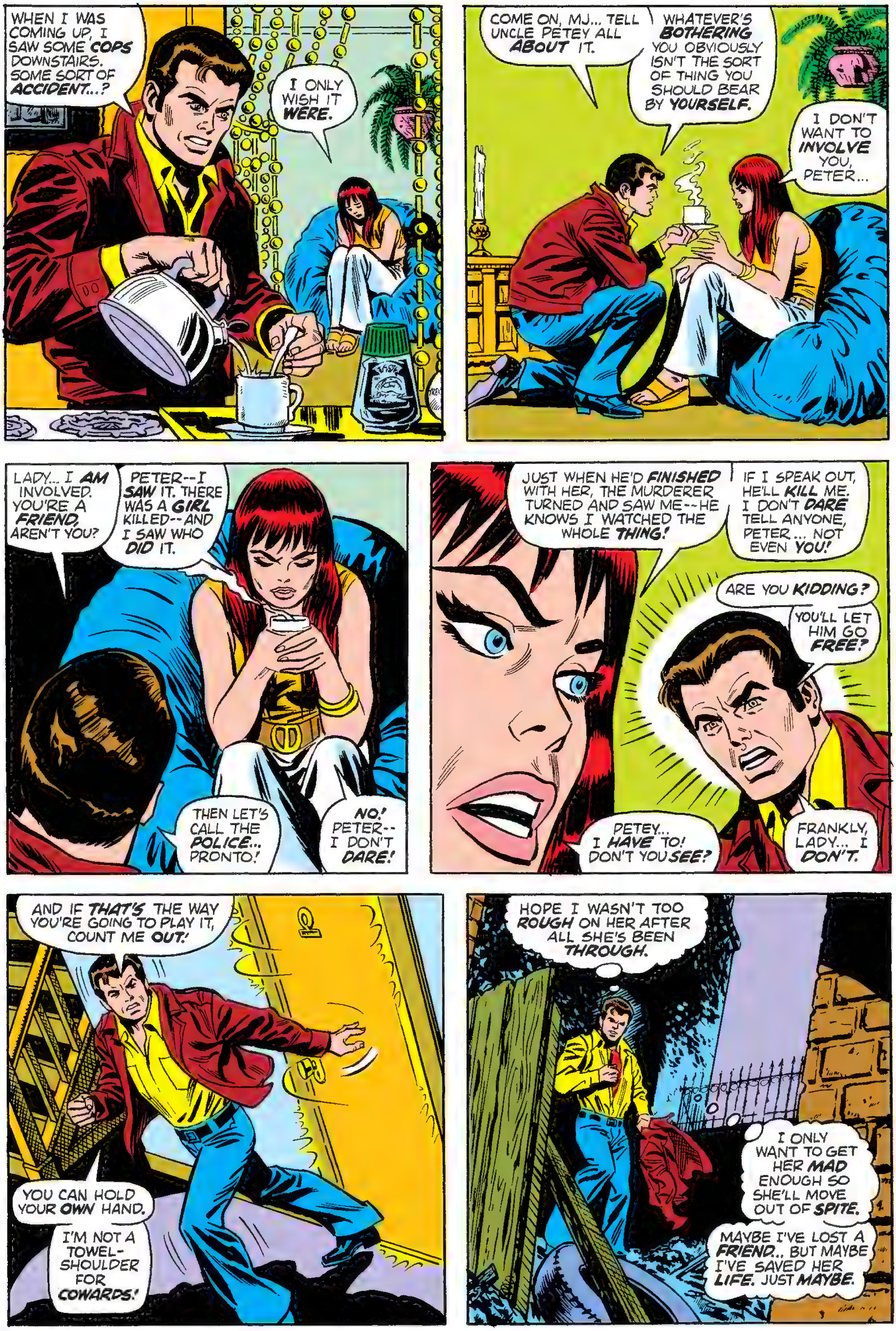

FUNNY. SINCE **GWEN** DIED, MJ'S BEEN LOOKING AFTER **ME.**
NOW IT'S **MY** TURN TO LOOK AFTER **HER--**

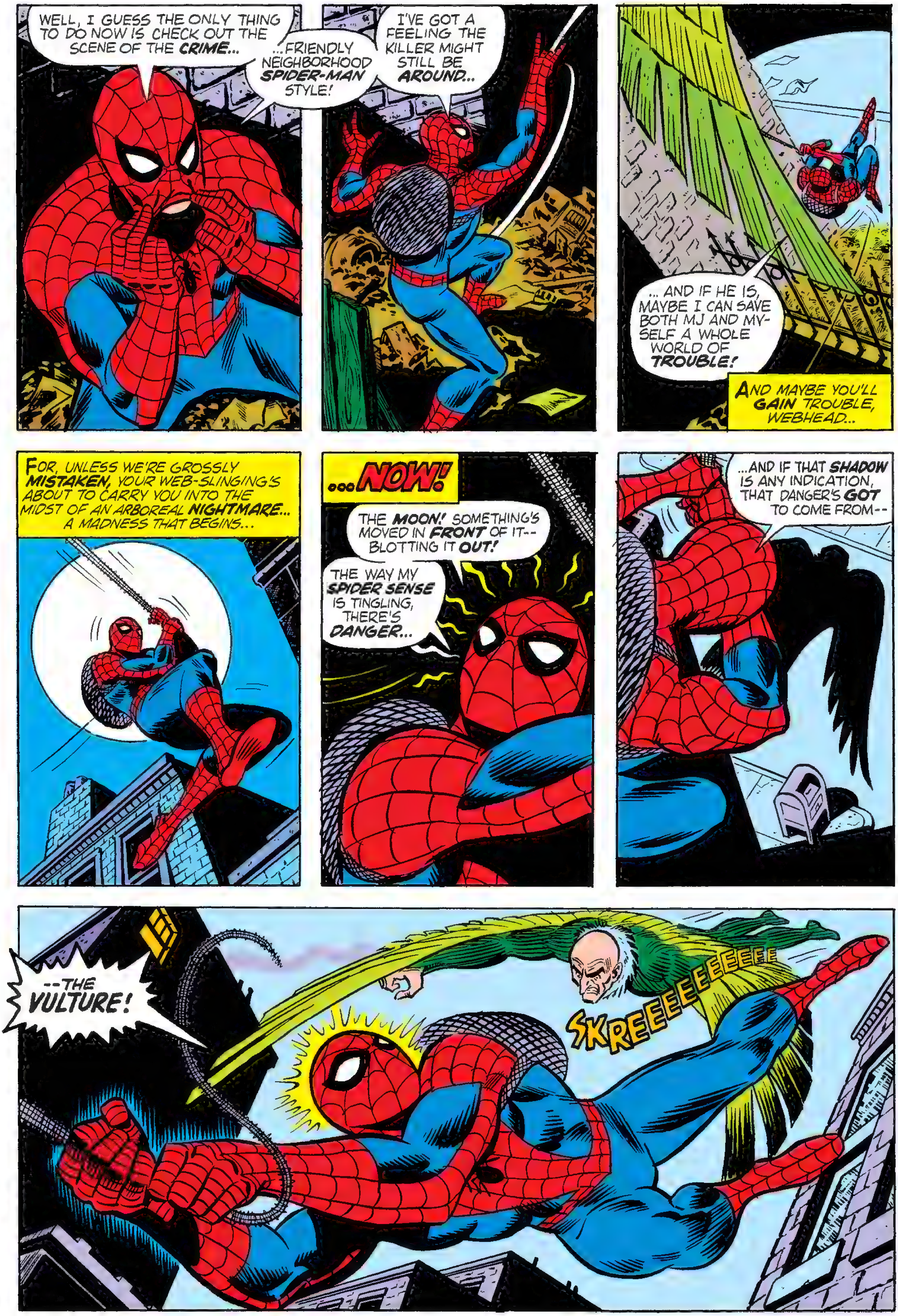

--IF SHE'LL TAKE MY HELP!
WATSON
KNOCK KNOCK

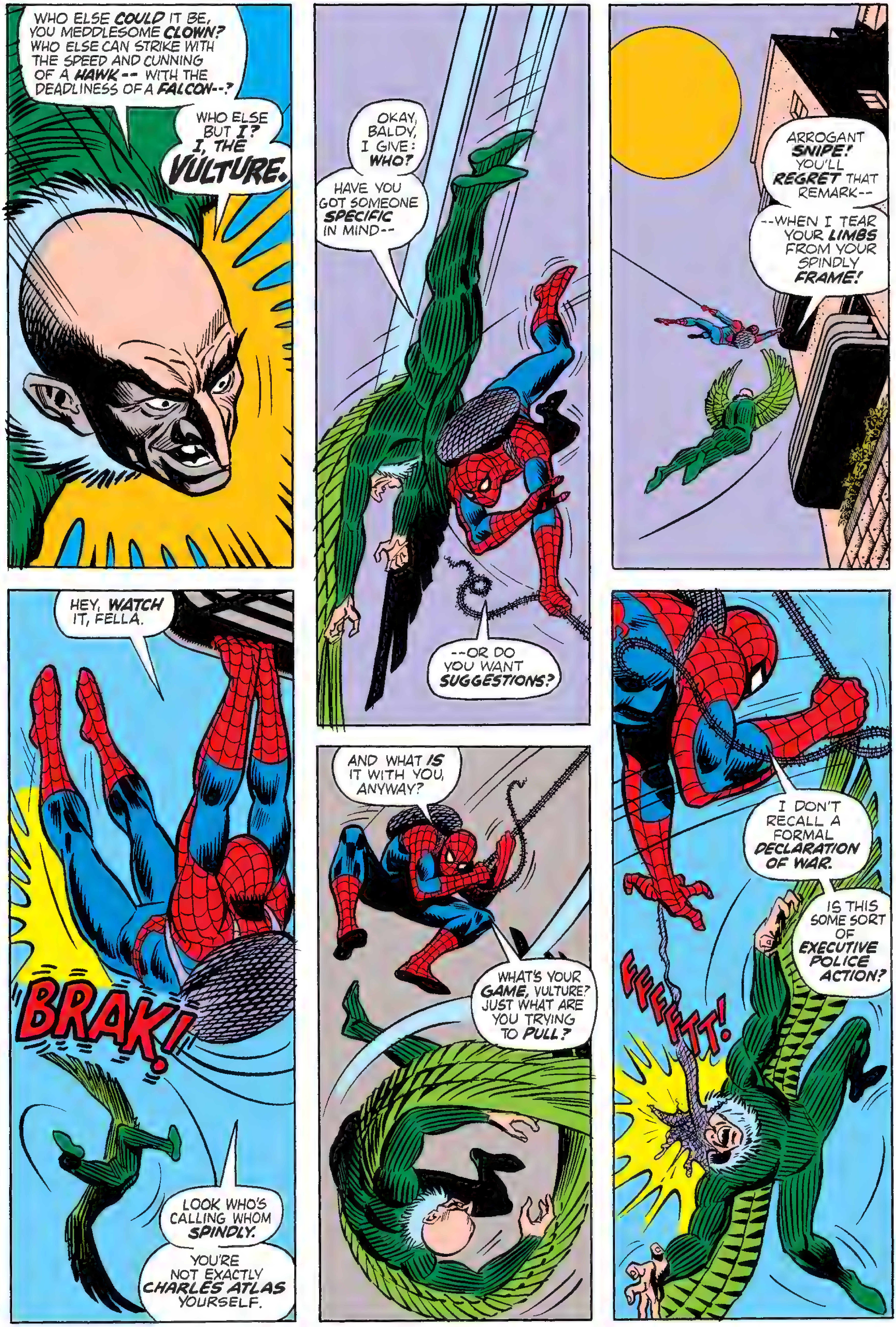

WHO **IS** IT?
I'LL CALL THE **POLICE** IF YOU--
WATSON
IT'S **ME,** MARY JANE. **PETER.**

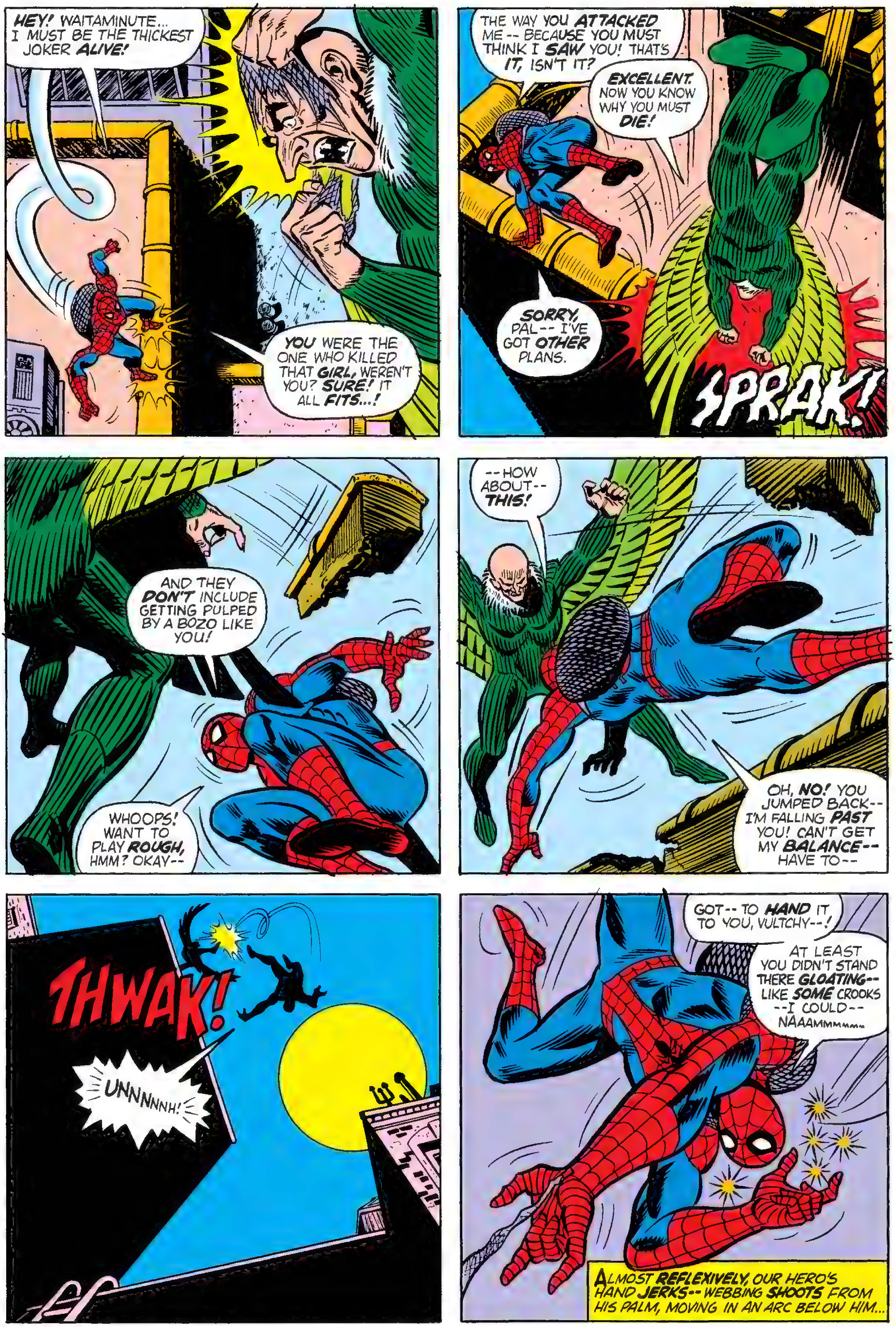

PETEY? WHAT-- WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?
IT'S AFTER **MIDNIGHT--** WHY--?
HEY, TAKE IT **EASY.**
CAN I COME IN, OR **WHAT?**

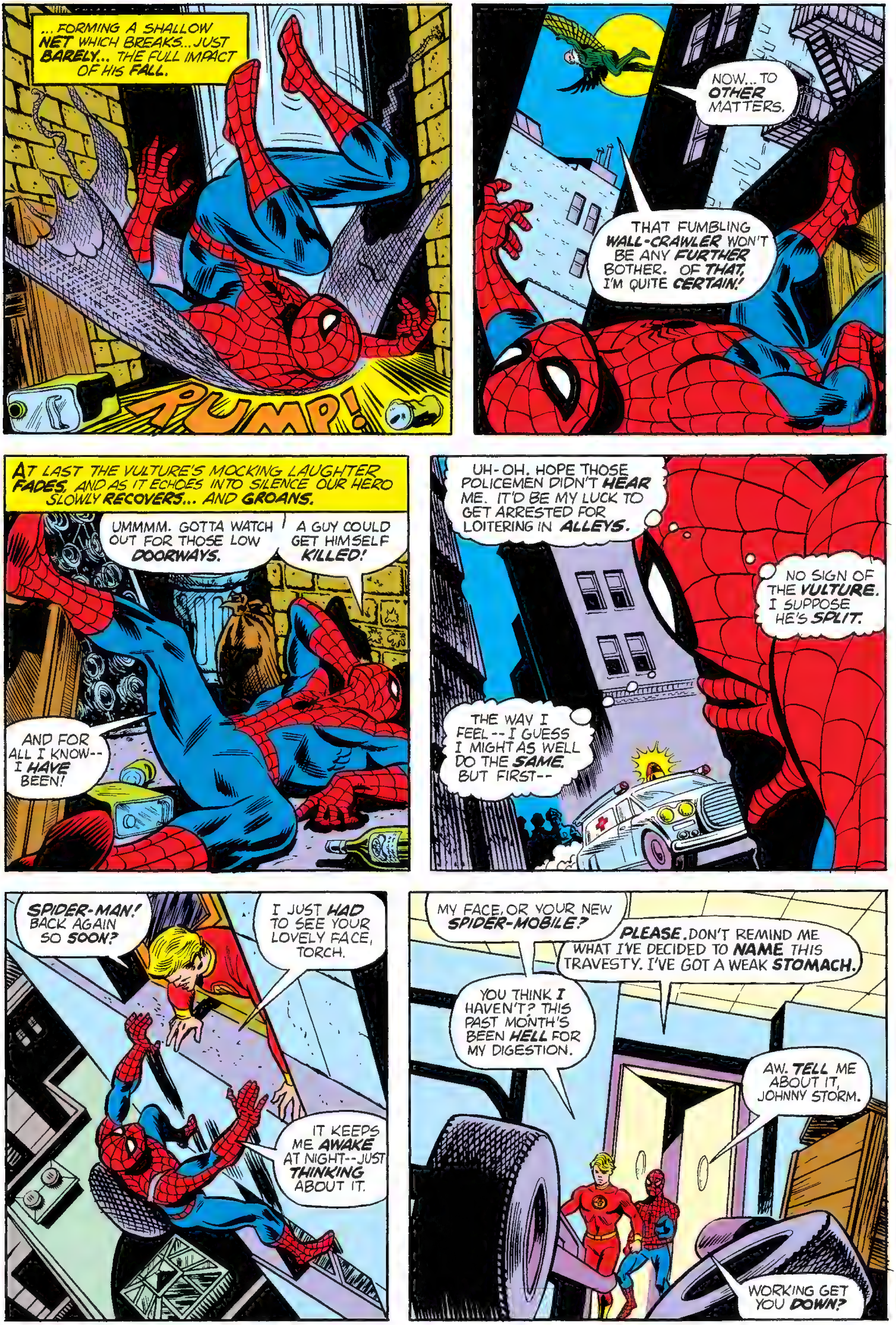

I'M **SORRY,** PETER-- IT'S JUST THAT -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO **DO.**
RIGHT NOW I'M FRIGHTENED HALF OUT OF MY **SKULL!**
LET ME MAKE YOU SOME **COFFEE.** YOU LOOK LIKE YOU **NEED** IT!

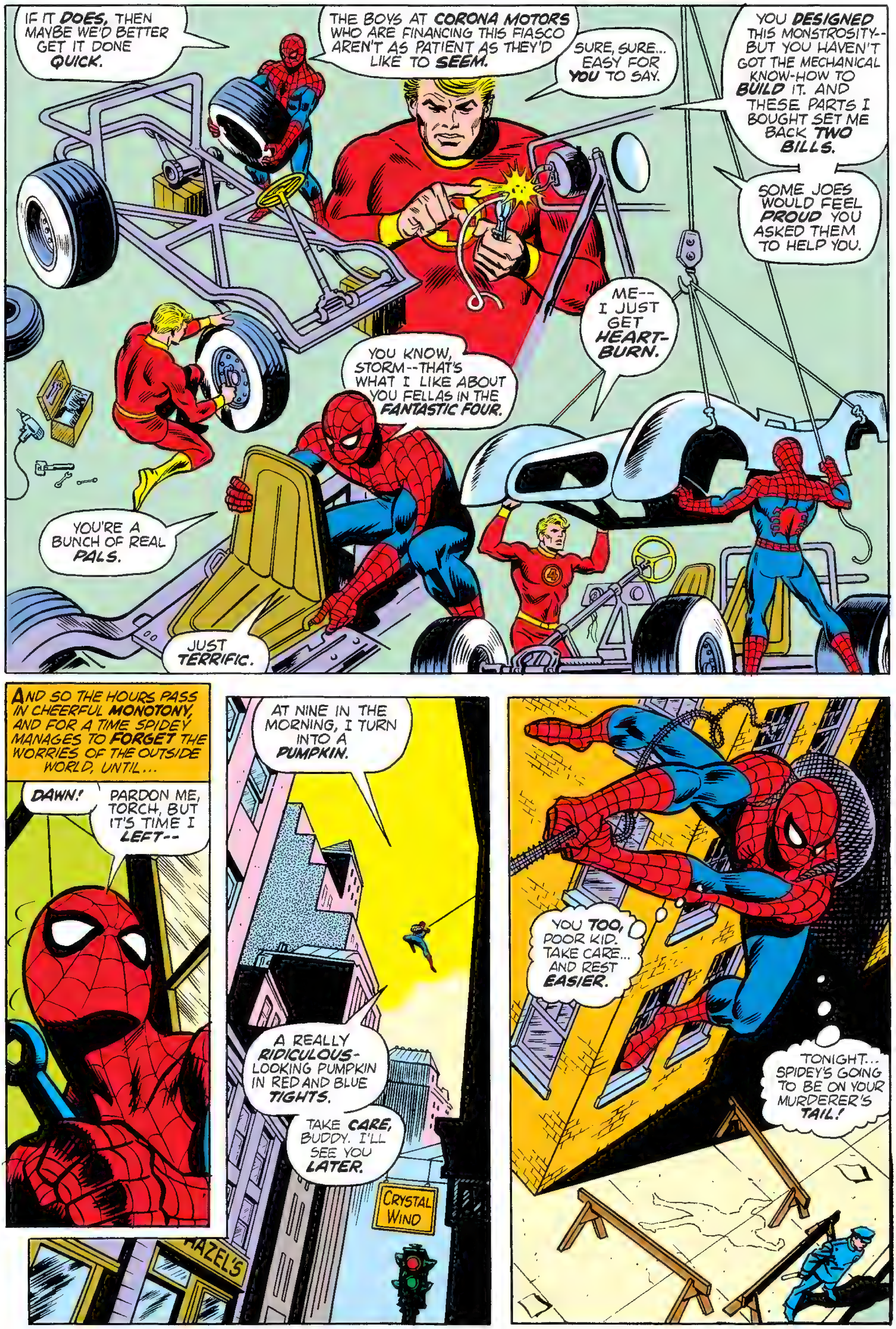

WHEN I WAS COMING UP, I SAW SOME **COPS** DOWNSTAIRS. SOME SORT OF **ACCIDENT...?**
I ONLY WISH IT **WERE.**
COME ON, MJ... TELL UNCLE PETEY ALL **ABOUT** IT.
WHATEVER'S **BOTHERING** YOU OBVIOUSLY ISN'T THE SORT OF THING YOU SHOULD BEAR BY **YOURSELF.**
I DON'T WANT TO **INVOLVE** YOU, PETER...
LADY... I **AM** INVOLVED. YOU'RE A **FRIEND,** AREN'T YOU?
PETER--I **SAW** IT. THERE WAS A **GIRL** KILLED--AND I SAW WHO **DID** IT.
THEN LET'S CALL THE **POLICE...** PRONTO!
NO! PETER--I DON'T **DARE!**
JUST WHEN HE'D **FINISHED** WITH HER, THE MURDERER TURNED AND SAW ME--HE KNOWS I WATCHED THE WHOLE **THING!**
IF I SPEAK OUT, HE'LL **KILL** ME. I DON'T **DARE** TELL ANYONE, PETER... NOT EVEN **YOU!**
ARE YOU **KIDDING?**
YOU'LL LET HIM GO **FREE?**
PETEY... I **HAVE** TO! DON'T YOU **SEE?**
FRANKLY, LADY... I **DON'T.**
AND IF **THAT'S** THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY IT, COUNT ME **OUT!**
YOU CAN HOLD YOUR **OWN** HAND.
I'M NOT A TOWEL-SHOULDER FOR **COWARDS!**
HOPE I WASN'T TOO **ROUGH** ON HER AFTER ALL SHE'S BEEN **THROUGH.**
I ONLY WANT TO GET HER **MAD** ENOUGH SO SHE'LL MOVE OUT OF **SPITE.**
MAYBE I'VE LOST A **FRIEND**... BUT MAYBE I'VE SAVED HER **LIFE.** JUST **MAYBE.**

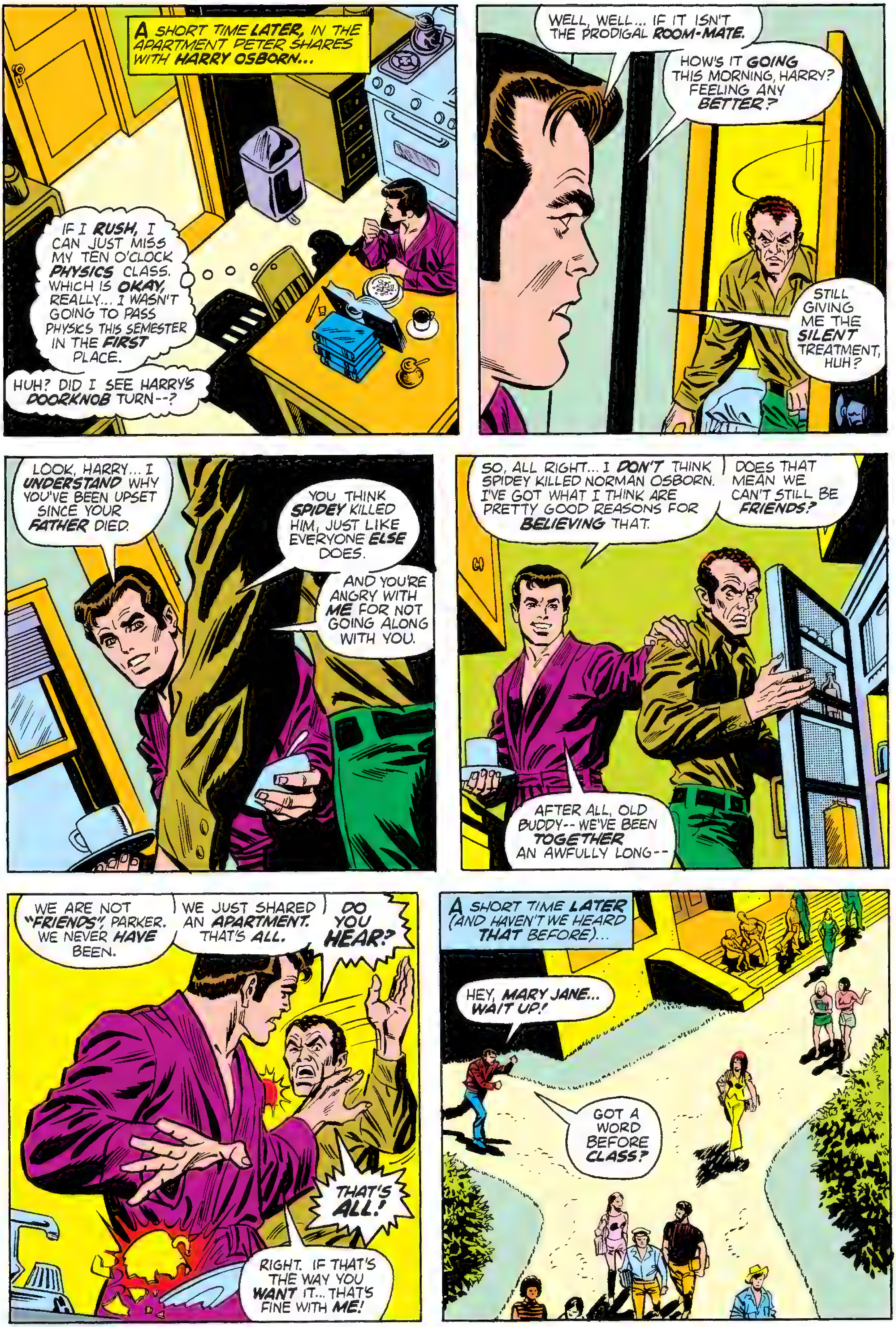

WELL, I GUESS THE ONLY THING TO DO NOW IS CHECK OUT THE SCENE OF THE **CRIME...**
...FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD **SPIDER-MAN** STYLE!
I'VE GOT A FEELING THE KILLER MIGHT STILL BE **AROUND...**
... AND IF HE IS, MAYBE I CAN SAVE BOTH MJ AND MYSELF A WHOLE WORLD OF **TROUBLE!**
AND MAYBE YOU'LL **GAIN** TROUBLE, WEBHEAD...
FOR, UNLESS WE'RE GROSSLY **MISTAKEN,** YOUR WEB-SLINGING'S ABOUT TO CARRY YOU INTO THE MIDST OF AN ARBOREAL **NIGHTMARE...** A MADNESS THAT BEGINS...
...**NOW!**
THE **MOON!** SOMETHING'S MOVED IN **FRONT** OF IT-- BLOTTING IT **OUT!**
THE WAY MY **SPIDER SENSE** IS TINGLING, THERE'S **DANGER...**
...AND IF THAT **SHADOW** IS ANY INDICATION, THAT DANGER'S **GOT** TO COME FROM--
--THE **VULTURE!**
SKREEEEEEEEEEE

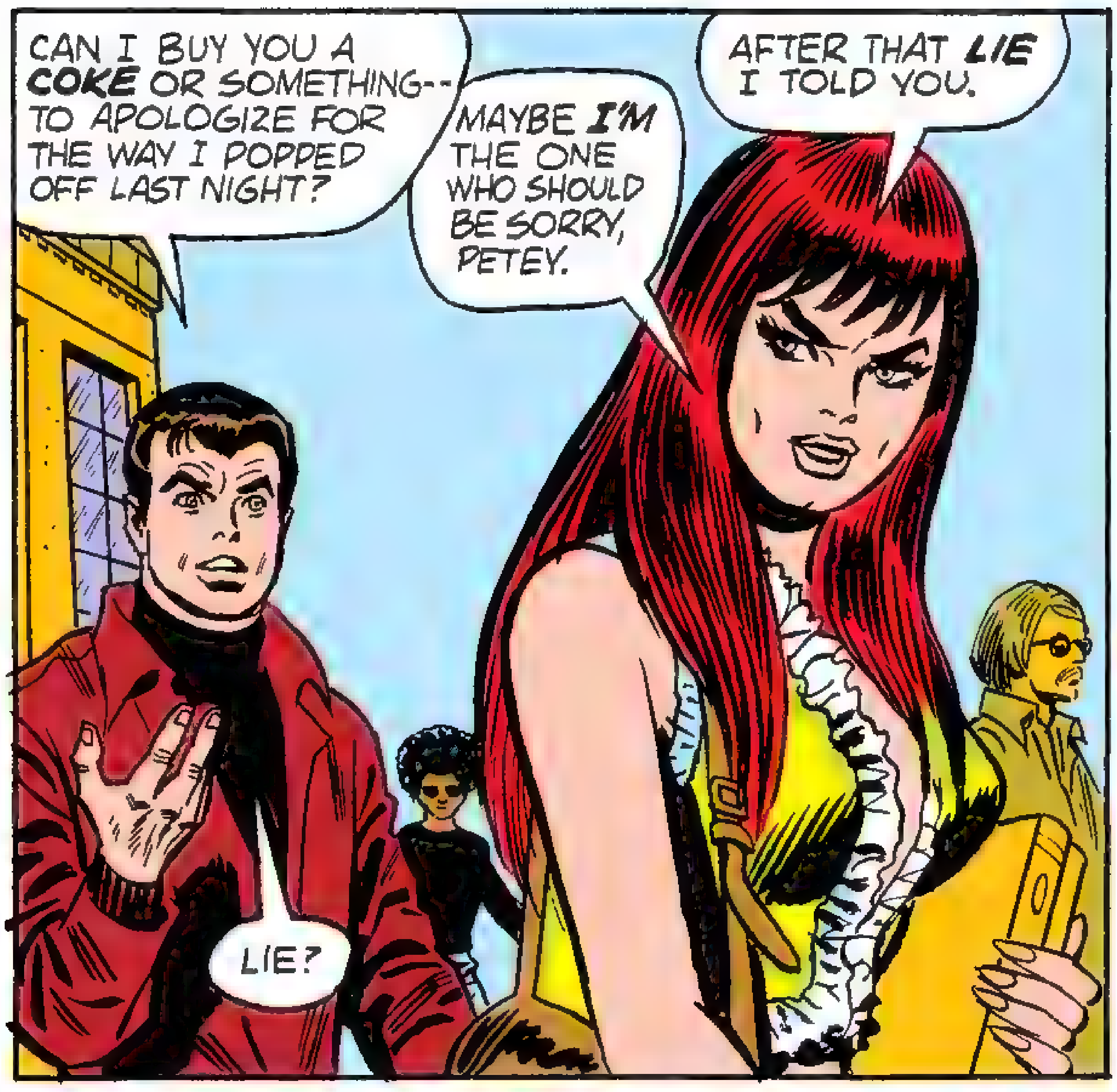

WHO ELSE COULD IT BE, YOU MEDDLESOME CLOWN? WHO ELSE CAN STRIKE WITH THE SPEED AND CUNNING OF A HAWK -- WITH THE DEADLINESS OF A FALCON--?
WHO ELSE BUT I? I, THE VULTURE.
OKAY, BALDY, I GIVE: WHO?
HAVE YOU GOT SOMEONE SPECIFIC IN MIND--
--OR DO YOU WANT SUGGESTIONS?
ARROGANT SNIPE! YOU'LL REGRET THAT REMARK--
--WHEN I TEAR YOUR LIMBS FROM YOUR SPINDLY FRAME!
HEY, WATCH IT, FELLA.
BRAK!
LOOK WHO'S CALLING WHOM SPINDLY.
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY CHARLES ATLAS YOURSELF.
AND WHAT IS IT WITH YOU, ANYWAY?
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, VULTURE? JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL?
I DON'T RECALL A FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR.
IS THIS SOME SORT OF EXECUTIVE POLICE ACTION?
FFFFTT!

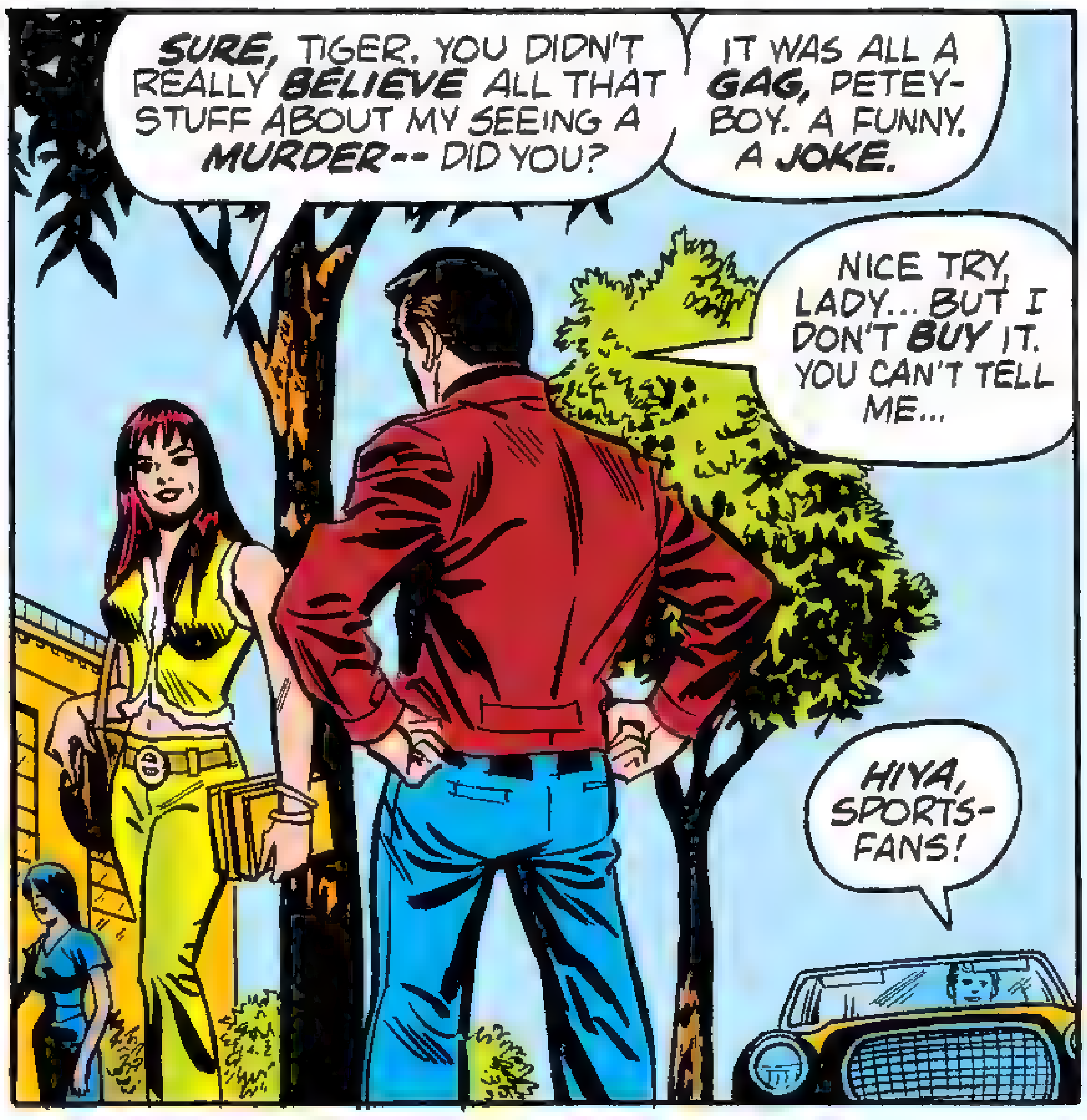

HEY! WAITAMINUTE... I MUST BE THE THICKEST JOKER ALIVE!
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO KILLED THAT GIRL, WEREN'T YOU? SURE! IT ALL FITS...!
THE WAY YOU ATTACKED ME -- BECAUSE YOU MUST THINK I SAW YOU! THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?
EXCELLENT. NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU MUST DIE!
SORRY, PAL -- I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS.
SPRAK!
AND THEY DON'T INCLUDE GETTING PULPED BY A BOZO LIKE YOU!
WHOOPS! WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, HMM? OKAY--
--HOW ABOUT-- THIS!
OH, NO! YOU JUMPED BACK-- I'M FALLING PAST YOU! CAN'T GET MY BALANCE-- HAVE TO--
THWAK!
UNNNNNH!
GOT-- TO HAND IT TO YOU, VULTCHY--!
AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T STAND THERE GLOATING-- LIKE SOME CROOKS --I COULD-- NAAAMMmmmm...
ALMOST REFLEXIVELY, OUR HERO'S HAND JERKS-- WEBBING SHOOTS FROM HIS PALM, MOVING IN AN ARC BELOW HIM...

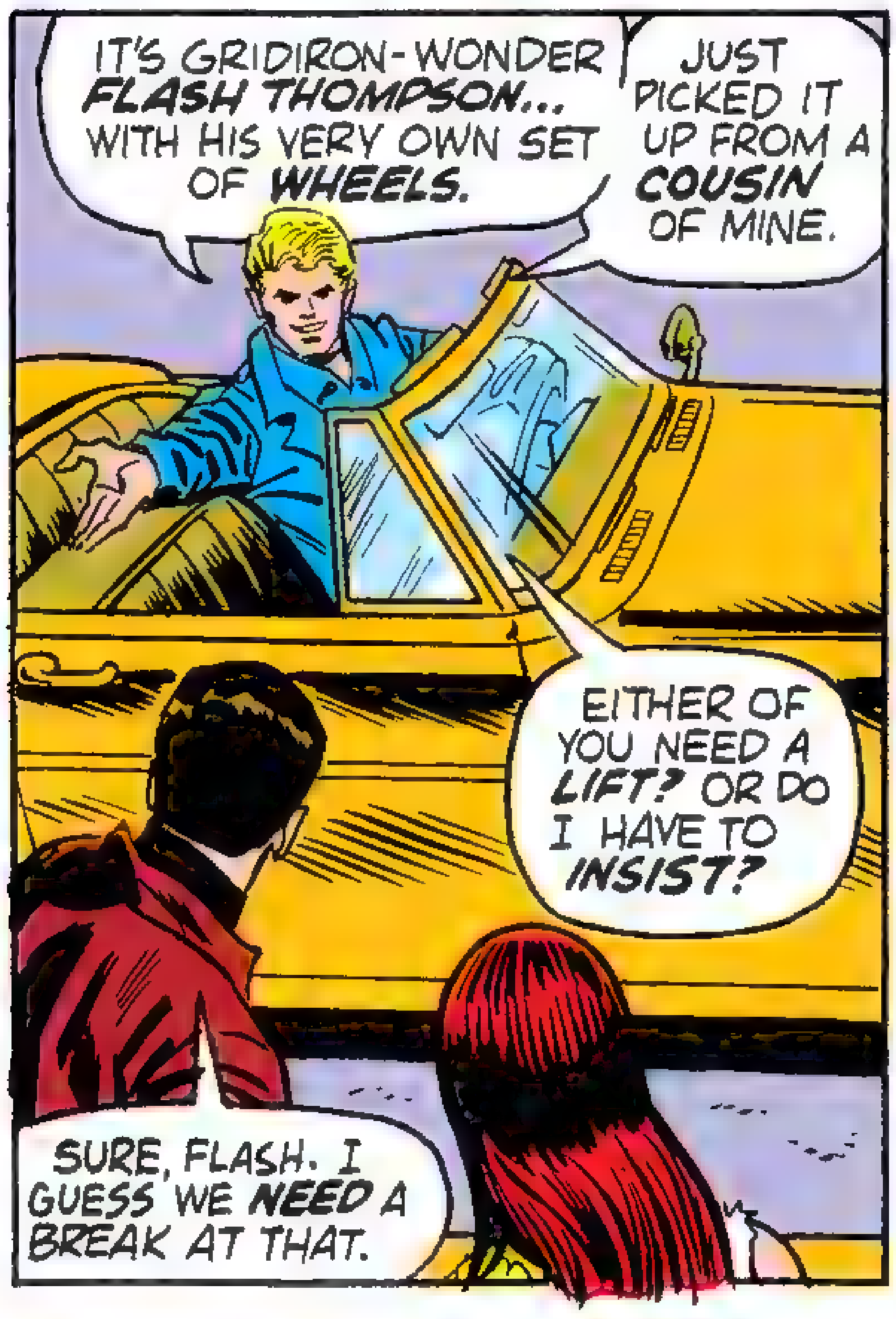

...FORMING A SHALLOW NET WHICH BREAKS...JUST BARELY... THE FULL IMPACT OF HIS FALL.
RUMP!
NOW... TO OTHER MATTERS.
THAT FUMBLING WALL-CRAWLER WON'T BE ANY FURTHER BOTHER. OF THAT, I'M QUITE CERTAIN!
AT LAST THE VULTURE'S MOCKING LAUGHTER FADES, AND AS IT ECHOES INTO SILENCE OUR HERO SLOWLY RECOVERS... AND GROANS.
UMMMM. GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR THOSE LOW DOORWAYS.
A GUY COULD GET HIMSELF KILLED!
AND FOR ALL I KNOW-- I HAVE BEEN!
UH-OH. HOPE THOSE POLICEMEN DIDN'T HEAR ME. IT'D BE MY LUCK TO GET ARRESTED FOR LOITERING IN ALLEYS.
NO SIGN OF THE VULTURE. I SUPPOSE HE'S SPLIT.
THE WAY I FEEL -- I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL DO THE SAME. BUT FIRST--
SPIDER-MAN! BACK AGAIN SO SOON?
I JUST HAD TO SEE YOUR LOVELY FACE, TORCH.
IT KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT--JUST THINKING ABOUT IT.
MY FACE, OR YOUR NEW SPIDER-MOBILE?
PLEASE. DON'T REMIND ME WHAT I'VE DECIDED TO NAME THIS TRAVESTY. I'VE GOT A WEAK STOMACH.
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T? THIS PAST MONTH'S BEEN HELL FOR MY DIGESTION.
AW. TELL ME ABOUT IT, JOHNNY STORM.
WORKING GET YOU DOWN?

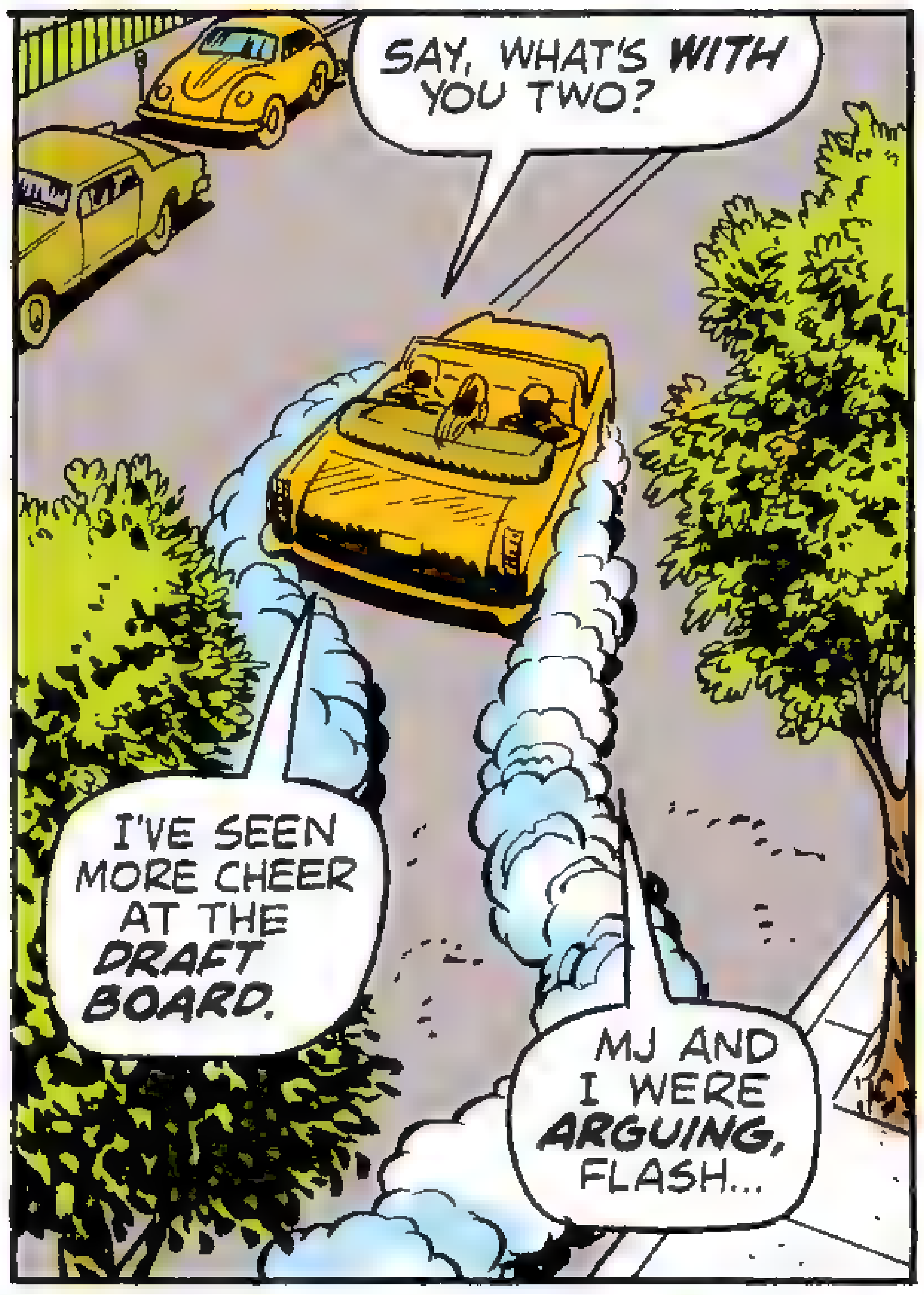

IF IT **DOES**, THEN MAYBE WE'D BETTER GET IT DONE **QUICK**.
THE BOYS AT **CORONA MOTORS** WHO ARE FINANCING THIS FIASCO AREN'T AS PATIENT AS THEY'D LIKE TO **SEEM**.
SURE, SURE... EASY FOR **YOU** TO SAY.
YOU **DESIGNED** THIS MONSTROSITY--BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MECHANICAL KNOW-HOW TO **BUILD** IT. AND THESE PARTS I BOUGHT SET ME BACK **TWO BILLS**.
YOU KNOW, STORM--THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU FELLAS IN THE **FANTASTIC FOUR**.
SOME JOES WOULD FEEL **PROUD** YOU ASKED THEM TO HELP YOU.
ME-- I JUST GET **HEART-BURN**.
YOU'RE A BUNCH OF REAL **PALS**.
JUST **TERRIFIC**.
AND SO THE HOURS PASS IN CHEERFUL **MONOTONY**, AND FOR A TIME SPIDEY MANAGES TO **FORGET** THE WORRIES OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD, UNTIL...
DAWN!
PARDON ME, TORCH, BUT IT'S TIME I **LEFT**--
AT NINE IN THE MORNING, I TURN INTO A **PUMPKIN**.
A REALLY **RIDICULOUS**-LOOKING PUMPKIN IN RED AND BLUE **TIGHTS**.
TAKE **CARE**, BUDDY. I'LL SEE YOU **LATER**.
HAZEL'S
CRYSTAL WIND
YOU **TOO**, POOR KID. TAKE CARE... AND REST **EASIER**.
TONIGHT... SPIDEY'S GOING TO BE ON YOUR MURDERER'S **TAIL!**

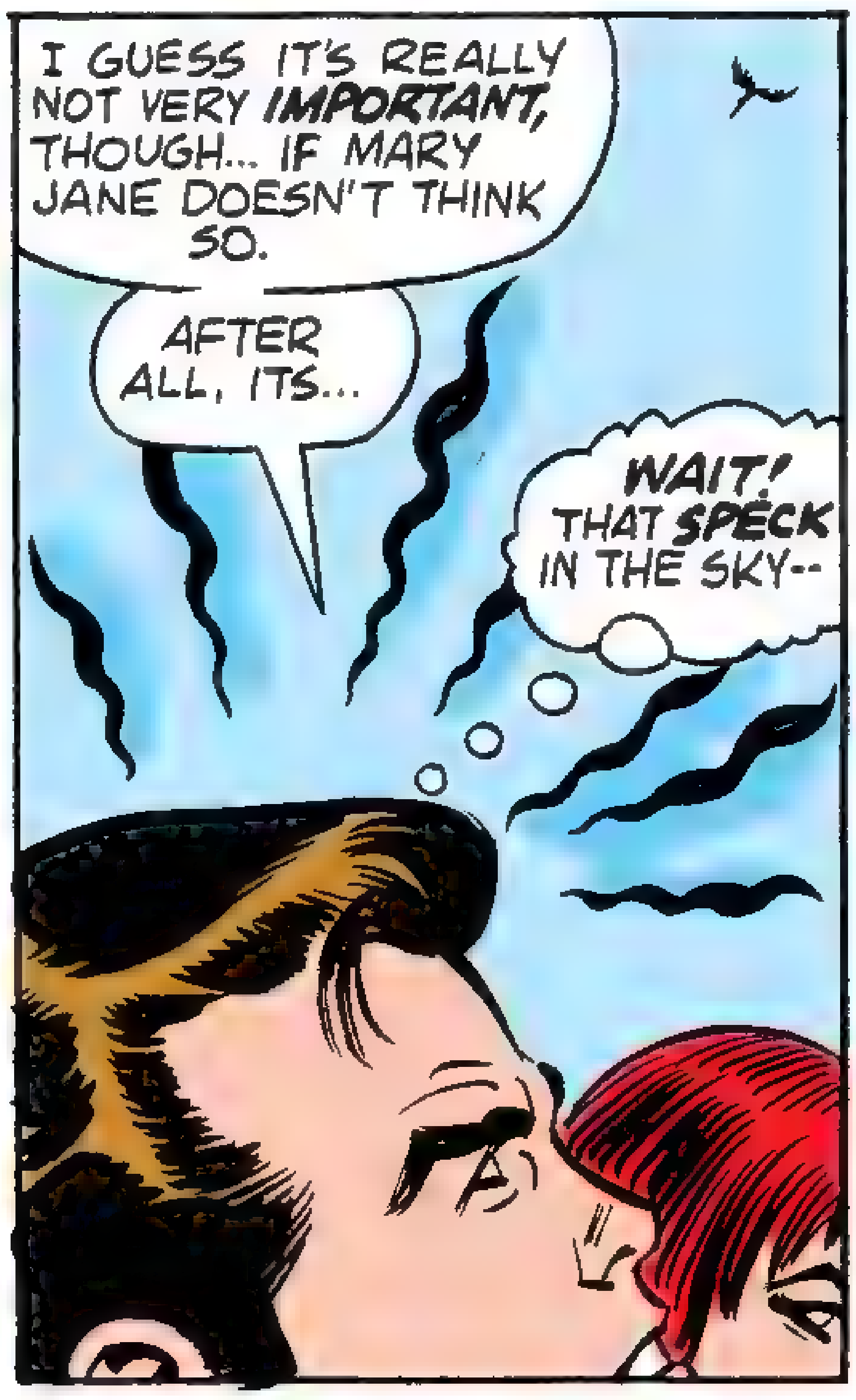

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE APARTMENT PETER SHARES WITH HARRY OSBORN...
IF I RUSH, I CAN JUST MISS MY TEN O'CLOCK PHYSICS CLASS. WHICH IS OKAY, REALLY... I WASN'T GOING TO PASS PHYSICS THIS SEMESTER IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HUH? DID I SEE HARRY'S DOORKNOB TURN--?
WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T THE PRODIGAL ROOM-MATE.
HOW'S IT GOING THIS MORNING, HARRY? FEELING ANY BETTER?
STILL GIVING ME THE SILENT TREATMENT, HUH?
LOOK, HARRY... I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'VE BEEN UPSET SINCE YOUR FATHER DIED.
YOU THINK SPIDEY KILLED HIM, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE DOES.
AND YOU'RE ANGRY WITH ME FOR NOT GOING ALONG WITH YOU.
SO, ALL RIGHT... I DON'T THINK SPIDEY KILLED NORMAN OSBORN. I'VE GOT WHAT I THINK ARE PRETTY GOOD REASONS FOR BELIEVING THAT.
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN'T STILL BE FRIENDS?
AFTER ALL, OLD BUDDY-- WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER AN AWFULLY LONG--
WE ARE NOT "FRIENDS", PARKER. WE NEVER HAVE BEEN.
WE JUST SHARED AN APARTMENT. THAT'S ALL.
DO YOU HEAR?
THAT'S ALL!
RIGHT. IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT... THAT'S FINE WITH ME!
A SHORT TIME LATER (AND HAVEN'T WE HEARD THAT BEFORE)...
HEY, MARY JANE... WAIT UP!
GOT A WORD BEFORE CLASS?

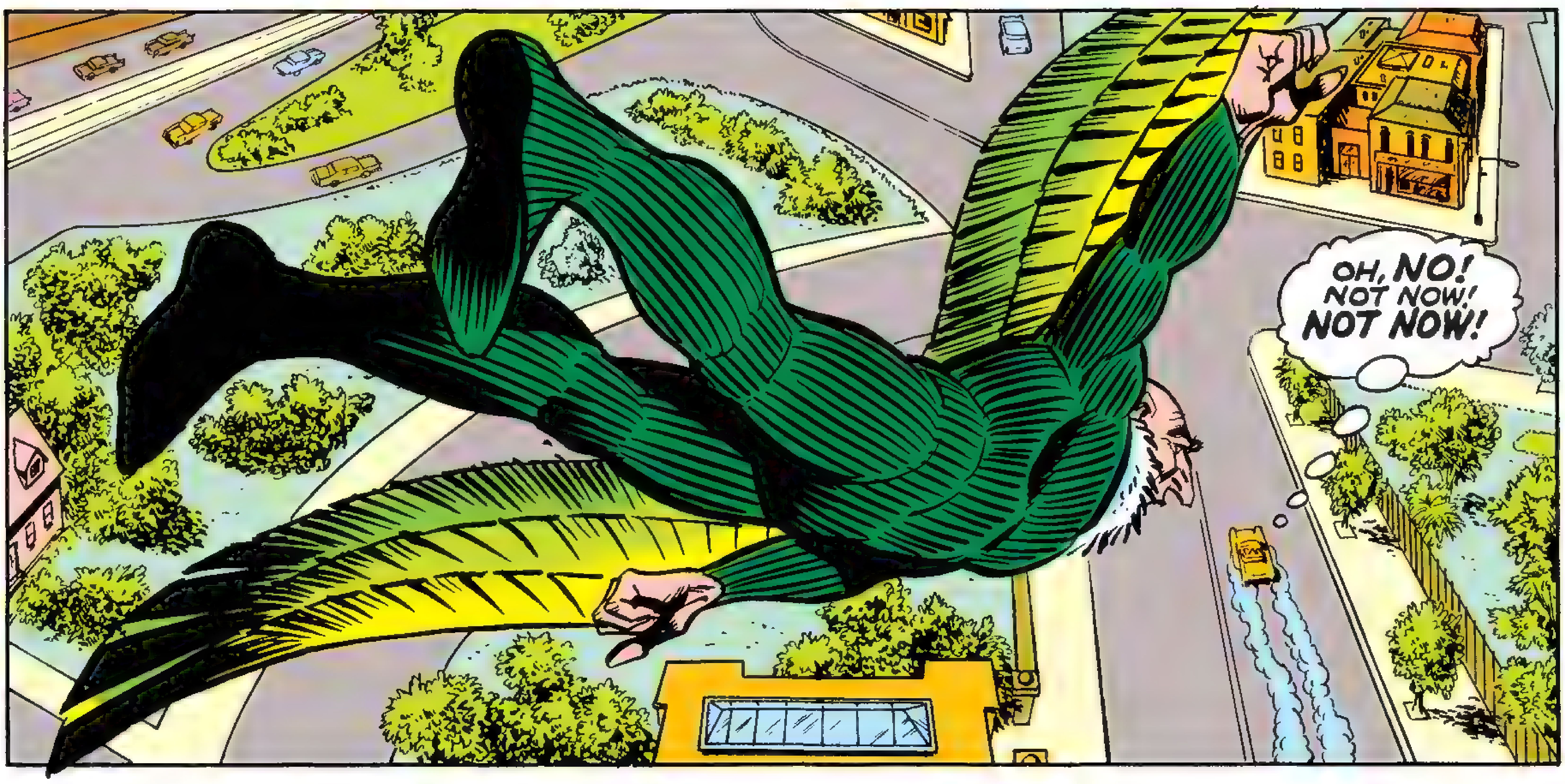

CAN I BUY YOU A **COKE** OR SOMETHING-- TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I POPPED OFF LAST NIGHT?
MAYBE **I'M** THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE SORRY, PETEY.
AFTER THAT **LIE** I TOLD YOU.
LIE?

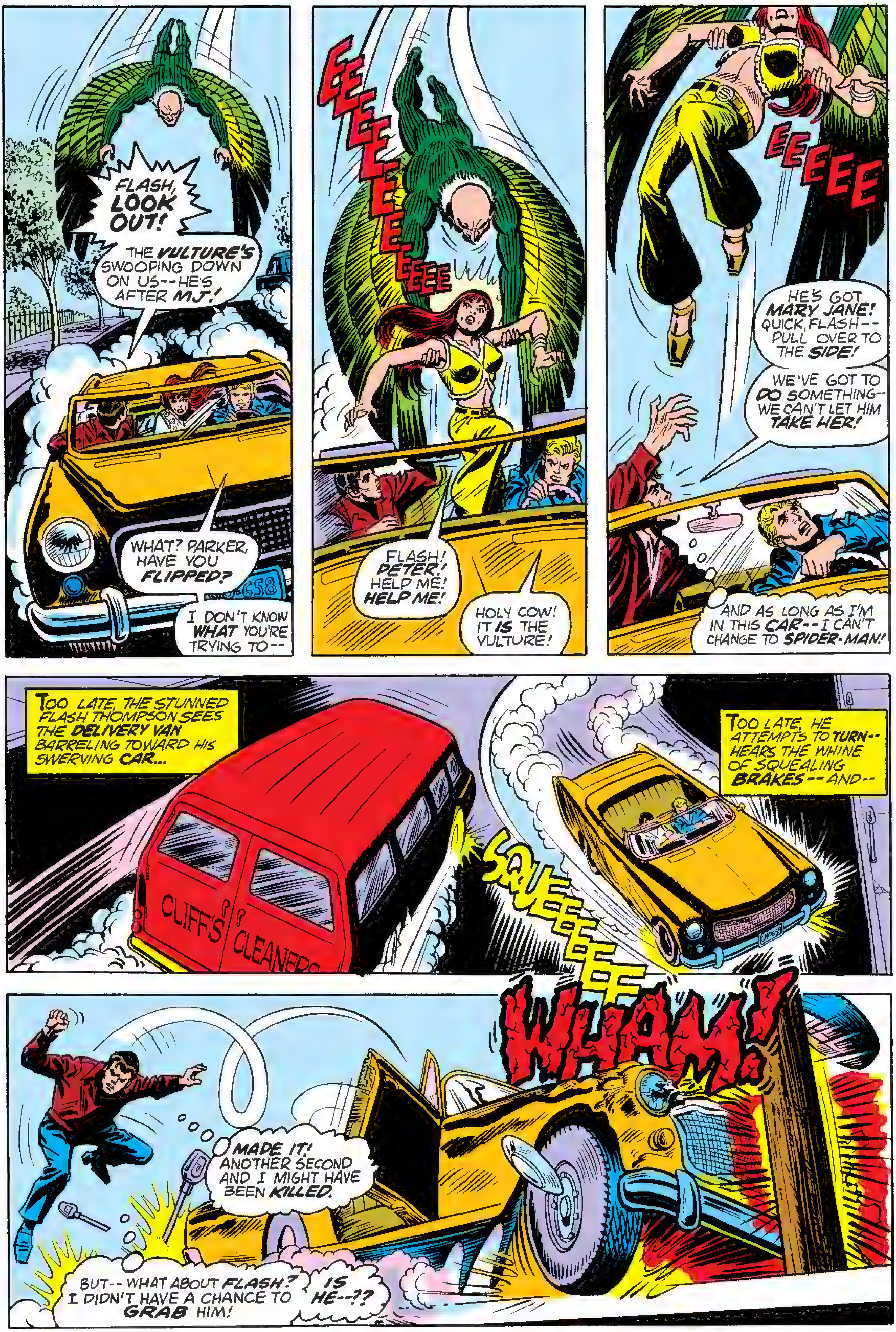

SURE, TIGER. YOU DIDN'T REALLY **BELIEVE** ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT MY SEEING A **MURDER**-- DID YOU?
IT WAS ALL A **GAG**, PETEY-BOY. A FUNNY. A **JOKE**.
NICE TRY, LADY... BUT I DON'T **BUY** IT. YOU CAN'T TELL ME...
HIYA, SPORTS-FANS!

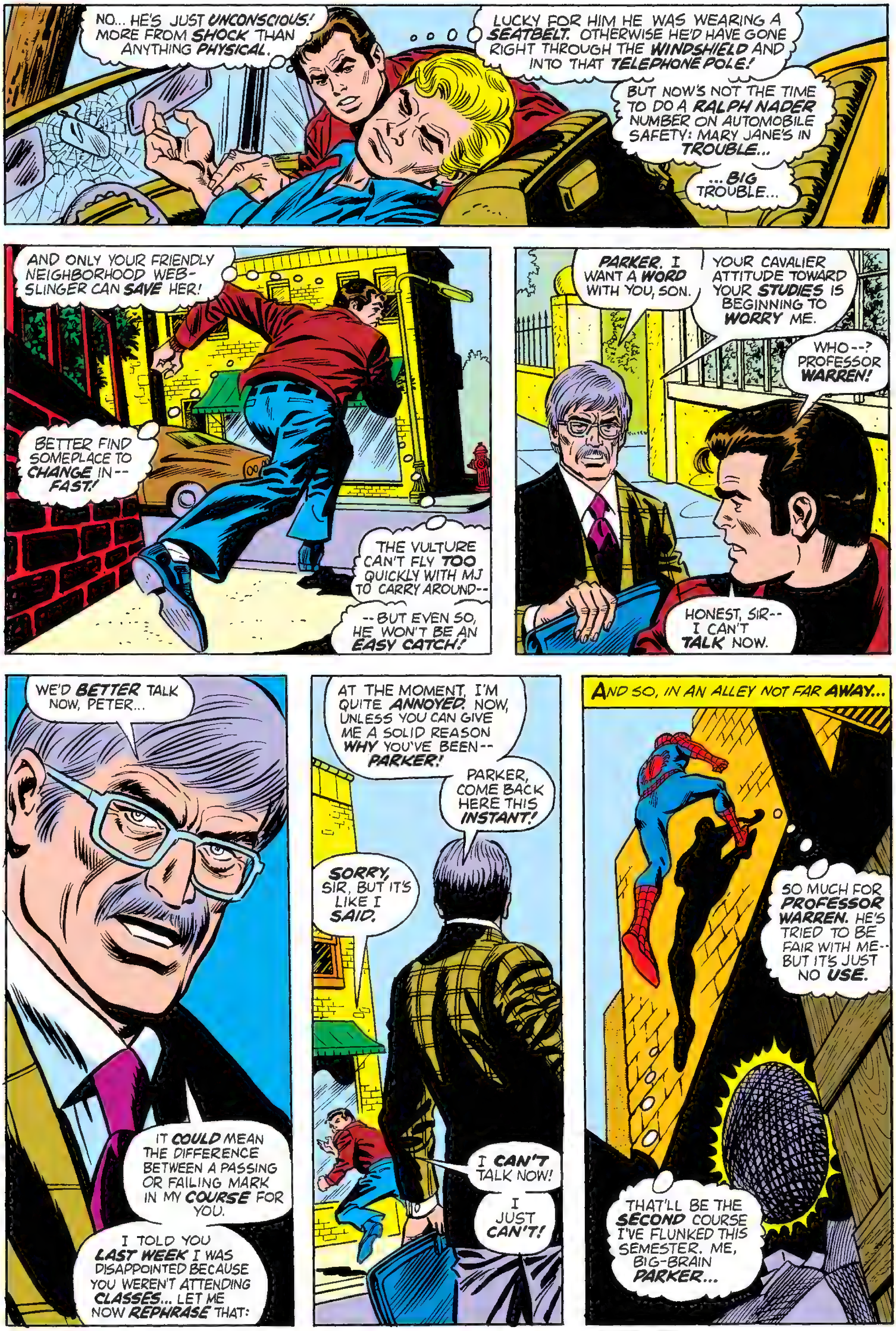

IT'S GRIDIRON-WONDER **FLASH THOMPSON...** WITH HIS VERY OWN SET OF **WHEELS**.
JUST PICKED IT UP FROM A **COUSIN** OF MINE.
EITHER OF YOU NEED A **LIFT?** OR DO I HAVE TO **INSIST?**
SURE, FLASH. I GUESS WE **NEED** A BREAK AT THAT.

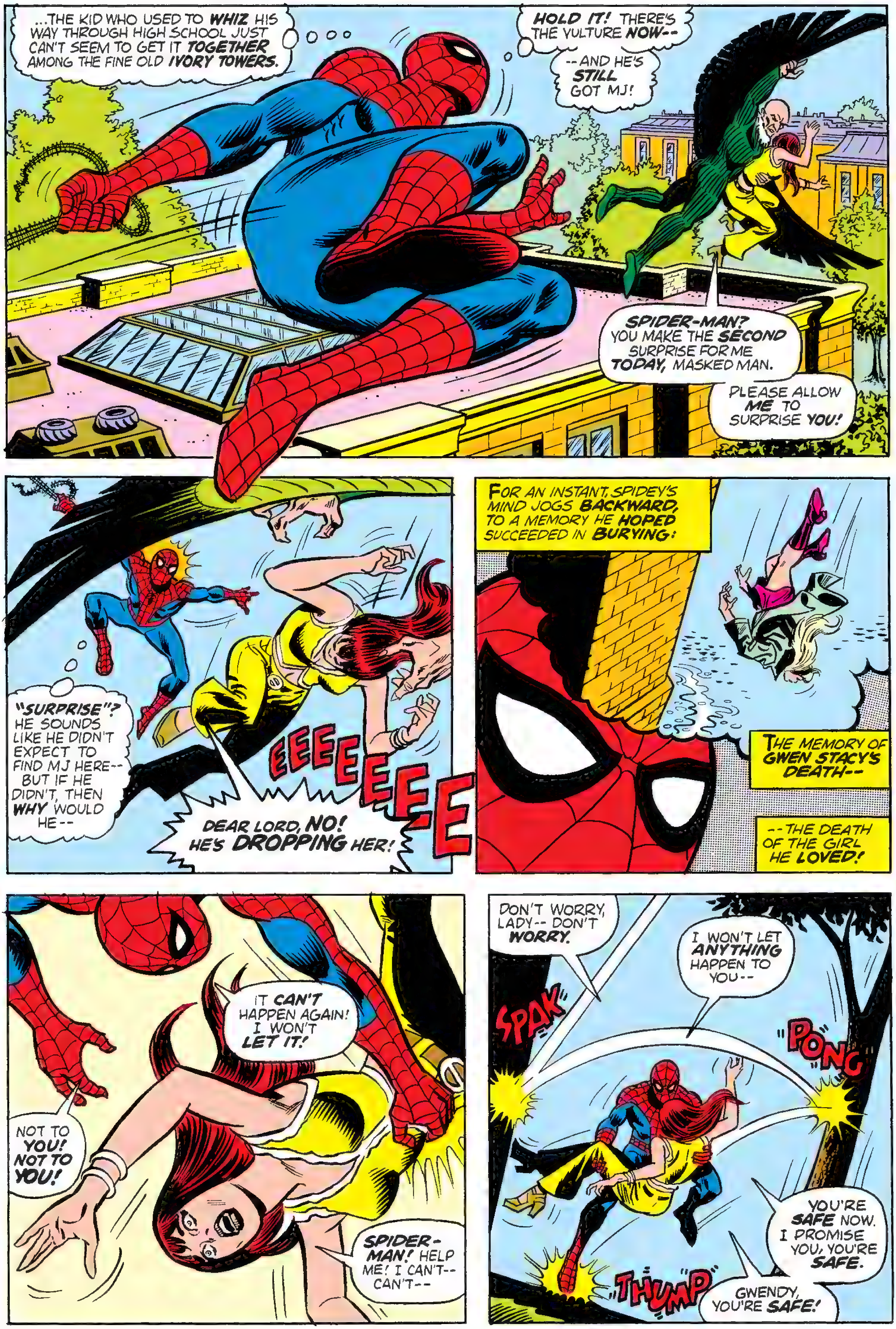

SAY, WHAT'S **WITH** YOU TWO?
I'VE SEEN MORE CHEER AT THE **DRAFT BOARD**.
MJ AND I WERE **ARGUING**, FLASH...

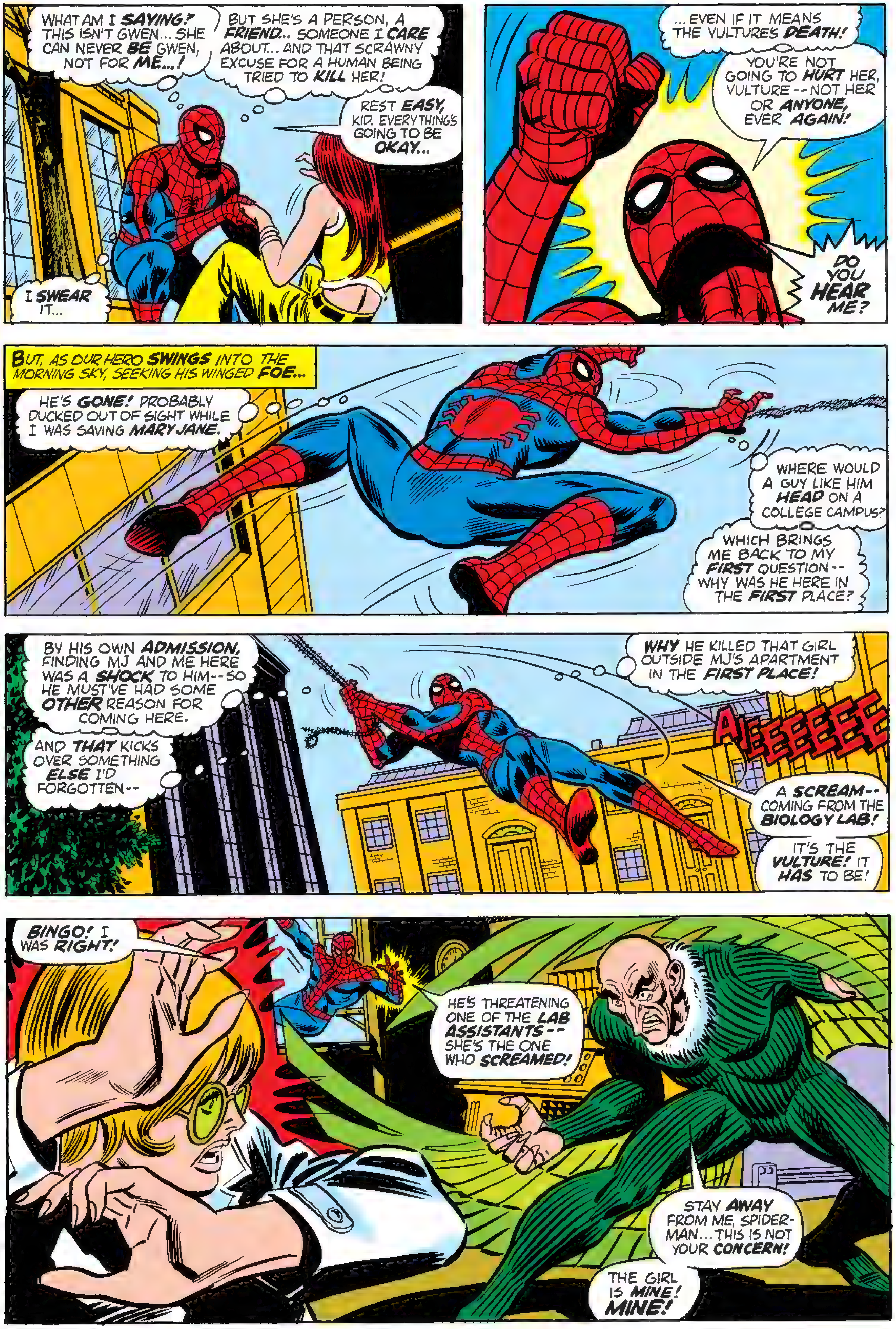

I GUESS IT'S REALLY NOT VERY **IMPORTANT**, THOUGH... IF MARY JANE DOESN'T THINK SO.
AFTER ALL, ITS...
WAIT! THAT **SPECK** IN THE SKY--

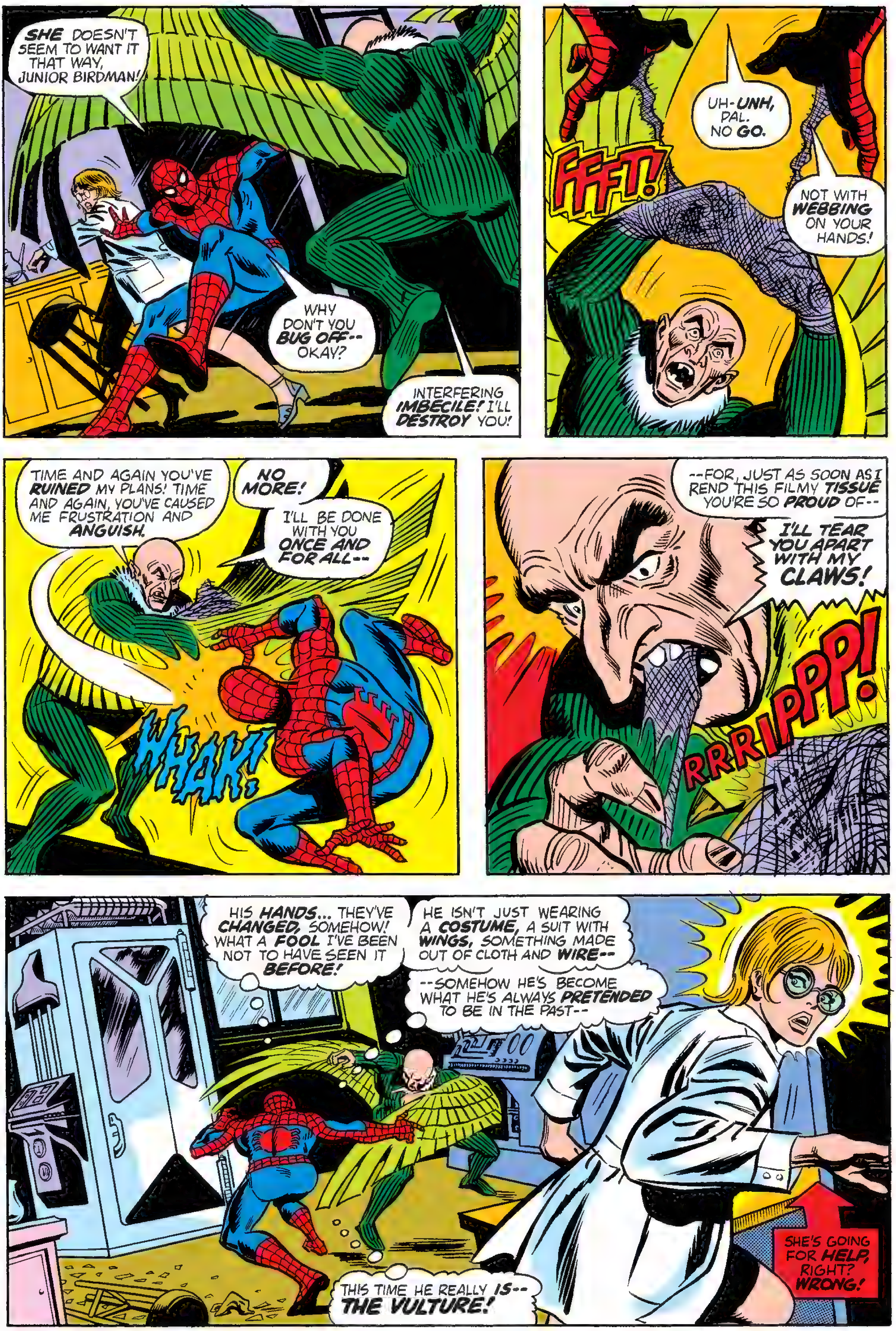

OH, **NO!** NOT NOW! **NOT NOW!**

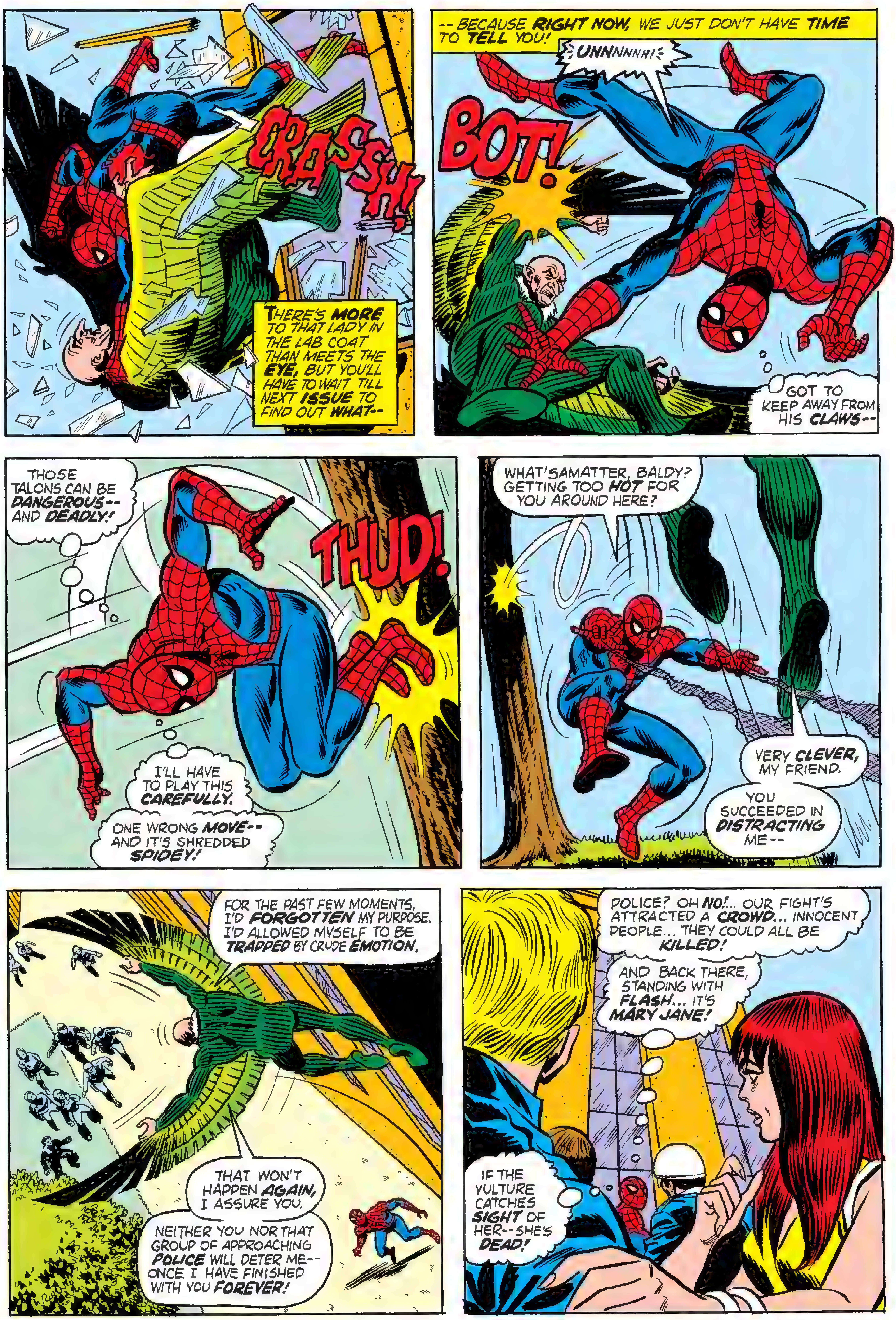

FLASH, LOOK OUT!
THE VULTURE'S SWOOPING DOWN ON US--HE'S AFTER MJ.!
WHAT? PARKER, HAVE YOU FLIPPED?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO--
EEEEEEEEEEEE
FLASH! PETER! HELP ME! HELP ME!
HOLY COW! IT IS THE VULTURE!
EEEEE
HE'S GOT MARY JANE! QUICK, FLASH--PULL OVER TO THE SIDE!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING--WE CAN'T LET HIM TAKE HER!
AND AS LONG AS I'M IN THIS CAR--I CAN'T CHANGE TO SPIDER-MAN!
TOO LATE, THE STUNNED FLASH THOMPSON SEES THE DELIVERY VAN BARRELING TOWARD HIS SWERVING CAR...
TOO LATE, HE ATTEMPTS TO TURN--HEARS THE WHINE OF SQUEALING BRAKES--AND--
CLIFF'S CLEANERS
SQUEEEEEEE
WHAM!
MADE IT! ANOTHER SECOND AND I MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED.
BUT--WHAT ABOUT FLASH? I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GRAB HIM!
IS HE--??

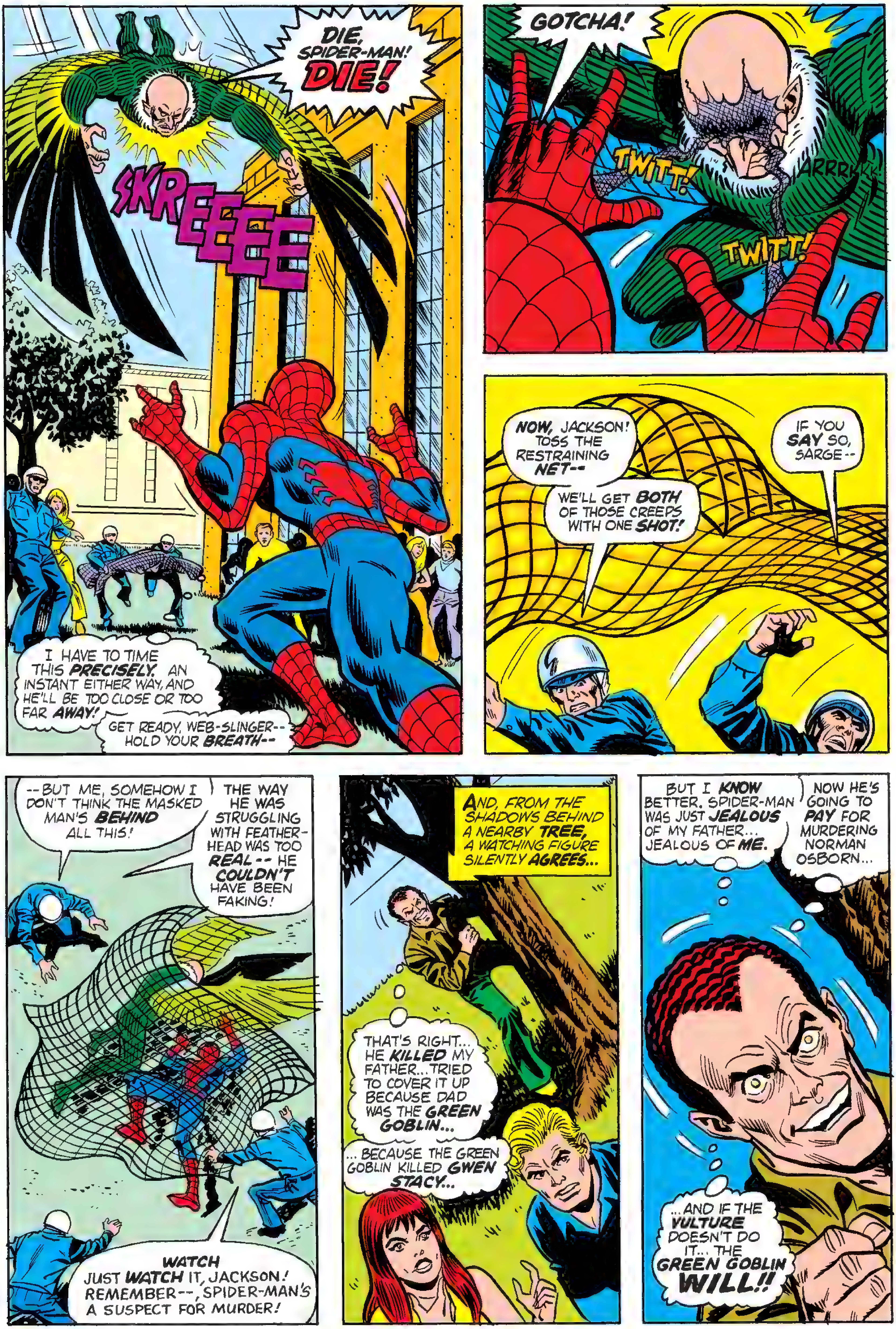

NO... HE'S JUST UNCONSCIOUS! MORE FROM SHOCK THAN ANYTHING PHYSICAL.
LUCKY FOR HIM HE WAS WEARING A SEATBELT. OTHERWISE HE'D HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AND INTO THAT TELEPHONE POLE!
BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO DO A RALPH NADER NUMBER ON AUTOMOBILE SAFETY: MARY JANE'S IN TROUBLE...
...BIG TROUBLE...
AND ONLY YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB-SLINGER CAN SAVE HER!
BETTER FIND SOMEPLACE TO CHANGE IN--FAST!
THE VULTURE CAN'T FLY TOO QUICKLY WITH MJ TO CARRY AROUND--
--BUT EVEN SO, HE WON'T BE AN EASY CATCH!
PARKER. I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, SON.
YOUR CAVALIER ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUR STUDIES IS BEGINNING TO WORRY ME.
WHO--? PROFESSOR WARREN!
HONEST, SIR--I CAN'T TALK NOW.
WE'D BETTER TALK NOW, PETER...
IT COULD MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PASSING OR FAILING MARK IN MY COURSE FOR YOU.
I TOLD YOU LAST WEEK I WAS DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T ATTENDING CLASSES... LET ME NOW REPHRASE THAT:
AT THE MOMENT, I'M QUITE ANNOYED. NOW, UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE ME A SOLID REASON WHY YOU'VE BEEN--PARKER!
PARKER, COME BACK HERE THIS INSTANT!
SORRY, SIR, BUT IT'S LIKE I SAID.
I CAN'T TALK NOW!
I JUST CAN'T!
AND SO, IN AN ALLEY NOT FAR AWAY...
SO MUCH FOR PROFESSOR WARREN. HE'S TRIED TO BE FAIR WITH ME--BUT IT'S JUST NO USE.
THAT'LL BE THE SECOND COURSE I'VE FLUNKED THIS SEMESTER. ME, BIG-BRAIN PARKER...

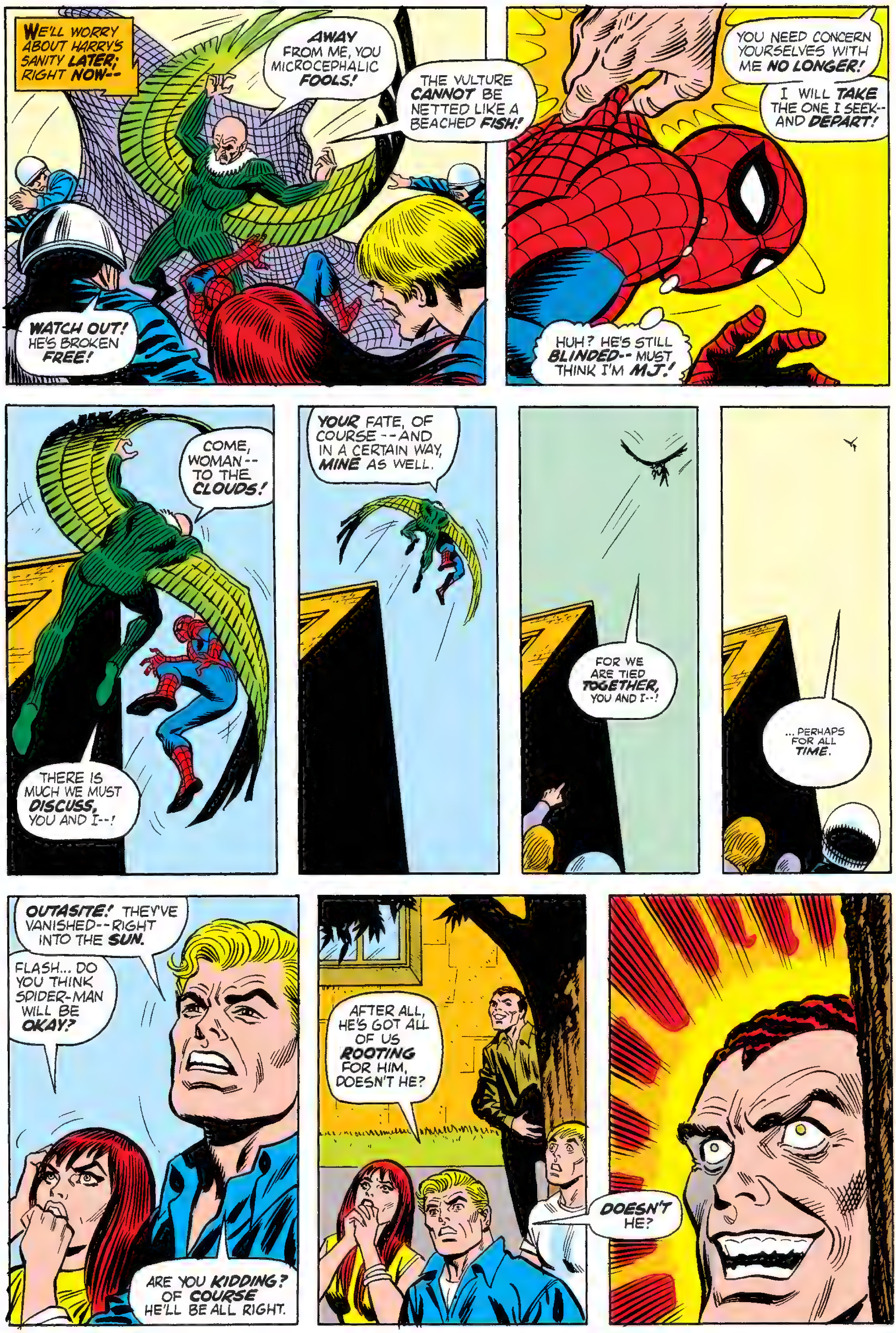

...THE KID WHO USED TO **WHIZ** HIS WAY THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT **TOGETHER** AMONG THE FINE OLD **IVORY TOWERS.**
HOLD IT! THERE'S THE VULTURE **NOW--**
--AND HE'S **STILL** GOT MJ!
SPIDER-MAN? YOU MAKE THE **SECOND** SURPRISE FOR ME **TODAY,** MASKED MAN.
PLEASE ALLOW **ME** TO SURPRISE **YOU!**
"SURPRISE"? HE SOUNDS LIKE HE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND MJ HERE-- BUT IF HE DIDN'T, THEN **WHY** WOULD HE--
EEEEEEEEE
DEAR LORD, **NO!** HE'S **DROPPING** HER!
FOR AN INSTANT, SPIDEY'S MIND JOGS **BACKWARD,** TO A MEMORY HE **HOPED** SUCCEEDED IN **BURYING:**
THE MEMORY OF **GWEN STACY'S DEATH--**
--THE DEATH OF THE GIRL HE **LOVED!**
IT **CAN'T** HAPPEN AGAIN! I WON'T **LET IT!**
NOT TO **YOU! NOT TO YOU!**
SPIDER-MAN! HELP ME! I CAN'T-- CAN'T--
DON'T WORRY, LADY-- DON'T **WORRY.**
I WON'T LET **ANYTHING** HAPPEN TO YOU--
SPAK
"PONG"
YOU'RE **SAFE** NOW. I PROMISE YOU, YOU'RE **SAFE.**
"THUMP"
GWENDY, YOU'RE **SAFE!**

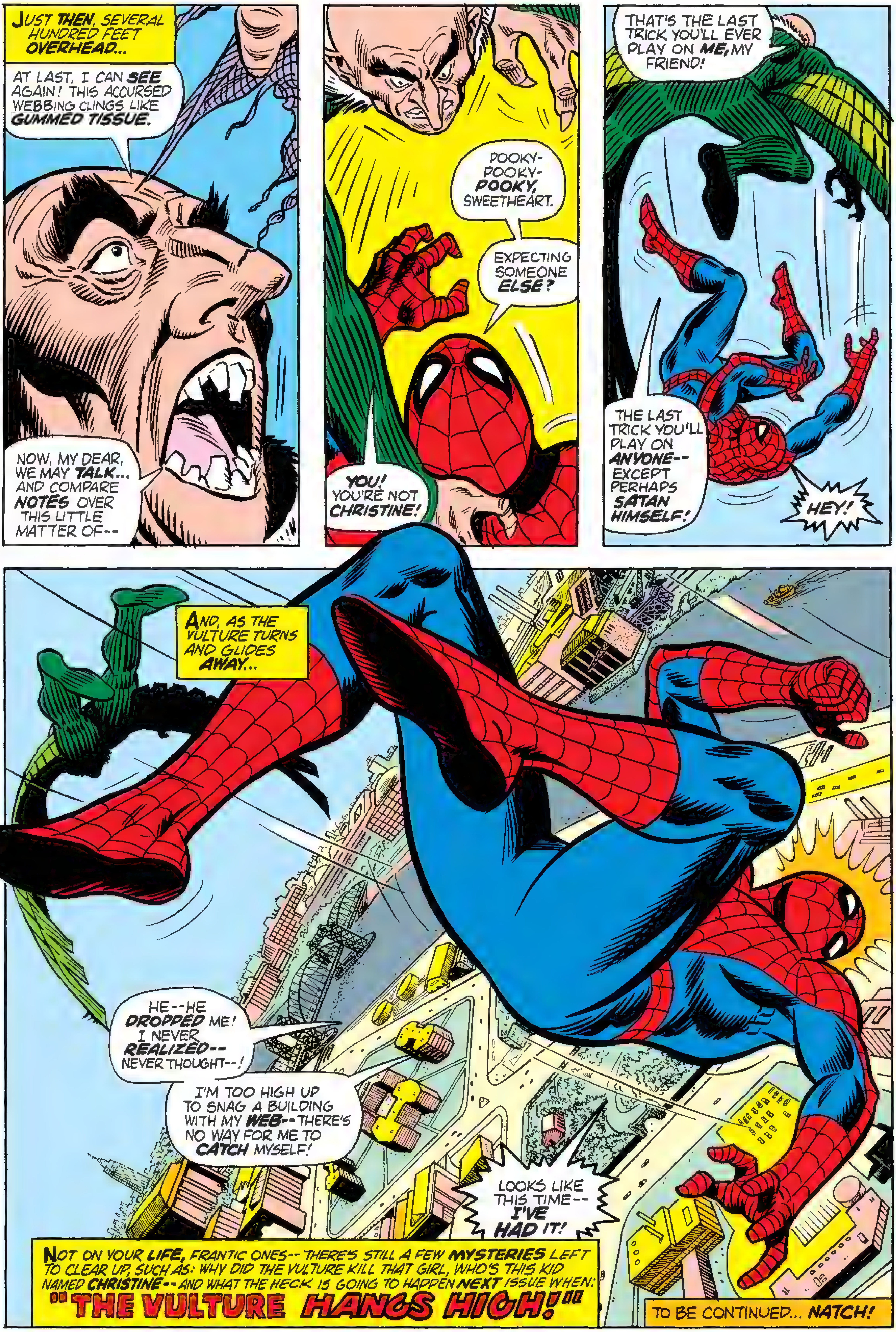

WHAT AM I SAYING? THIS ISN'T GWEN... SHE CAN NEVER BE GWEN, NOT FOR ME...!
BUT SHE'S A PERSON, A FRIEND... SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT... AND THAT SCRAWNY EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING TRIED TO KILL HER!
REST EASY, KID. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY...
I SWEAR IT...
...EVEN IF IT MEANS THE VULTURE'S DEATH!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT HER, VULTURE -- NOT HER OR ANYONE, EVER AGAIN!
DO YOU HEAR ME?
BUT, AS OUR HERO SWINGS INTO THE MORNING SKY, SEEKING HIS WINGED FOE...
HE'S GONE! PROBABLY DUCKED OUT OF SIGHT WHILE I WAS SAVING MARY JANE.
WHERE WOULD A GUY LIKE HIM HEAD ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS?
WHICH BRINGS ME BACK TO MY FIRST QUESTION -- WHY WAS HE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, FINDING MJ AND ME HERE WAS A SHOCK TO HIM -- SO HE MUST'VE HAD SOME OTHER REASON FOR COMING HERE.
AND THAT KICKS OVER SOMETHING ELSE I'D FORGOTTEN --
WHY HE KILLED THAT GIRL OUTSIDE MJ'S APARTMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE!
AIEEEEEE
A SCREAM -- COMING FROM THE BIOLOGY LAB!
IT'S THE VULTURE! IT HAS TO BE!
BINGO! I WAS RIGHT!
HE'S THREATENING ONE OF THE LAB ASSISTANTS -- SHE'S THE ONE WHO SCREAMED!
STAY AWAY FROM ME, SPIDER-MAN... THIS IS NOT YOUR CONCERN!
THE GIRL IS MINE! MINE!

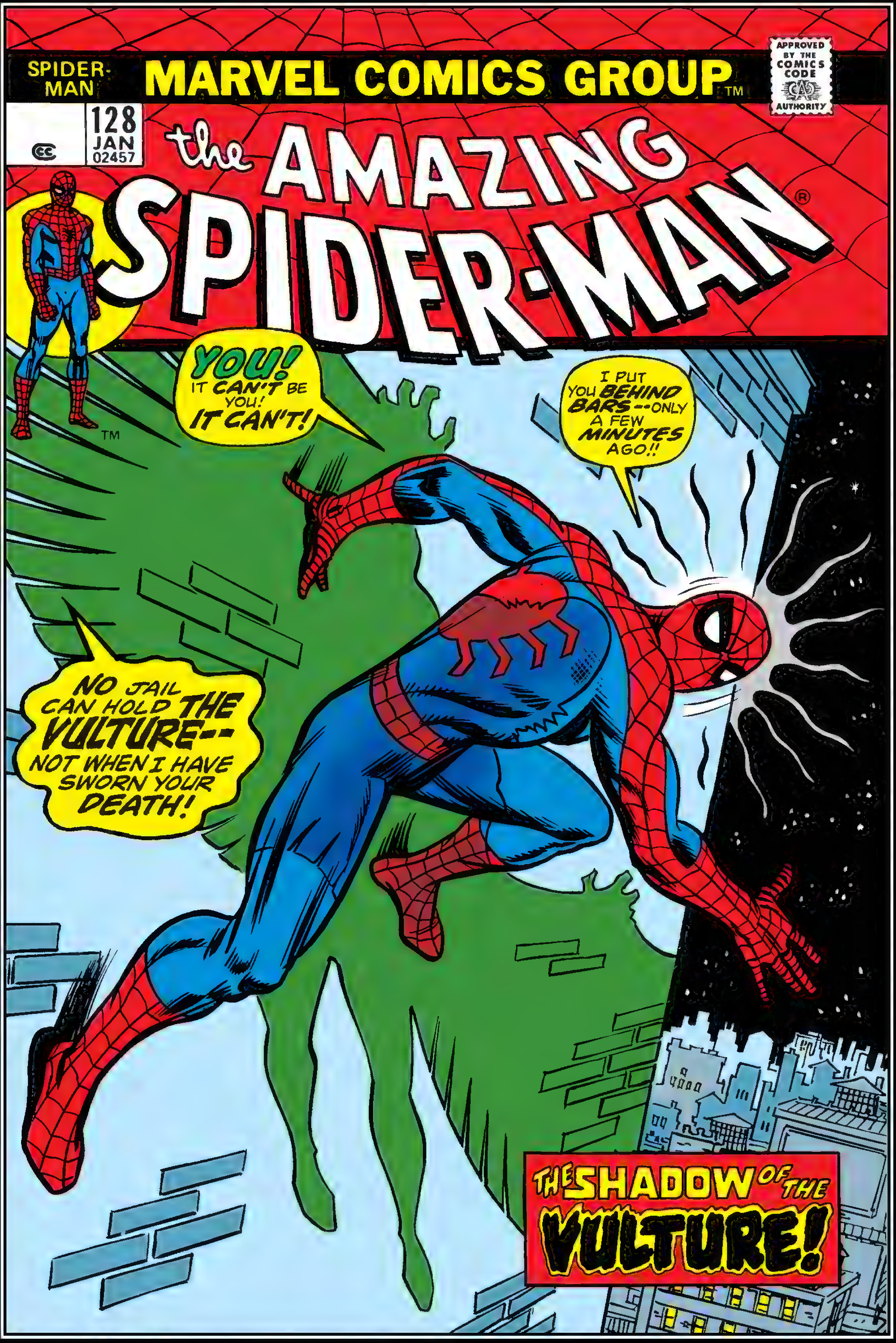

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT IT THAT WAY, JUNIOR BIRDMAN!
WHY DON'T YOU BUG OFF-- OKAY?
INTERFERING IMBECILE! I'LL DESTROY YOU!
FFFT!
UH-UNH, PAL. NO GO.
NOT WITH WEBBING ON YOUR HANDS!
TIME AND AGAIN YOU'VE RUINED MY PLANS! TIME AND AGAIN, YOU'VE CAUSED ME FRUSTRATION AND ANGUISH.
NO MORE!
I'LL BE DONE WITH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL--
WHAK!
--FOR, JUST AS SOON AS I REND THIS FILMY TISSUE YOU'RE SO PROUD OF--
I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY CLAWS!
RRRIPPP!
HIS HANDS... THEY'VE CHANGED, SOMEHOW! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN NOT TO HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE!
HE ISN'T JUST WEARING A COSTUME, A SUIT WITH WINGS, SOMETHING MADE OUT OF CLOTH AND WIRE--
--SOMEHOW HE'S BECOME WHAT HE'S ALWAYS PRETENDED TO BE IN THE PAST--
THIS TIME HE REALLY IS-- THE VULTURE!
SHE'S GOING FOR HELP, RIGHT? WRONG!


CRASSH!
THERE'S MORE TO THAT LADY IN THE LAB COAT THAN MEETS THE EYE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT ISSUE TO FIND OUT WHAT--
--BECAUSE RIGHT NOW, WE JUST DON'T HAVE TIME TO TELL YOU!
UNNNNNH!
BOT!
GOT TO KEEP AWAY FROM HIS CLAWS--
THOSE TALONS CAN BE DANGEROUS-- AND DEADLY!
THUD!
I'LL HAVE TO PLAY THIS CAREFULLY.
ONE WRONG MOVE-- AND IT'S SHREDDED SPIDEY!
WHAT'SAMATTER, BALDY? GETTING TOO HOT FOR YOU AROUND HERE?
VERY CLEVER, MY FRIEND.
YOU SUCCEEDED IN DISTRACTING ME--
FOR THE PAST FEW MOMENTS, I'D FORGOTTEN MY PURPOSE. I'D ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE TRAPPED BY CRUDE EMOTION.
THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, I ASSURE YOU.
NEITHER YOU NOR THAT GROUP OF APPROACHING POLICE WILL DETER ME-- ONCE I HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU FOREVER!
POLICE? OH NO!... OUR FIGHT'S ATTRACTED A CROWD... INNOCENT PEOPLE... THEY COULD ALL BE KILLED!
AND BACK THERE, STANDING WITH FLASH... IT'S MARY JANE!
IF THE VULTURE CATCHES SIGHT OF HER--SHE'S DEAD!


DIE, SPIDER-MAN! DIE!
SKREEEEE
I HAVE TO TIME THIS PRECISELY. AN INSTANT EITHER WAY, AND HE'LL BE TOO CLOSE OR TOO FAR AWAY!
GET READY, WEB-SLINGER-- HOLD YOUR BREATH--
GOTCHA!
TWITT!
ARRRK...
TWITT!
NOW, JACKSON! TOSS THE RESTRAINING NET--
WE'LL GET BOTH OF THOSE CREEPS WITH ONE SHOT!
IF YOU SAY SO, SARGE--
--BUT ME, SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THE MASKED MAN'S BEHIND ALL THIS!
THE WAY HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH FEATHER-HEAD WAS TOO REAL -- HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN FAKING!
WATCH JUST WATCH IT, JACKSON! REMEMBER--, SPIDER-MAN'S A SUSPECT FOR MURDER!
AND, FROM THE SHADOWS BEHIND A NEARBY TREE, A WATCHING FIGURE SILENTLY AGREES...
THAT'S RIGHT... HE KILLED MY FATHER... TRIED TO COVER IT UP BECAUSE DAD WAS THE GREEN GOBLIN...
...BECAUSE THE GREEN GOBLIN KILLED GWEN STACY...
BUT I KNOW BETTER. SPIDER-MAN WAS JUST JEALOUS OF MY FATHER... JEALOUS OF ME.
NOW HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR MURDERING NORMAN OSBORN...
...AND IF THE VULTURE DOESN'T DO IT... THE GREEN GOBLIN WILL!!

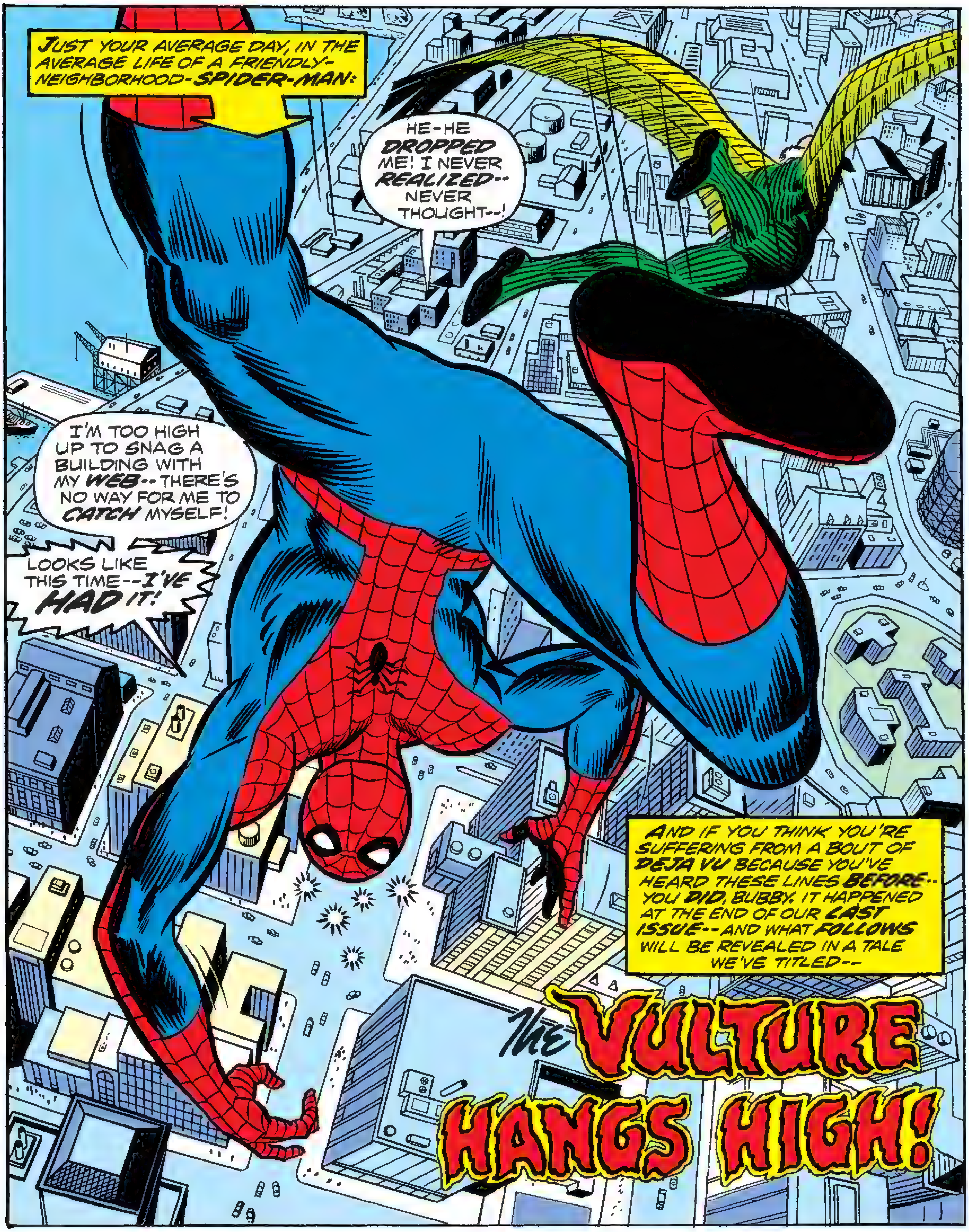

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT HARRY'S SANITY LATER; RIGHT NOW--
AWAY FROM ME, YOU MICROCEPHALIC FOOLS!
THE VULTURE CANNOT BE NETTED LIKE A BEACHED FISH!
WATCH OUT! HE'S BROKEN FREE!
YOU NEED CONCERN YOURSELVES WITH ME NO LONGER!
I WILL TAKE THE ONE I SEEK-- AND DEPART!
HUH? HE'S STILL BLINDED-- MUST THINK I'M MJ!
COME, WOMAN-- TO THE CLOUDS!
THERE IS MUCH WE MUST DISCUSS, YOU AND I--!
YOUR FATE, OF COURSE--AND IN A CERTAIN WAY, MINE AS WELL.
FOR WE ARE TIED TOGETHER, YOU AND I--!
...PERHAPS FOR ALL TIME.
OUTASITE! THEY'VE VANISHED--RIGHT INTO THE SUN.
FLASH... DO YOU THINK SPIDER-MAN WILL BE OKAY?
ARE YOU KIDDING? OF COURSE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
AFTER ALL, HE'S GOT ALL OF US ROOTING FOR HIM, DOESN'T HE?
DOESN'T HE?

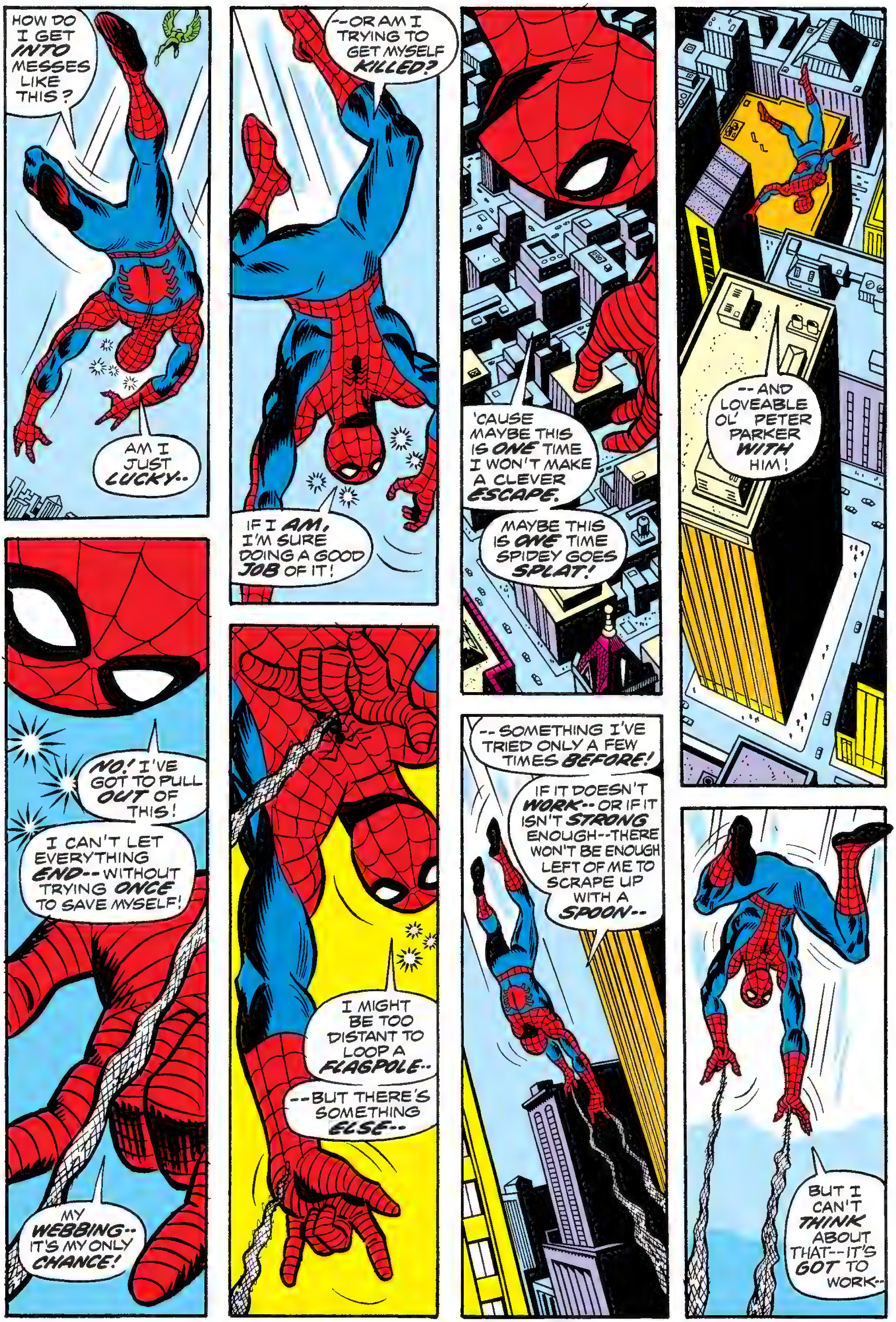

JUST THEN, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET OVERHEAD...
AT LAST, I CAN SEE AGAIN! THIS ACCURSED WEBBING CLINGS LIKE GUMMED TISSUE.
NOW, MY DEAR, WE MAY TALK... AND COMPARE NOTES OVER THIS LITTLE MATTER OF--
POOKY-POOKY-POOKY, SWEETHEART.
EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE?
YOU! YOU'RE NOT CHRISTINE!
THAT'S THE LAST TRICK YOU'LL EVER PLAY ON ME, MY FRIEND!
THE LAST TRICK YOU'LL PLAY ON ANYONE-- EXCEPT PERHAPS SATAN HIMSELF!
HEY!
AND, AS THE VULTURE TURNS AND GLIDES AWAY...
HE--HE DROPPED ME! I NEVER REALIZED-- NEVER THOUGHT--!
I'M TOO HIGH UP TO SNAG A BUILDING WITH MY WEB--THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME TO CATCH MYSELF!
LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME-- I'VE HAD IT!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, FRANTIC ONES-- THERE'S STILL A FEW MYSTERIES LEFT TO CLEAR UP, SUCH AS: WHY DID THE VULTURE KILL THAT GIRL, WHO'S THIS KID NAMED CHRISTINE-- AND WHAT THE HECK IS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT ISSUE WHEN:
"THE VULTURE HANGS HIGH!"
TO BE CONTINUED... NATCH!

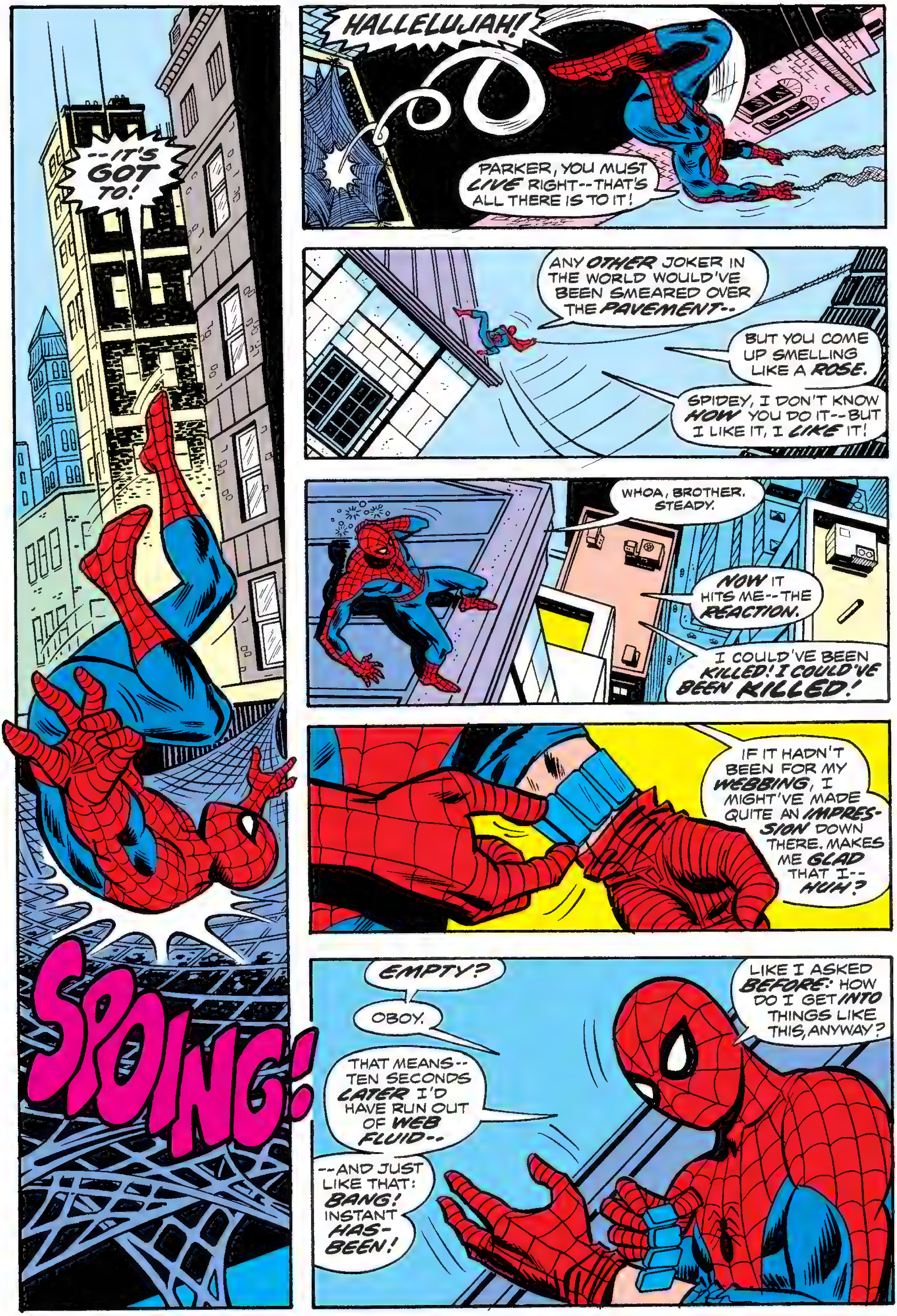

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
128 JAN 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
™
YOU! IT CAN'T BE YOU! IT CAN'T!
I PUT YOU BEHIND BARS--ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO!!
NO JAIL CAN HOLD THE VULTURE-- NOT WHEN I HAVE SWORN YOUR DEATH!
THE SHADOW OF THE VULTURE!

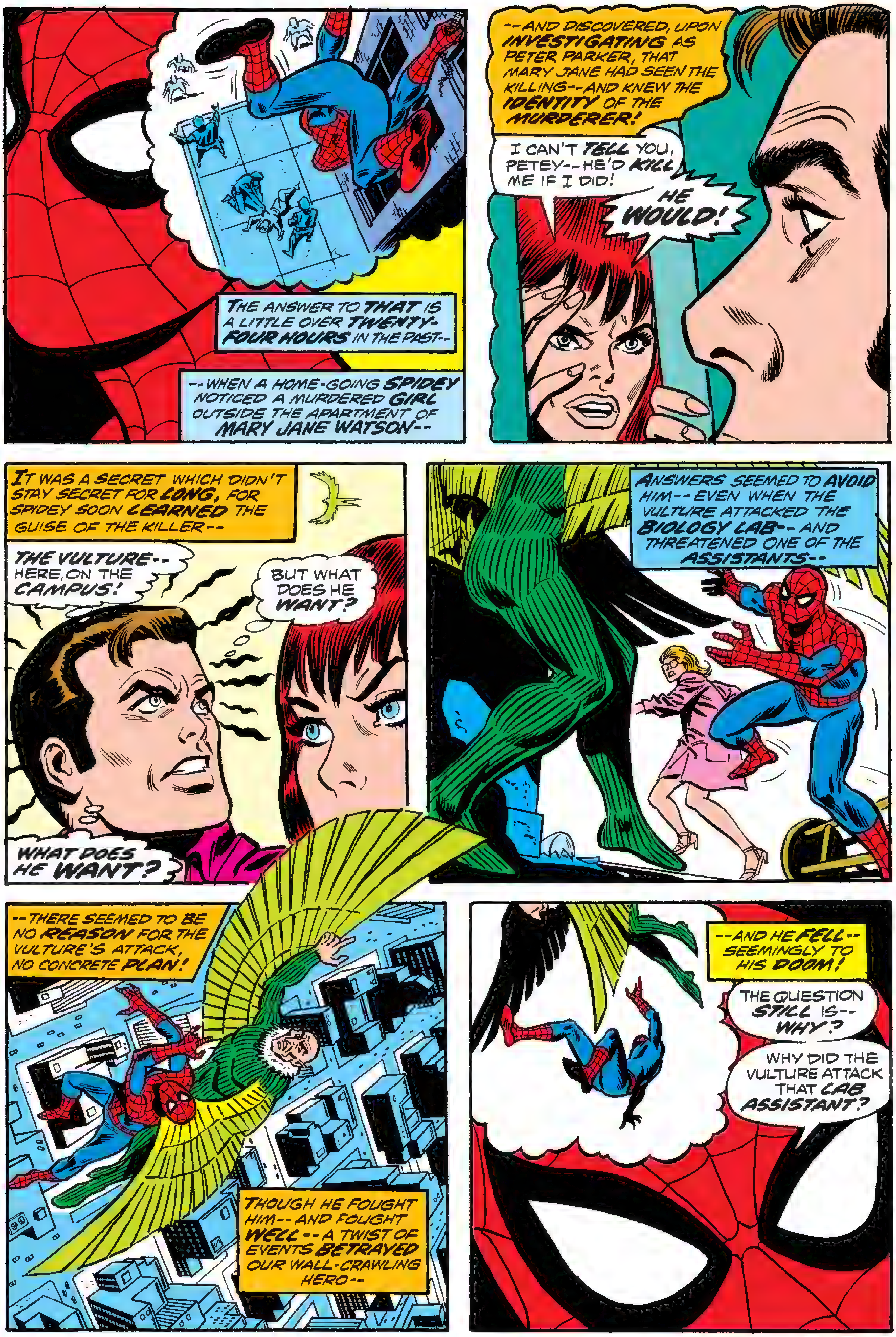
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

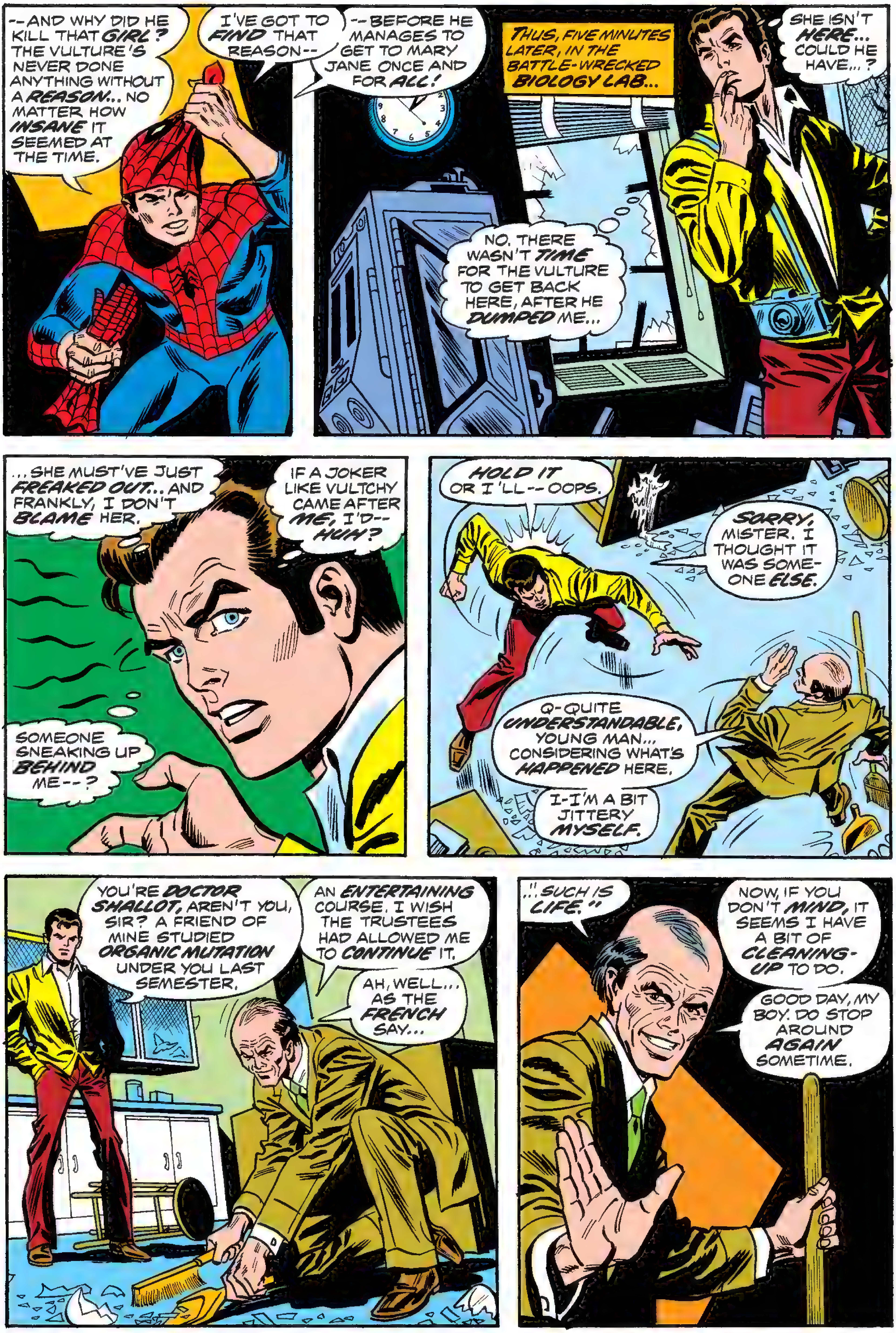
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER / ROSS ANDRU, ARTIST / F. GIACOIA & D. HUNT, INKERS / J. COSTANZA, letterer, M. BRAND, colorist / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

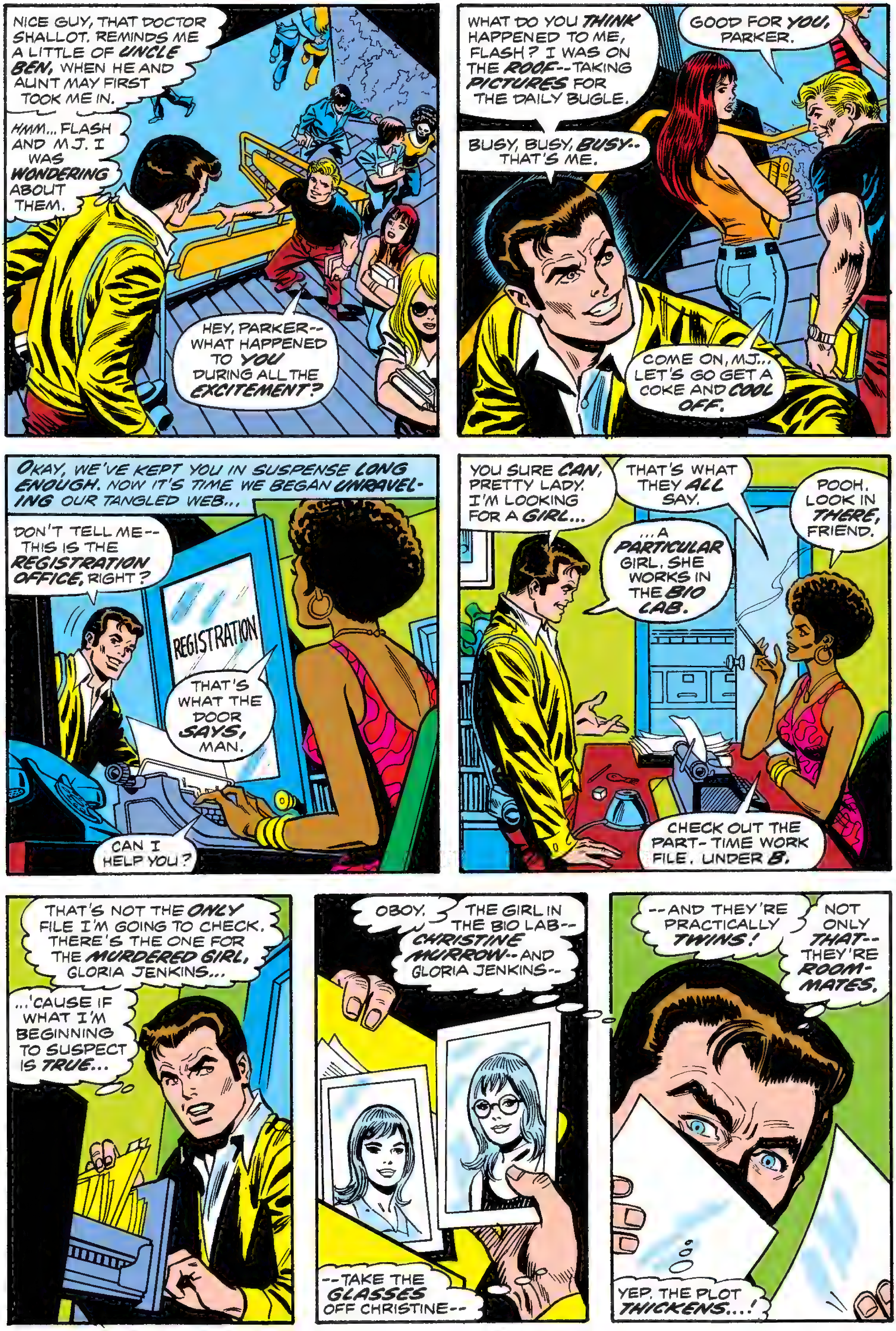

JUST YOUR AVERAGE DAY, IN THE AVERAGE LIFE OF A FRIENDLY-NEIGHBORHOOD-SPIDER-MAN:
HE-HE DROPPED ME! I NEVER REALIZED-- NEVER THOUGHT--!
I'M TOO HIGH UP TO SNAG A BUILDING WITH MY WEB-- THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME TO CATCH MYSELF!
LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME--I'VE HAD IT!
AND IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A BOUT OF DEJA VU BECAUSE YOU'VE HEARD THESE LINES BEFORE-- YOU DID, BUBBY. IT HAPPENED AT THE END OF OUR LAST ISSUE-- AND WHAT FOLLOWS WILL BE REVEALED IN A TALE WE'VE TITLED--
THE VULTURE HANGS HIGH!

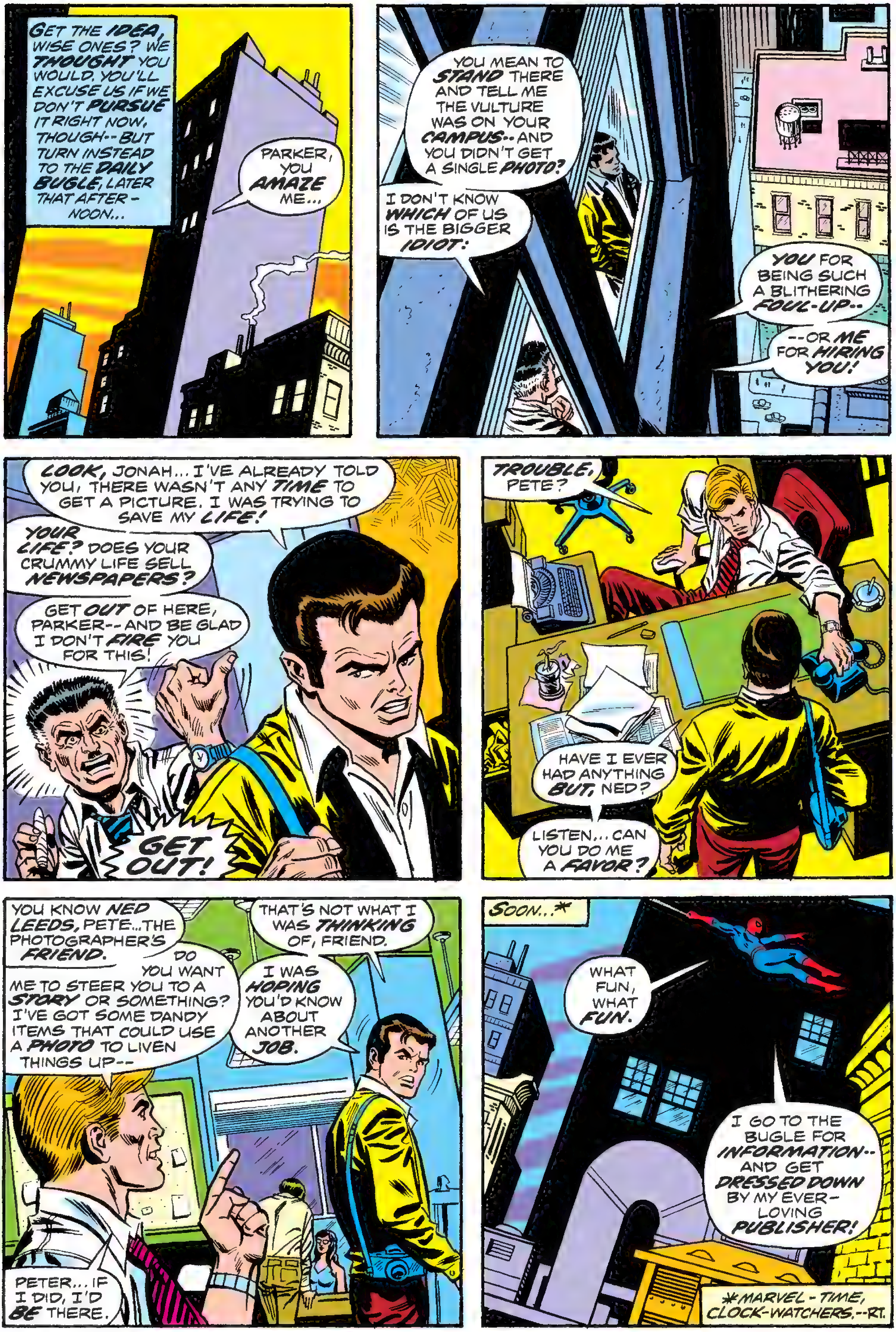

HOW DO I GET INTO MESSES LIKE THIS?
AM I JUST LUCKY..
--OR AM I TRYING TO GET MYSELF KILLED?
IF I AM, I'M SURE DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT!
'CAUSE MAYBE THIS IS ONE TIME I WON'T MAKE A CLEVER ESCAPE.
MAYBE THIS IS ONE TIME SPIDEY GOES SPLAT!
--AND LOVEABLE OL' PETER PARKER WITH HIM!
NO! I'VE GOT TO PULL OUT OF THIS!
I CAN'T LET EVERYTHING END--WITHOUT TRYING ONCE TO SAVE MYSELF!
MY WEBBING--IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
I MIGHT BE TOO DISTANT TO LOOP A FLAGPOLE..
--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE--
--SOMETHING I'VE TRIED ONLY A FEW TIMES BEFORE!
IF IT DOESN'T WORK--OR IF IT ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH--THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF ME TO SCRAPE UP WITH A SPOON--
BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT--IT'S GOT TO WORK--

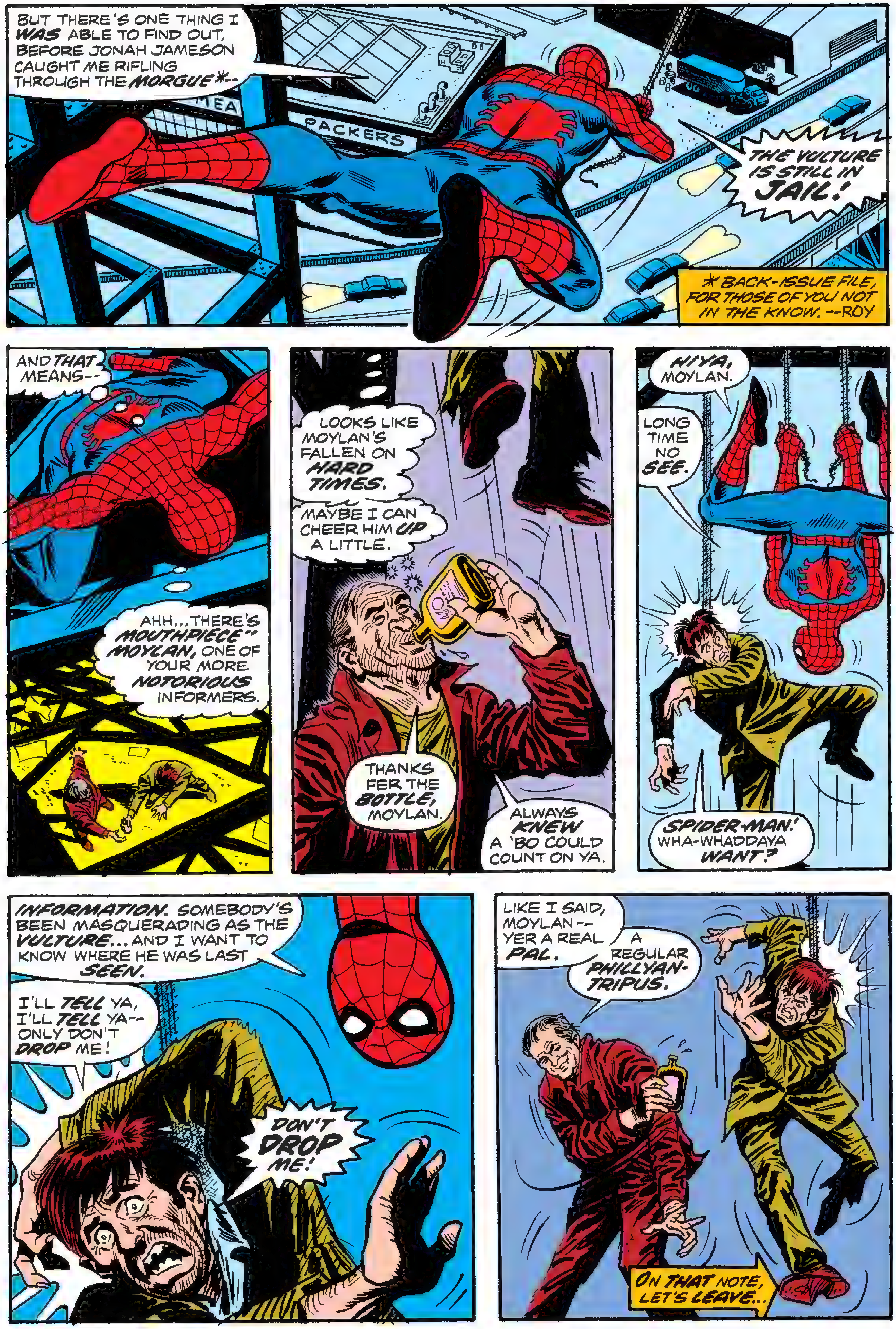

--IT'S GOT TO!
SPOING!
HALLELUJAH!
PARKER, YOU MUST LIVE RIGHT--THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
ANY OTHER JOKER IN THE WORLD WOULD'VE BEEN SMEARED OVER THE PAVEMENT--
BUT YOU COME UP SMELLING LIKE A ROSE.
SPIDEY, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT--BUT I LIKE IT, I LIKE IT!
WHOA, BROTHER. STEADY.
NOW IT HITS ME--THE REACTION.
I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED! I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MY WEBBING, I MIGHT'VE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION DOWN THERE. MAKES ME GLAD THAT I-- HUH?
EMPTY?
OBOY.
THAT MEANS--TEN SECONDS LATER I'D HAVE RUN OUT OF WEB FLUID--
--AND JUST LIKE THAT: BANG! INSTANT HAS-BEEN!
LIKE I ASKED BEFORE: HOW DO I GET INTO THINGS LIKE THIS, ANYWAY?

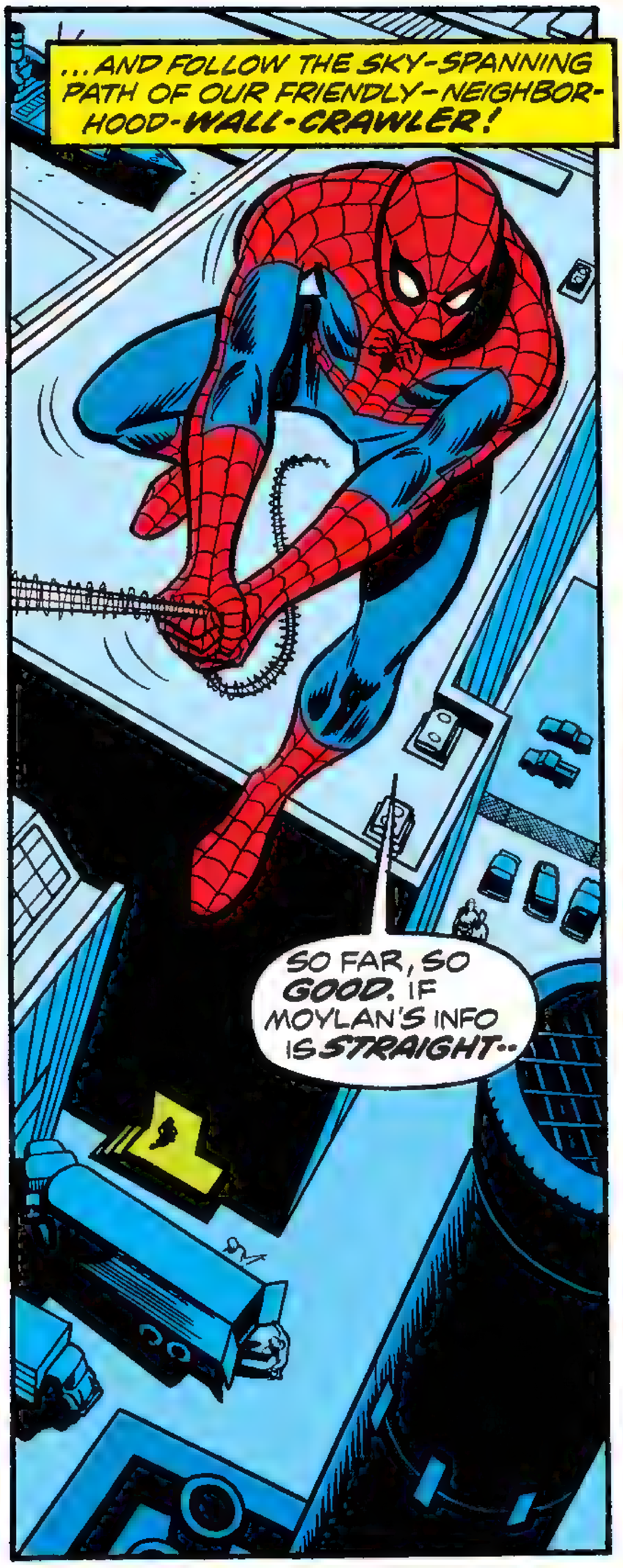

THE ANSWER TO THAT IS A LITTLE OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN THE PAST--
--WHEN A HOME-GOING SPIDEY NOTICED A MURDERED GIRL OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT OF MARY JANE WATSON--
--AND DISCOVERED, UPON INVESTIGATING AS PETER PARKER, THAT MARY JANE HAD SEEN THE KILLING--AND KNEW THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER!
I CAN'T TELL YOU, PETEY--HE'D KILL ME IF I DID!
HE WOULD!
IT WAS A SECRET WHICH DIDN'T STAY SECRET FOR LONG, FOR SPIDEY SOON LEARNED THE GUISE OF THE KILLER--
THE VULTURE--HERE, ON THE CAMPUS!
BUT WHAT DOES HE WANT?
WHAT DOES HE WANT?
ANSWERS SEEMED TO AVOID HIM--EVEN WHEN THE VULTURE ATTACKED THE BIOLOGY LAB--AND THREATENED ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS--
--THERE SEEMED TO BE NO REASON FOR THE VULTURE'S ATTACK, NO CONCRETE PLAN!
THOUGH HE FOUGHT HIM--AND FOUGHT WELL--A TWIST OF EVENTS BETRAYED OUR WALL-CRAWLING HERO--
--AND HE FELL--SEEMINGLY TO HIS DOOM!
THE QUESTION STILL IS--WHY?
WHY DID THE VULTURE ATTACK THAT LAB ASSISTANT?

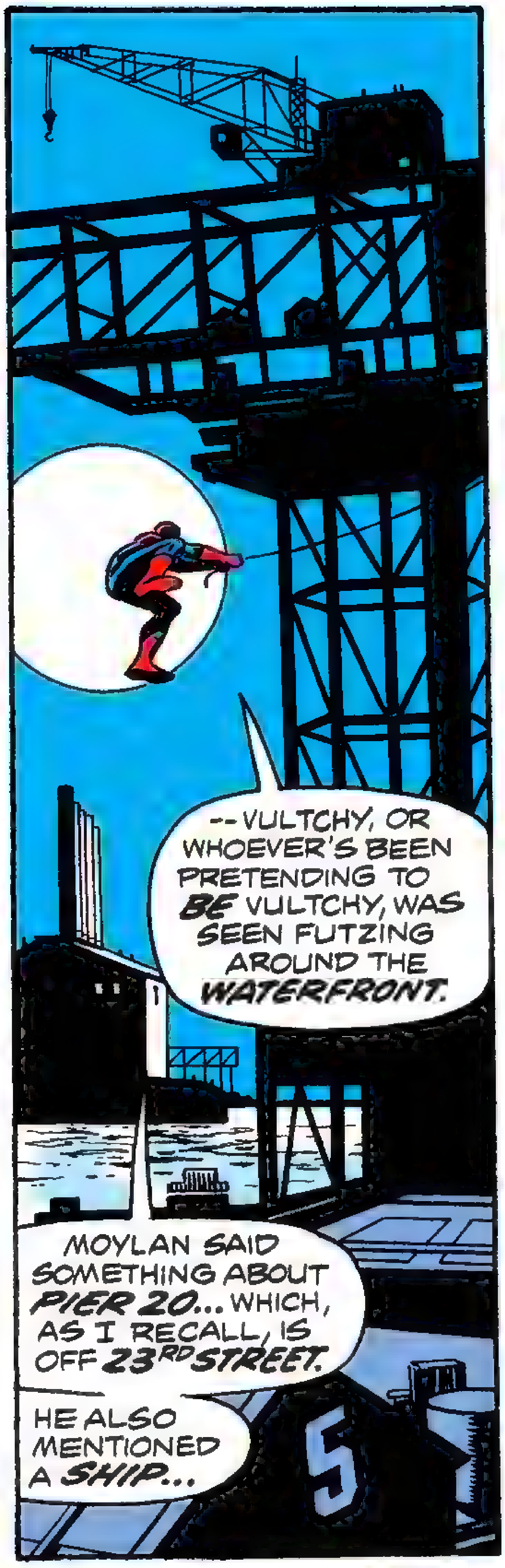

--AND WHY DID HE KILL THAT GIRL? THE VULTURE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING WITHOUT A REASON... NO MATTER HOW INSANE IT SEEMED AT THE TIME.
I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT REASON--
--BEFORE HE MANAGES TO GET TO MARY JANE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
THUS, FIVE MINUTES LATER, IN THE BATTLE-WRECKED BIOLOGY LAB...
SHE ISN'T HERE... COULD HE HAVE... ?
NO, THERE WASN'T TIME FOR THE VULTURE TO GET BACK HERE, AFTER HE DUMPED ME...
...SHE MUST'VE JUST FREAKED OUT... AND FRANKLY, I DON'T BLAME HER.
IF A JOKER LIKE VULTCHY CAME AFTER ME, I'D-- HUH?
SOMEONE SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME--?
HOLD IT OR I'LL-- OOPS.
SORRY, MISTER. I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE.
Q-QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE, YOUNG MAN... CONSIDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE.
I-I'M A BIT JITTERY MYSELF.
YOU'RE DOCTOR SHALLOT, AREN'T YOU, SIR? A FRIEND OF MINE STUDIED ORGANIC MUTATION UNDER YOU LAST SEMESTER.
AN ENTERTAINING COURSE. I WISH THE TRUSTEES HAD ALLOWED ME TO CONTINUE IT.
AH, WELL... AS THE FRENCH SAY...
..."SUCH IS LIFE."
NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, IT SEEMS I HAVE A BIT OF CLEANING-UP TO DO.
GOOD DAY, MY BOY. DO STOP AROUND AGAIN SOMETIME.

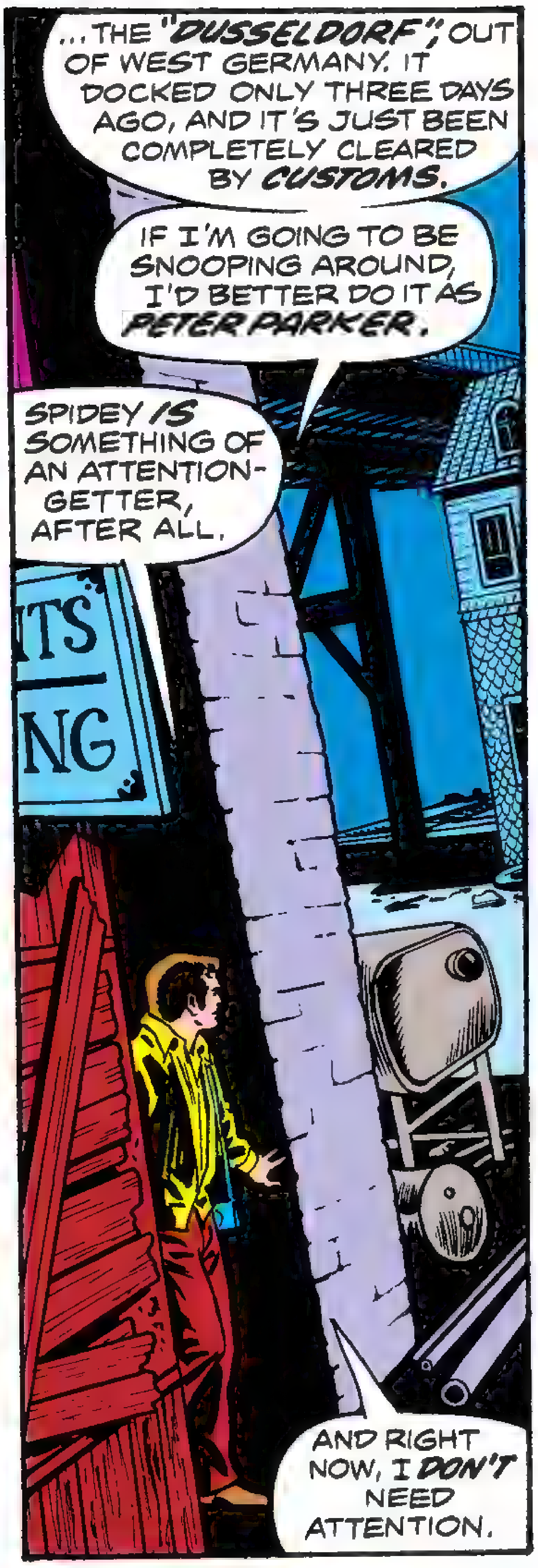

NICE GUY, THAT DOCTOR SHALLOT. REMINDS ME A LITTLE OF *UNCLE BEN,* WHEN HE AND AUNT MAY FIRST TOOK ME IN.
HMM... FLASH AND M.J. I WAS *WONDERING* ABOUT THEM.
HEY, PARKER-- WHAT HAPPENED TO *YOU* DURING ALL THE *EXCITEMENT?*
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* HAPPENED TO ME, FLASH? I WAS ON THE *ROOF*--TAKING *PICTURES* FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.
BUSY, BUSY, *BUSY*.. THAT'S ME.
GOOD FOR *YOU,* PARKER.
COME ON, MJ... LET'S GO GET A COKE AND *COOL OFF.*
OKAY, WE'VE KEPT YOU IN SUSPENSE *LONG ENOUGH.* NOW IT'S TIME WE BEGAN *UNRAVELING* OUR TANGLED WEB...
DON'T TELL ME-- THIS IS THE *REGISTRATION OFFICE,* RIGHT?
REGISTRATION
THAT'S WHAT THE DOOR *SAYS,* MAN.
CAN I HELP YOU?
YOU SURE *CAN,* PRETTY LADY. I'M LOOKING FOR A *GIRL...*
THAT'S WHAT THEY *ALL* SAY.
...A *PARTICULAR* GIRL. SHE WORKS IN THE *BIO LAB.*
POOH. LOOK IN *THERE,* FRIEND.
CHECK OUT THE PART-TIME WORK FILE. UNDER *B.*
THAT'S NOT THE *ONLY* FILE I'M GOING TO CHECK. THERE'S THE ONE FOR THE *MURDERED GIRL,* GLORIA JENKINS...
...'CAUSE IF WHAT I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT IS *TRUE...*
OBOY.
THE GIRL IN THE BIO LAB-- *CHRISTINE MURROW*-- AND GLORIA JENKINS--
--TAKE THE *GLASSES* OFF CHRISTINE--
--AND THEY'RE PRACTICALLY *TWINS!*
NOT ONLY *THAT*-- THEY'RE *ROOM-MATES.*
YEP. THE PLOT *THICKENS...!*

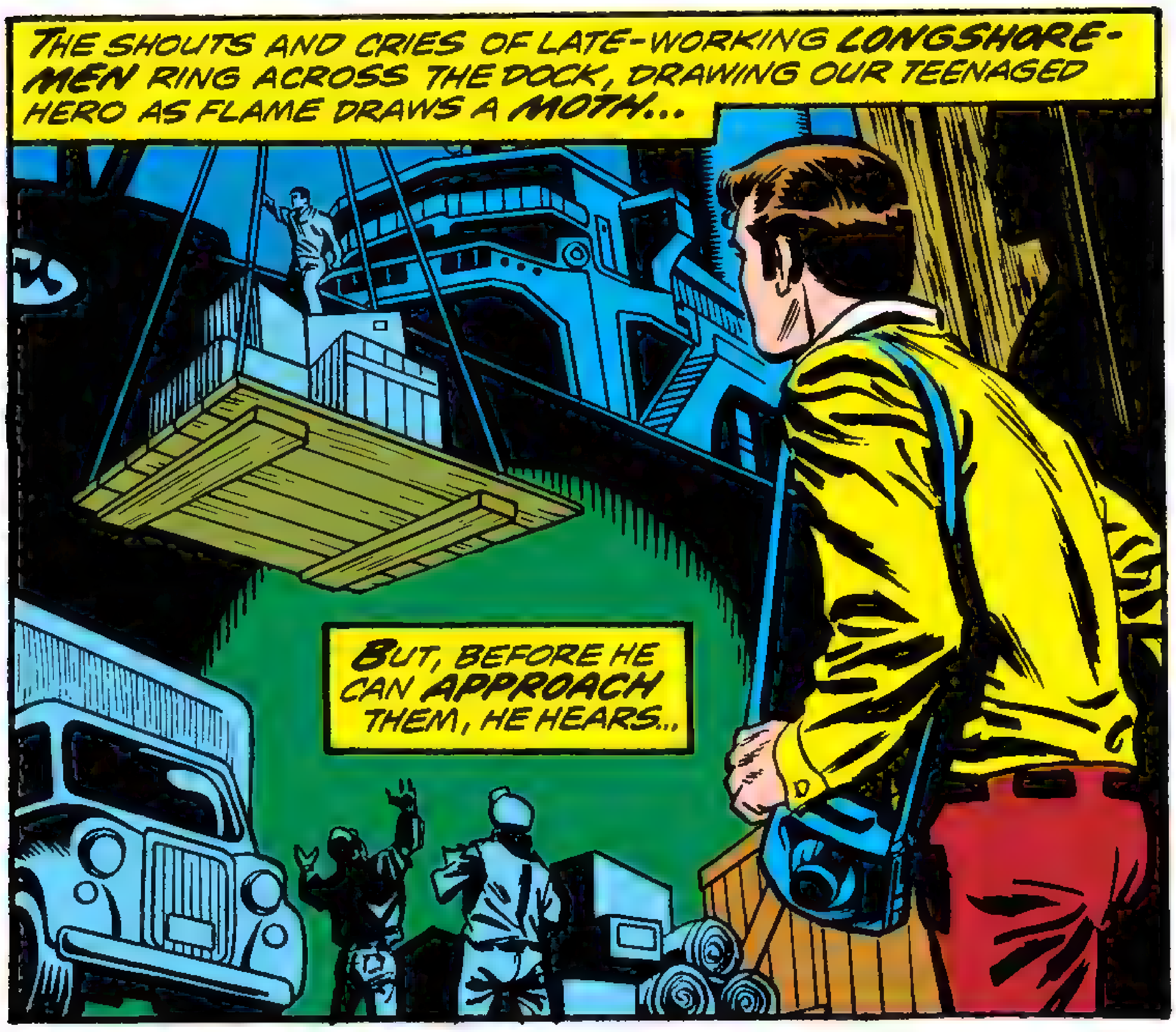

GET THE IDEA, WISE ONES? WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD. YOU'LL EXCUSE US IF WE DON'T PURSUE IT RIGHT NOW, THOUGH--BUT TURN INSTEAD TO THE DAILY BUGLE, LATER THAT AFTER-NOON...
PARKER, YOU AMAZE ME...
YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME THE VULTURE WAS ON YOUR CAMPUS--AND YOU DIDN'T GET A SINGLE PHOTO?
I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF US IS THE BIGGER IDIOT:
YOU FOR BEING SUCH A BLITHERING FOUL-UP--
--OR ME FOR HIRING YOU!
LOOK, JONAH... I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, THERE WASN'T ANY TIME TO GET A PICTURE. I WAS TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE!
YOUR LIFE? DOES YOUR CRUMMY LIFE SELL NEWSPAPERS?
GET OUT OF HERE, PARKER--AND BE GLAD I DON'T FIRE YOU FOR THIS!
GET OUT!
TROUBLE, PETE?
HAVE I EVER HAD ANYTHING BUT, NED?
LISTEN,... CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
YOU KNOW NED LEEDS, PETE...THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FRIEND.
DO YOU WANT ME TO STEER YOU TO A STORY OR SOMETHING? I'VE GOT SOME DANDY ITEMS THAT COULD USE A PHOTO TO LIVEN THINGS UP--
THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS THINKING OF, FRIEND.
I WAS HOPING YOU'D KNOW ABOUT ANOTHER JOB.
PETER... IF I DID, I'D BE THERE.
SOON..*
WHAT FUN, WHAT FUN.
I GO TO THE BUGLE FOR INFORMATION--AND GET DRESSED DOWN BY MY EVER-LOVING PUBLISHER!
*MARVEL-TIME, CLOCK-WATCHERS.--RT.

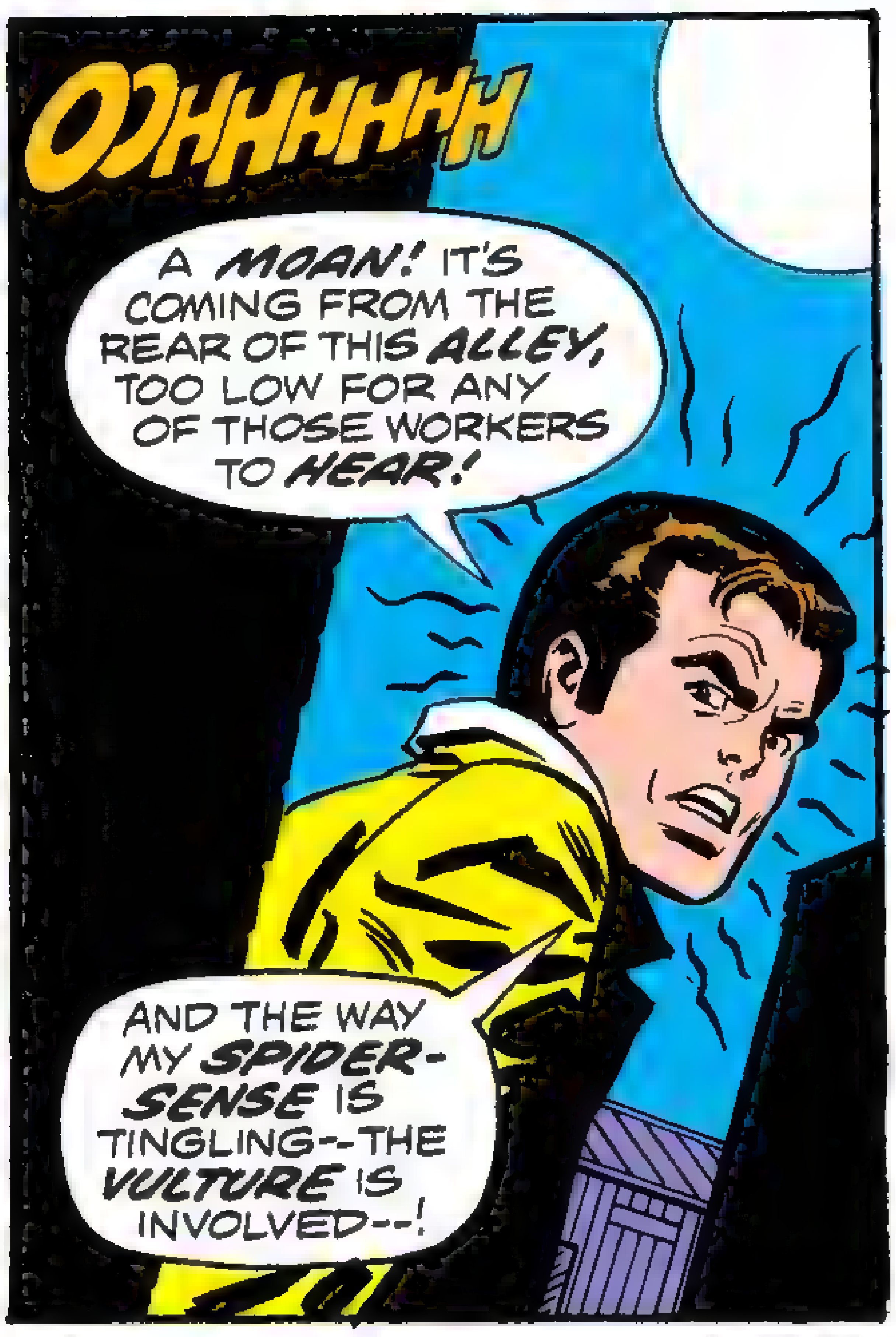

BUT THERE'S ONE THING I WAS ABLE TO FIND OUT, BEFORE JONAH JAMESON CAUGHT ME RIFLING THROUGH THE MORGUE*--
MEA
PACKERS
THE VULTURE IS STILL IN JAIL!
* BACK-ISSUE FILE, FOR THOSE OF YOU NOT IN THE KNOW. --ROY
AND THAT MEANS--
AHH...THERE'S "MOUTHPIECE" MOYLAN, ONE OF YOUR MORE NOTORIOUS INFORMERS.
LOOKS LIKE MOYLAN'S FALLEN ON HARD TIMES.
MAYBE I CAN CHEER HIM UP A LITTLE.
THANKS FER THE BOTTLE, MOYLAN.
ALWAYS KNEW A 'BO COULD COUNT ON YA.
HIYA, MOYLAN.
LONG TIME NO SEE.
SPIDER-MAN! WHA-WHADDAYA WANT?
INFORMATION. SOMEBODY'S BEEN MASQUERADING AS THE VULTURE...AND I WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE WAS LAST SEEN.
I'LL TELL YA, I'LL TELL YA--ONLY DON'T DROP ME!
DON'T DROP ME!
LIKE I SAID, MOYLAN--YER A REAL PAL.
A REGULAR PHILLYAN-TRIPUS.
ON THAT NOTE, LET'S LEAVE...

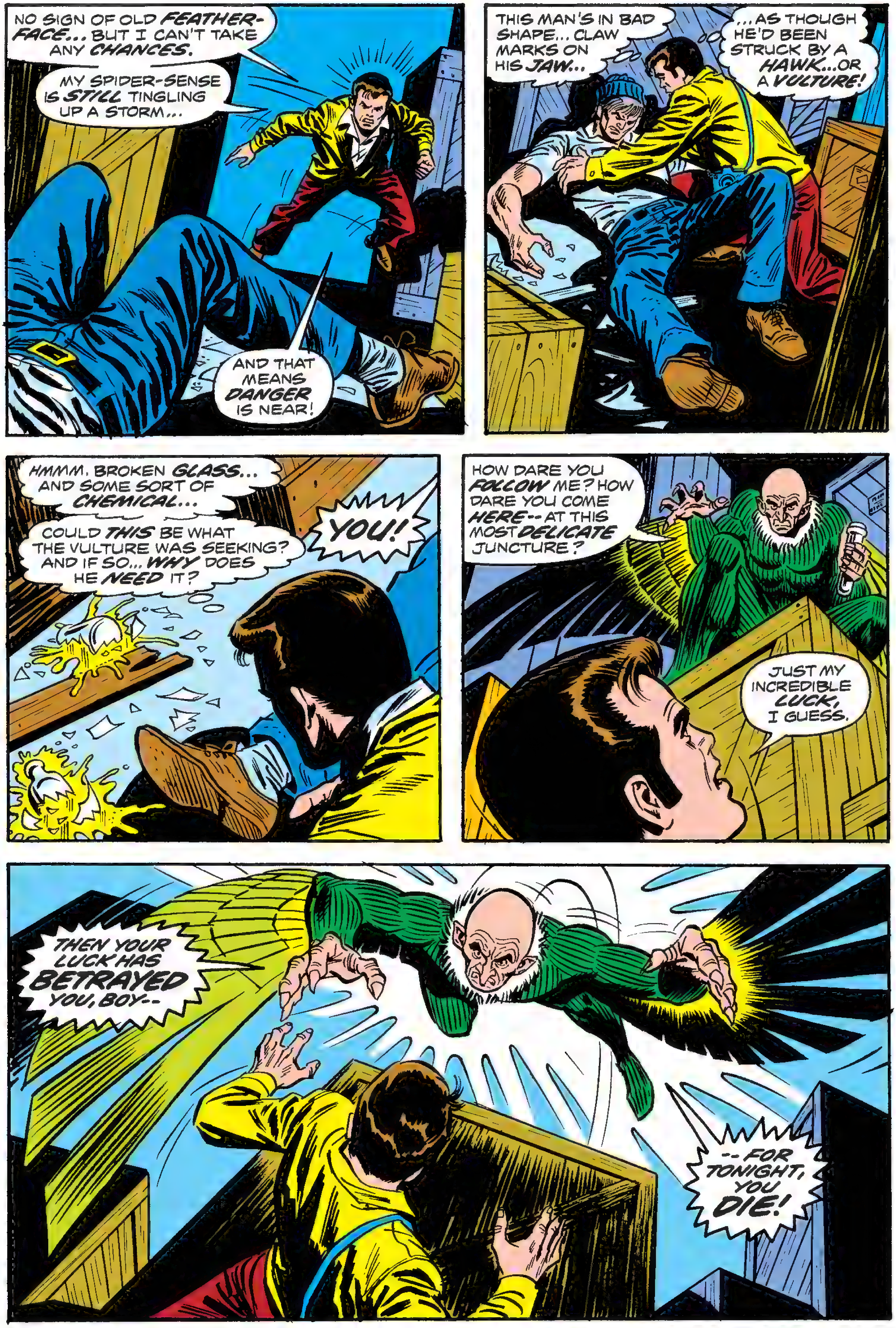

...AND FOLLOW THE SKY-SPANNING PATH OF OUR FRIENDLY-NEIGHBORHOOD-WALL-CRAWLER!
SO FAR, SO GOOD. IF MOYLAN'S INFO IS STRAIGHT--

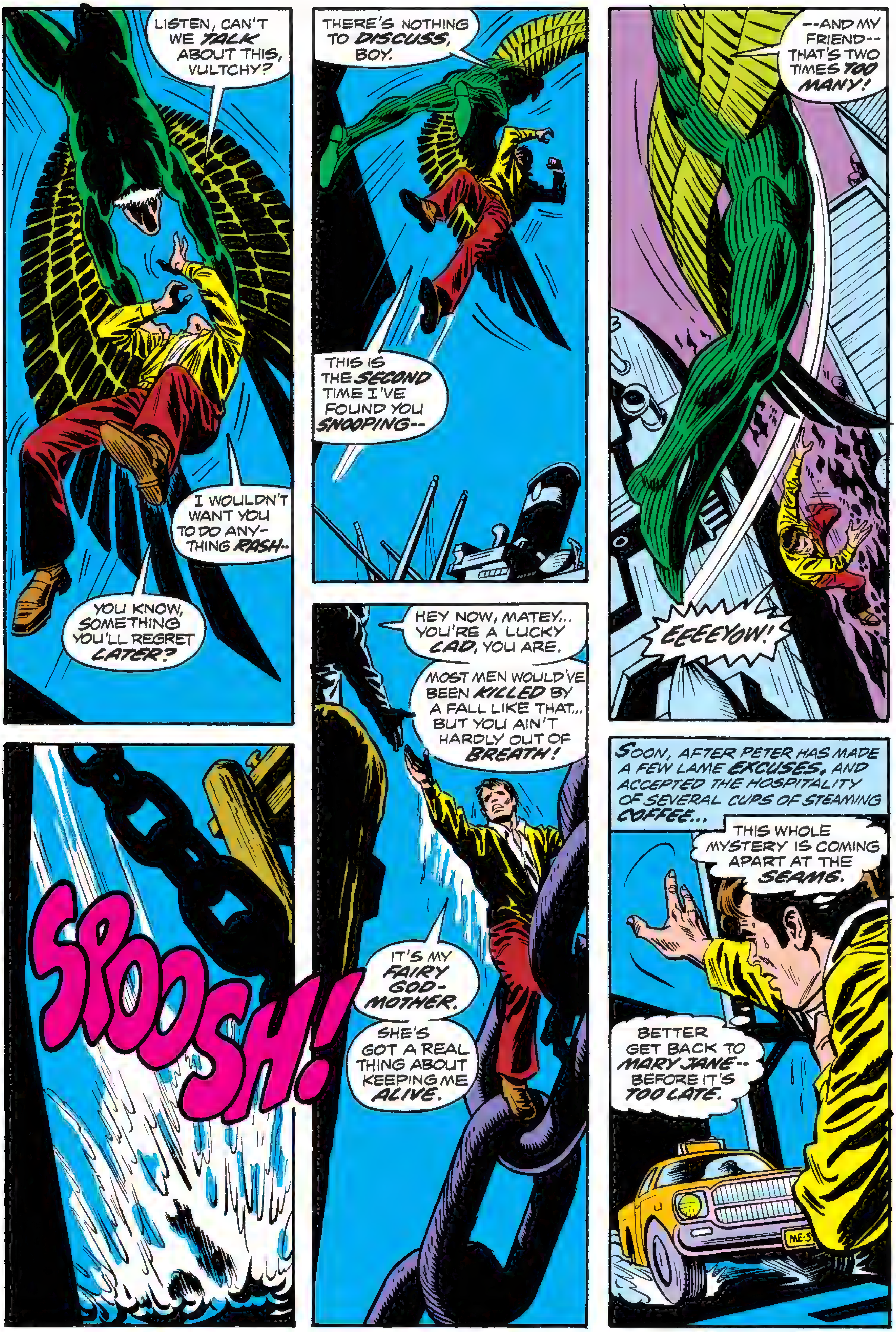

--VULTCHY, OR WHOEVER'S BEEN PRETENDING TO BE VULTCHY, WAS SEEN FUTZING AROUND THE WATERFRONT.
MOYLAN SAID SOMETHING ABOUT PIER 20... WHICH, AS I RECALL, IS OFF 23RD STREET.
HE ALSO MENTIONED A SHIP...
5

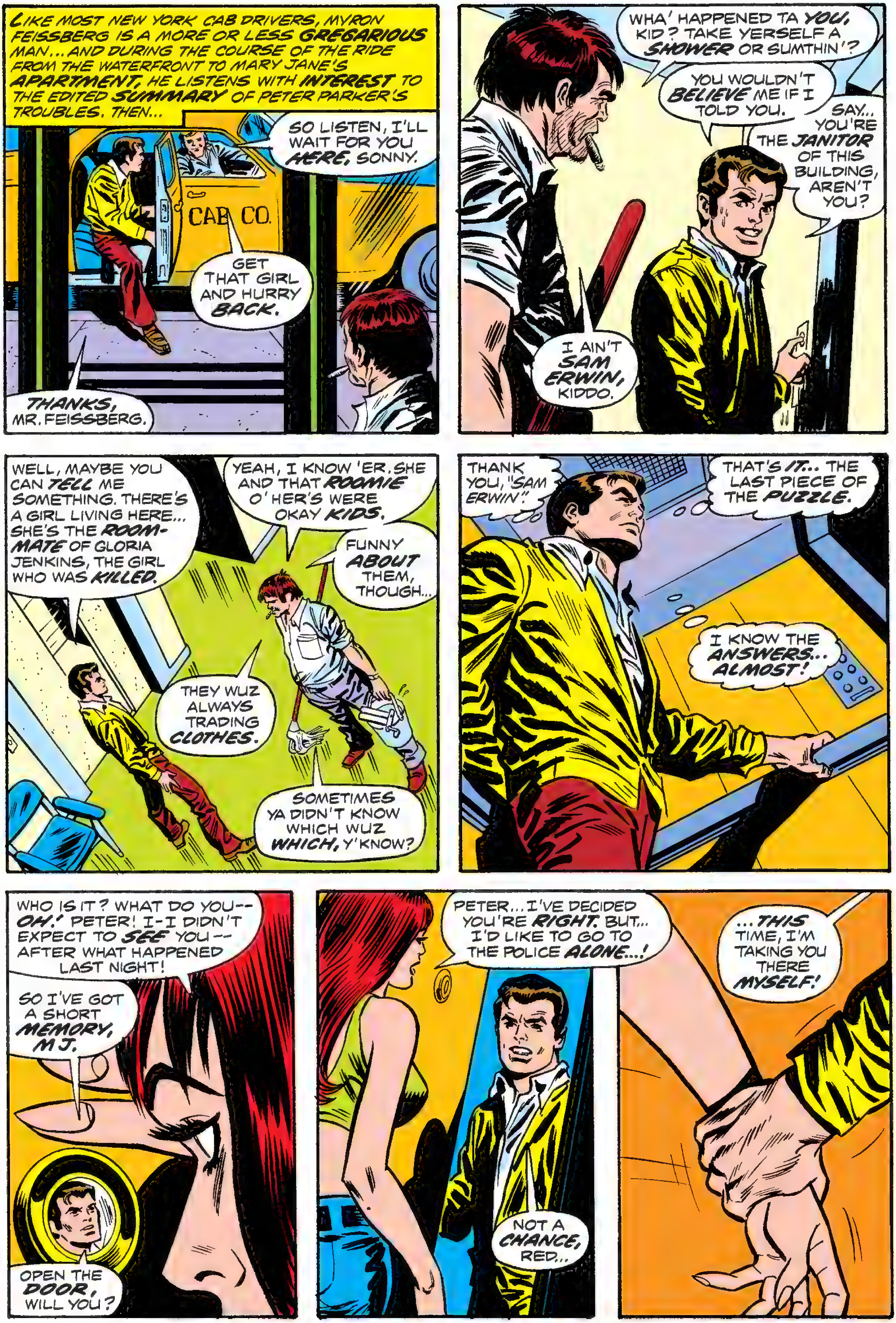

...THE "DUSSELDORF," OUT OF WEST GERMANY. IT DOCKED ONLY THREE DAYS AGO, AND IT'S JUST BEEN COMPLETELY CLEARED BY CUSTOMS.
IF I'M GOING TO BE SNOOPING AROUND, I'D BETTER DO IT AS PETER PARKER.
SPIDEY IS SOMETHING OF AN ATTENTION-GETTER, AFTER ALL.
TS
NG
AND RIGHT NOW, I DON'T NEED ATTENTION.

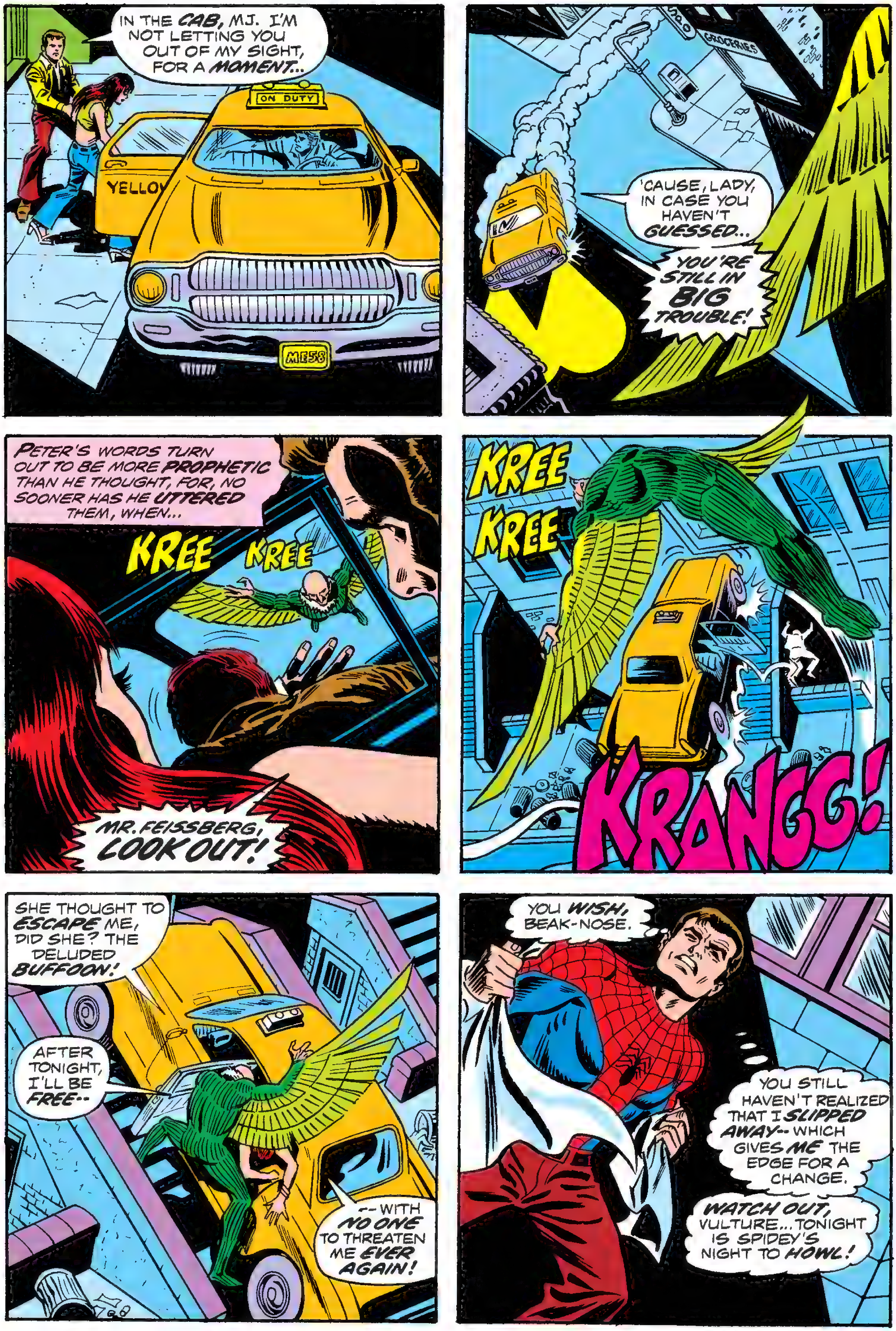

THE SHOUTS AND CRIES OF LATE-WORKING LONGSHOREMEN RING ACROSS THE DOCK, DRAWING OUR TEENAGED HERO AS FLAME DRAWS A MOTH...
BUT, BEFORE HE CAN APPROACH THEM, HE HEARS...

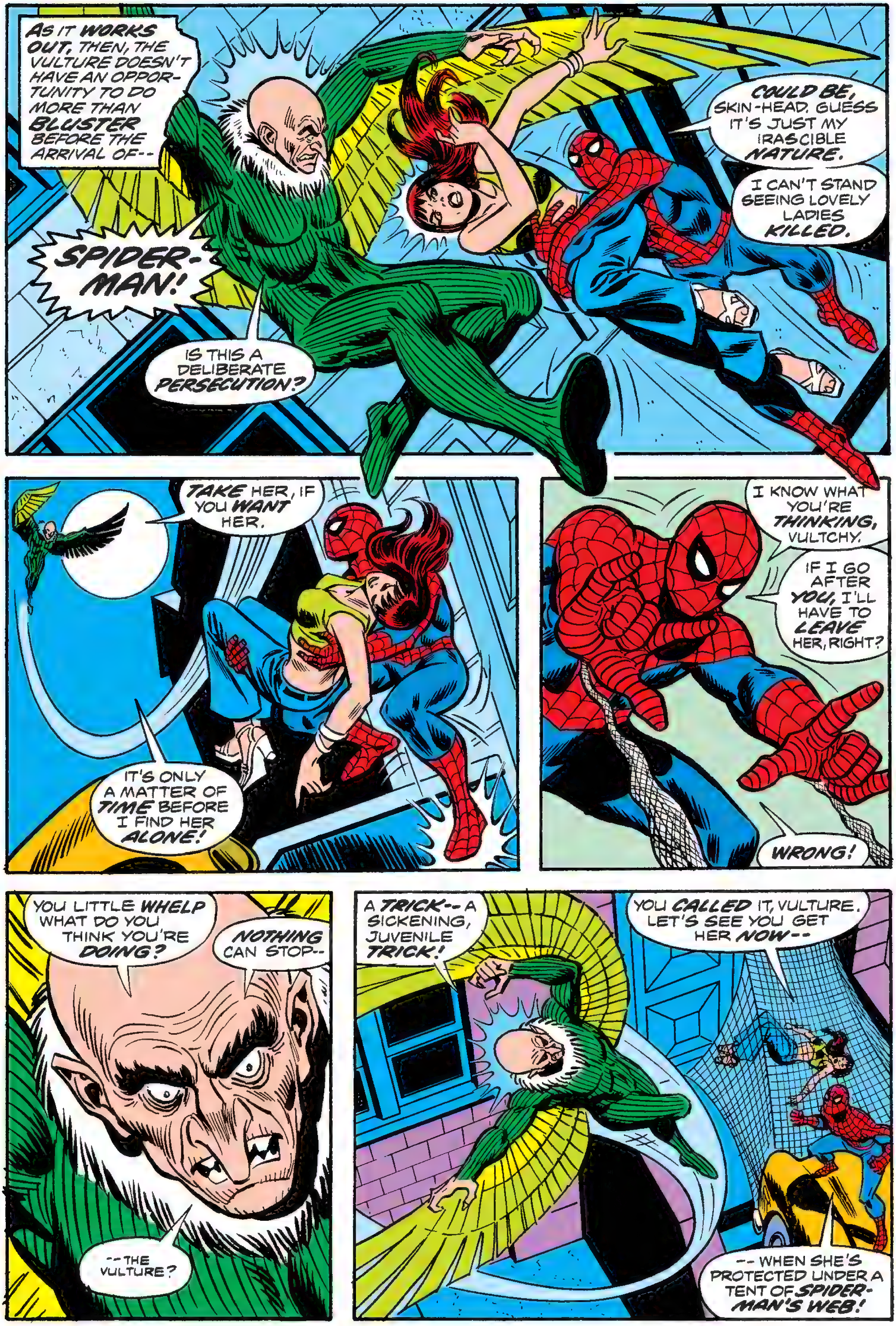

OOHHHHHH
A MOAN! IT'S COMING FROM THE REAR OF THIS ALLEY, TOO LOW FOR ANY OF THOSE WORKERS TO HEAR!
AND THE WAY MY SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING--THE VULTURE IS INVOLVED--!

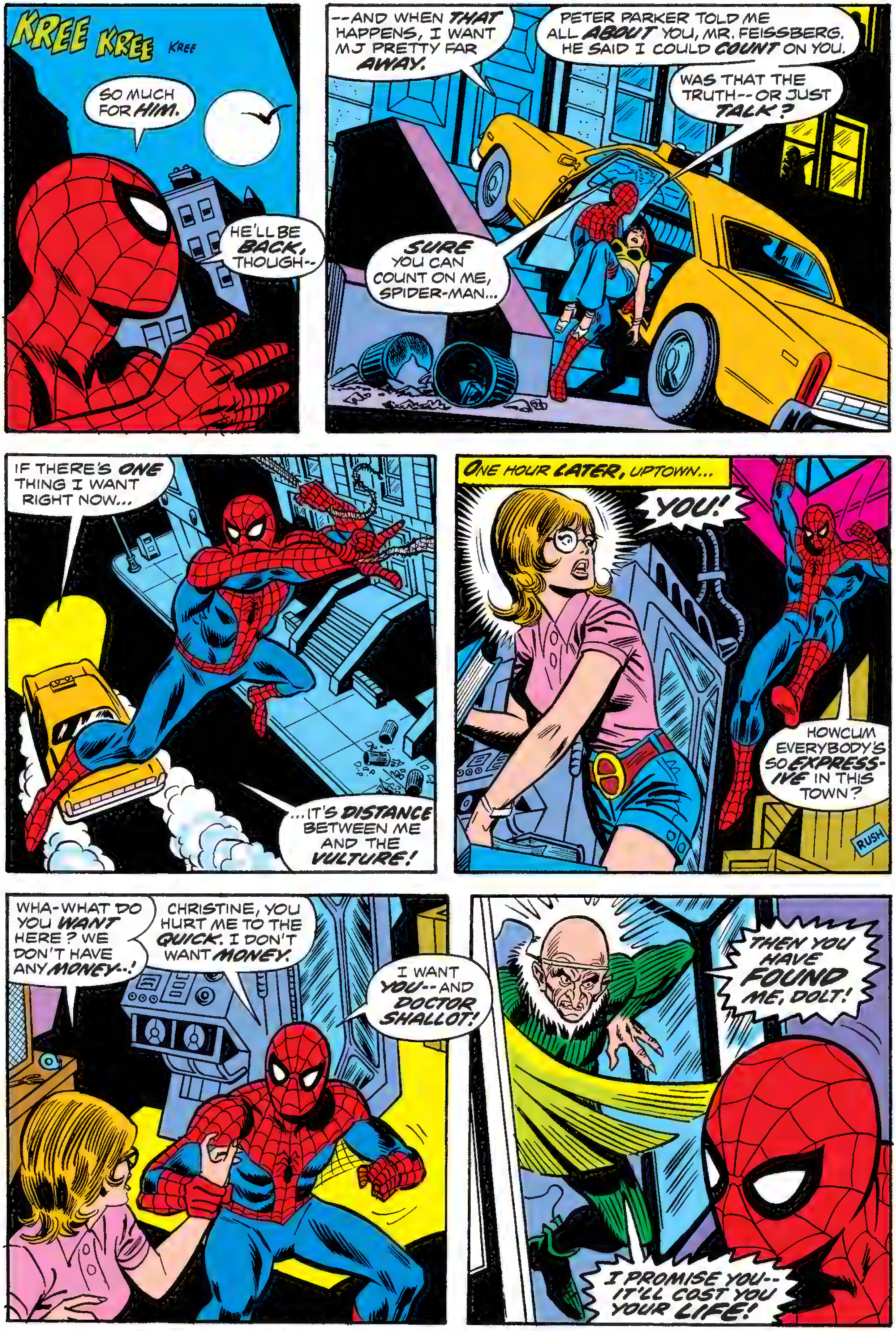

NO SIGN OF OLD FEATHER-FACE... BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.
MY SPIDER-SENSE IS STILL TINGLING UP A STORM...
AND THAT MEANS DANGER IS NEAR!
THIS MAN'S IN BAD SHAPE... CLAW MARKS ON HIS JAW...
...AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN STRUCK BY A HAWK...OR A VULTURE!
HMMM. BROKEN GLASS... AND SOME SORT OF CHEMICAL...
COULD THIS BE WHAT THE VULTURE WAS SEEKING? AND IF SO... WHY DOES HE NEED IT?
YOU!
HOW DARE YOU FOLLOW ME? HOW DARE YOU COME HERE-- AT THIS MOST DELICATE JUNCTURE?
JUST MY INCREDIBLE LUCK, I GUESS.
THEN YOUR LUCK HAS BETRAYED YOU, BOY--
--FOR TONIGHT, YOU DIE!

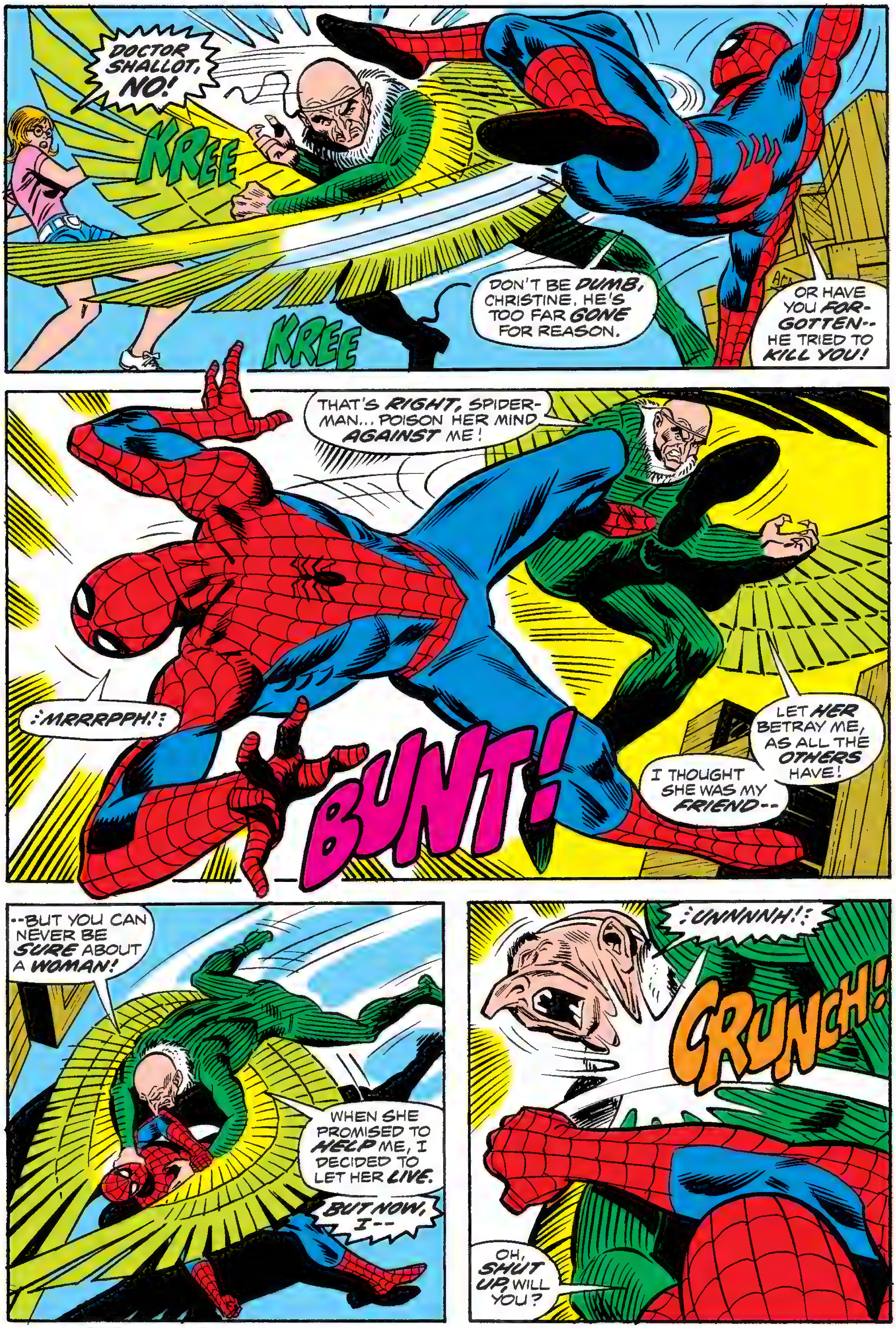

LISTEN, CAN'T WE *TALK* ABOUT THIS, VULTCHY?
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO DO ANYTHING *RASH*--
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET *LATER?*
THERE'S NOTHING TO *DISCUSS*, BOY.
THIS IS THE *SECOND* TIME I'VE FOUND YOU *SNOOPING*--
--AND MY FRIEND-- THAT'S TWO TIMES *TOO MANY!*
EEEEYOW!
SPOOSH!
HEY NOW, MATEY... YOU'RE A LUCKY *CAD*, YOU ARE.
MOST MEN WOULD'VE BEEN *KILLED* BY A FALL LIKE THAT... BUT YOU AIN'T HARDLY OUT OF *BREATH!*
IT'S MY *FAIRY GOD-MOTHER*.
SHE'S GOT A REAL THING ABOUT KEEPING ME *ALIVE*.
SOON, AFTER PETER HAS MADE A FEW LAME *EXCUSES*, AND ACCEPTED THE HOSPITALITY OF SEVERAL CUPS OF STEAMING COFFEE...
THIS WHOLE MYSTERY IS COMING APART AT THE *SEAMS*.
BETTER GET BACK TO *MARY JANE*-- BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE*.
ME-5

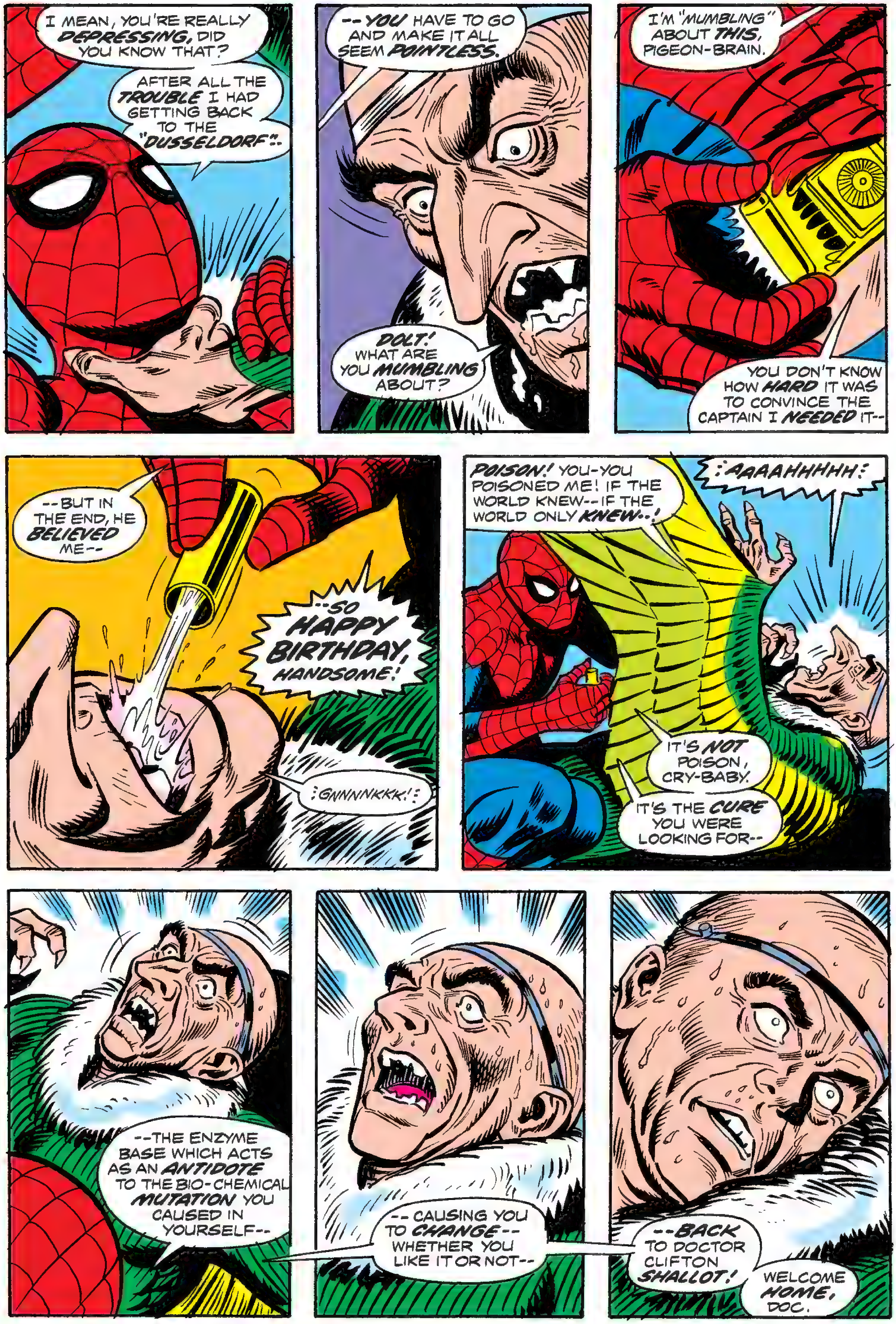

LIKE MOST NEW YORK CAB DRIVERS, MYRON FEISSBERG IS A MORE OR LESS GREGARIOUS MAN... AND DURING THE COURSE OF THE RIDE FROM THE WATERFRONT TO MARY JANE'S APARTMENT, HE LISTENS WITH INTEREST TO THE EDITED SUMMARY OF PETER PARKER'S TROUBLES. THEN...
SO LISTEN, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE, SONNY.
CAB CO.
GET THAT GIRL AND HURRY BACK.
THANKS, MR. FEISSBERG.
WHA' HAPPENED TA YOU, KID? TAKE YERSELF A SHOWER OR SUMTHIN'?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU.
SAY... YOU'RE THE JANITOR OF THIS BUILDING, AREN'T YOU?
I AIN'T SAM ERWIN, KIDDO.
WELL, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME SOMETHING. THERE'S A GIRL LIVING HERE... SHE'S THE ROOMMATE OF GLORIA JENKINS, THE GIRL WHO WAS KILLED.
YEAH, I KNOW 'ER. SHE AND THAT ROOMIE O' HER'S WERE OKAY KIDS.
FUNNY ABOUT THEM, THOUGH...
THEY WUZ ALWAYS TRADING CLOTHES.
SOMETIMES YA DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WUZ WHICH, Y'KNOW?
THANK YOU, "SAM ERWIN."
THAT'S IT... THE LAST PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.
I KNOW THE ANSWERS... ALMOST!
WHO IS IT? WHAT DO YOU-- OH! PETER! I-I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU -- AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!
SO I'VE GOT A SHORT MEMORY, MJ.
OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU?
PETER... I'VE DECIDED YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT... I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE POLICE ALONE...!
NOT A CHANCE, RED...
...THIS TIME, I'M TAKING YOU THERE MYSELF!

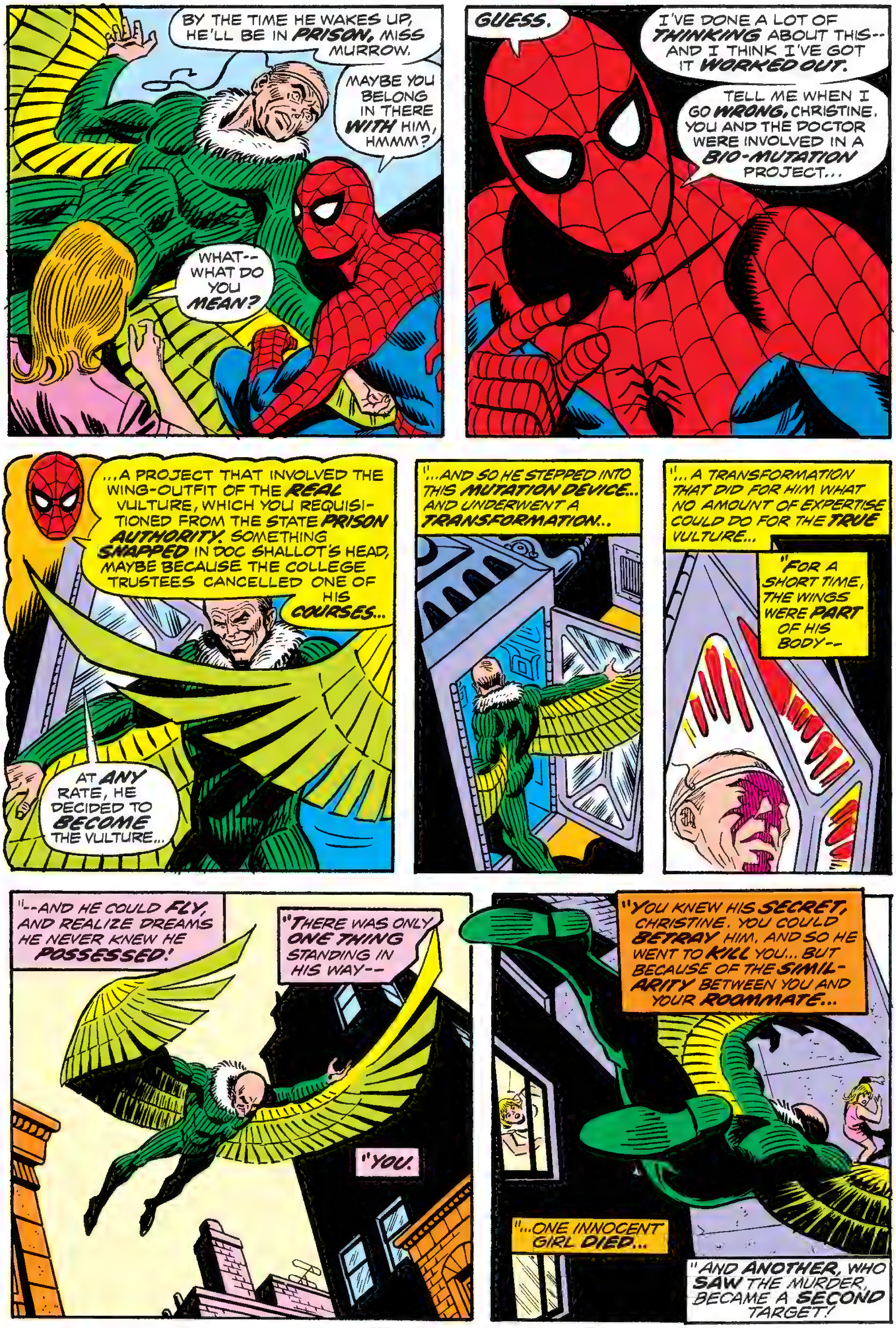

IN THE CAB, MJ. I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT, FOR A MOMENT...
ON DUTY
YELLO
ME58
GROCERIES
'CAUSE, LADY, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED...
YOU'RE STILL IN BIG TROUBLE!
PETER'S WORDS TURN OUT TO BE MORE PROPHETIC THAN HE THOUGHT, FOR, NO SOONER HAS HE UTTERED THEM, WHEN...
KREE KREE
MR. FEISSBERG, LOOK OUT!
KREE KREE
KRANGG!
SHE THOUGHT TO ESCAPE ME, DID SHE? THE DELUDED BUFFOON!
AFTER TONIGHT, I'LL BE FREE--
--WITH NO ONE TO THREATEN ME EVER AGAIN!
YOU WISH, BEAK-NOSE.
YOU STILL HAVEN'T REALIZED THAT I SLIPPED AWAY-- WHICH GIVES ME THE EDGE FOR A CHANGE.
WATCH OUT, VULTURE... TONIGHT IS SPIDEY'S NIGHT TO HOWL!

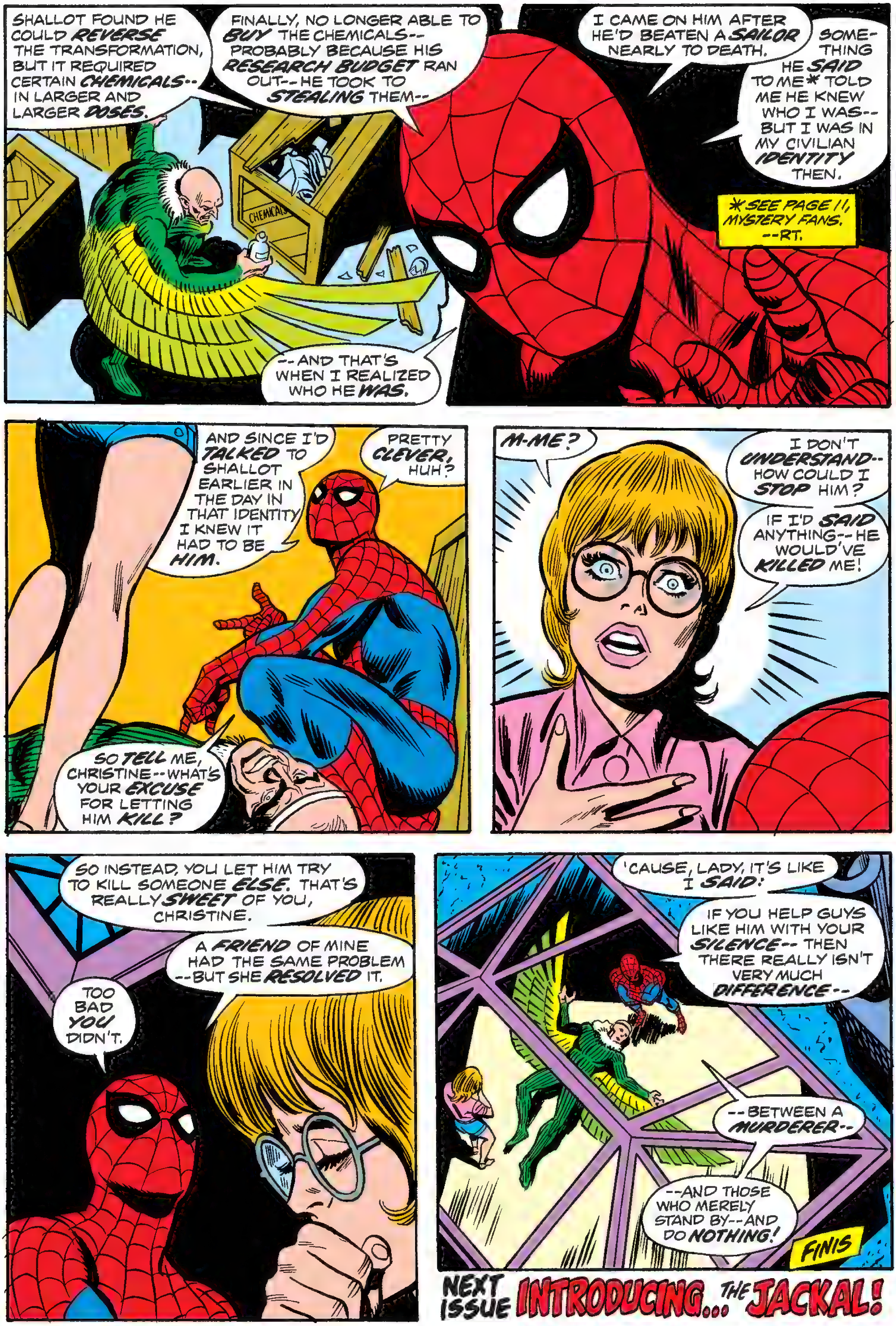

AS IT WORKS OUT, THEN, THE VULTURE DOESN'T HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO MORE THAN BLUSTER BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF--
SPIDER-MAN!
IS THIS A DELIBERATE PERSECUTION?
COULD BE, SKIN-HEAD. GUESS IT'S JUST MY IRASCIBLE NATURE.
I CAN'T STAND SEEING LOVELY LADIES KILLED.
TAKE HER, IF YOU WANT HER.
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I FIND HER ALONE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, VULTCHY.
IF I GO AFTER YOU, I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HER, RIGHT?
WRONG!
YOU LITTLE WHELP WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
NOTHING CAN STOP--
--THE VULTURE?
A TRICK--A SICKENING, JUVENILE TRICK!
YOU CALLED IT, VULTURE. LET'S SEE YOU GET HER NOW--
--WHEN SHE'S PROTECTED UNDER A TENT OF SPIDER-MAN'S WEB!

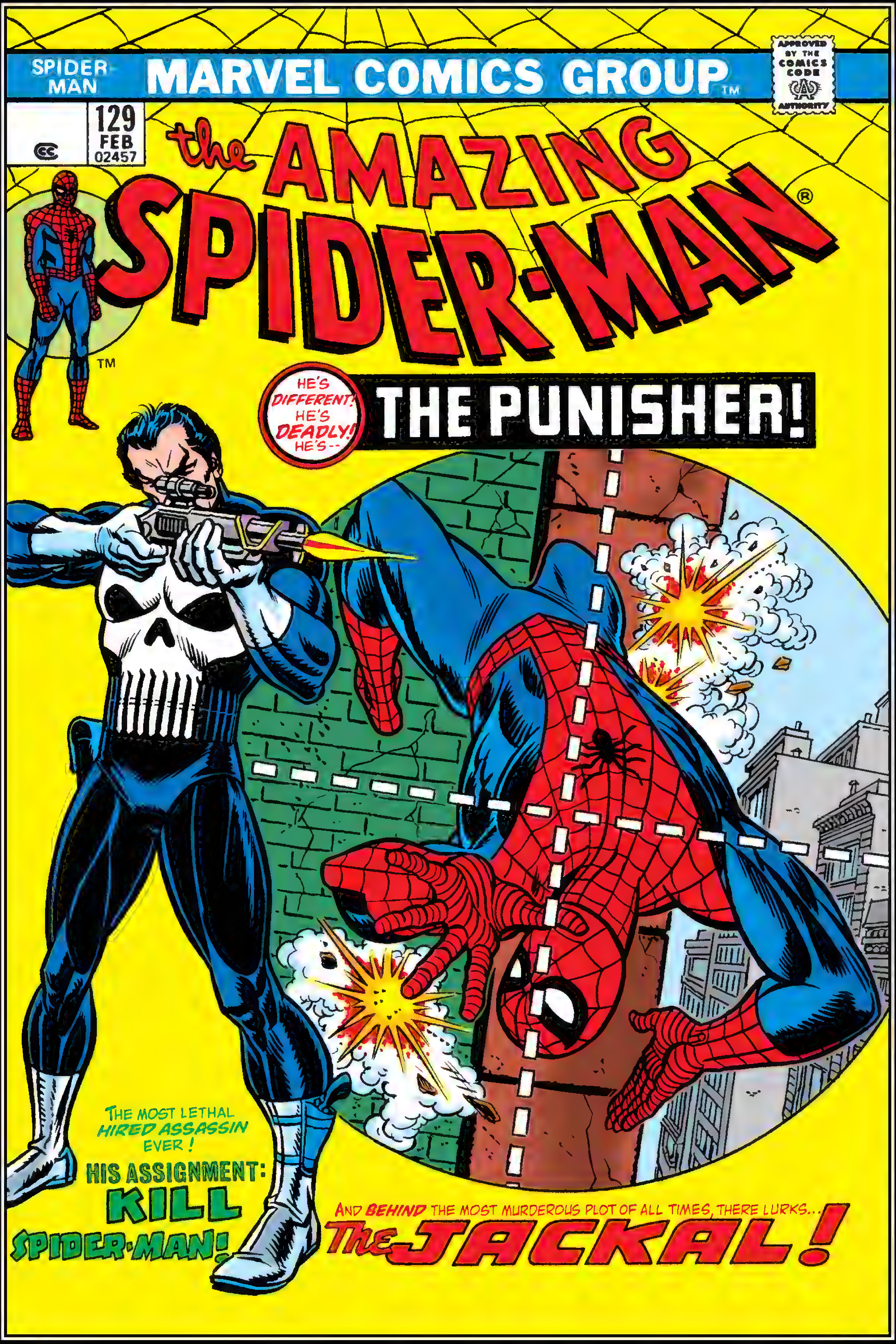

KREE KREE KREE
SO MUCH FOR *HIM.*
HE'LL BE *BACK,* THOUGH--
--AND WHEN *THAT* HAPPENS, I WANT MJ PRETTY FAR *AWAY.*
PETER PARKER TOLD ME ALL *ABOUT* YOU, MR. FEISSBERG. HE SAID I COULD *COUNT* ON YOU.
WAS THAT THE TRUTH--OR JUST *TALK?*
SURE YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SPIDER-MAN...
IF THERE'S *ONE* THING I WANT RIGHT NOW...
...IT'S *DISTANCE* BETWEEN ME AND THE *VULTURE!*
ONE HOUR LATER, UPTOWN...
YOU!
HOWCUM EVERYBODY'S SO *EXPRESSIVE* IN THIS TOWN?
RUSH
WHA-WHAT DO YOU *WANT* HERE? WE DON'T HAVE ANY *MONEY*--!
CHRISTINE, YOU HURT ME TO THE *QUICK.* I DON'T WANT *MONEY.*
I WANT *YOU*--AND *DOCTOR SHALLOT!*
THEN YOU HAVE FOUND ME, DOLT!
I PROMISE YOU--IT'LL COST YOU YOUR LIFE!


DOCTOR SHALLOT, NO!
KREE
KREE
DON'T BE DUMB, CHRISTINE. HE'S TOO FAR GONE FOR REASON.
OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN-- HE TRIED TO KILL YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT, SPIDER-MAN... POISON HER MIND AGAINST ME!
:MRRRPPH!:
BUNT!
I THOUGHT SHE WAS MY FRIEND--
LET HER BETRAY ME, AS ALL THE OTHERS HAVE!
--BUT YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE ABOUT A WOMAN!
WHEN SHE PROMISED TO HELP ME, I DECIDED TO LET HER LIVE.
BUT NOW, I--
:UNNNNH!:
CRUNCH!
OH, SHUT UP, WILL YOU?


I MEAN, YOU'RE REALLY DEPRESSING, DID YOU KNOW THAT?
AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD GETTING BACK TO THE "DUSSELDORF"--
--YOU HAVE TO GO AND MAKE IT ALL SEEM POINTLESS.
DOLT! WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?
I'M "MUMBLING" ABOUT THIS, PIGEON-BRAIN.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HARD IT WAS TO CONVINCE THE CAPTAIN I NEEDED IT--
--BUT IN THE END, HE BELIEVED ME--
--SO HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HANDSOME!
:GNNNNKKK!:
POISON! YOU-YOU POISONED ME! IF THE WORLD KNEW--IF THE WORLD ONLY KNEW--!
:AAAAHHHHH:
IT'S NOT POISON, CRY-BABY.
IT'S THE CURE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR--
--THE ENZYME BASE WHICH ACTS AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE BIO-CHEMICAL MUTATION YOU CAUSED IN YOURSELF--
--CAUSING YOU TO CHANGE--WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT--
--BACK TO DOCTOR CLIFTON SHALLOT!
WELCOME HOME, DOC.


BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, HE'LL BE IN PRISON, MISS MURROW.
MAYBE YOU BELONG IN THERE WITH HIM, HMMM?
WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
GUESS.
I'VE DONE A LOT OF THINKING ABOUT THIS-- AND I THINK I'VE GOT IT WORKED OUT.
TELL ME WHEN I GO WRONG, CHRISTINE. YOU AND THE DOCTOR WERE INVOLVED IN A BIO-MUTATION PROJECT...
...A PROJECT THAT INVOLVED THE WING-OUTFIT OF THE REAL VULTURE, WHICH YOU REQUISITIONED FROM THE STATE PRISON AUTHORITY. SOMETHING SNAPPED IN DOC SHALLOT'S HEAD, MAYBE BECAUSE THE COLLEGE TRUSTEES CANCELLED ONE OF HIS COURSES...
AT ANY RATE, HE DECIDED TO BECOME THE VULTURE...
"...AND SO HE STEPPED INTO THIS MUTATION DEVICE... AND UNDERWENT A TRANSFORMATION...
"...A TRANSFORMATION THAT DID FOR HIM WHAT NO AMOUNT OF EXPERTISE COULD DO FOR THE TRUE VULTURE...
"FOR A SHORT TIME, THE WINGS WERE PART OF HIS BODY--
"--AND HE COULD FLY, AND REALIZE DREAMS HE NEVER KNEW HE POSSESSED!
"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING STANDING IN HIS WAY--
"YOU.
"YOU KNEW HIS SECRET, CHRISTINE. YOU COULD BETRAY HIM, AND SO HE WENT TO KILL YOU... BUT BECAUSE OF THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR ROOMMATE...
"...ONE INNOCENT GIRL DIED...
"AND ANOTHER, WHO SAW THE MURDER, BECAME A SECOND TARGET!

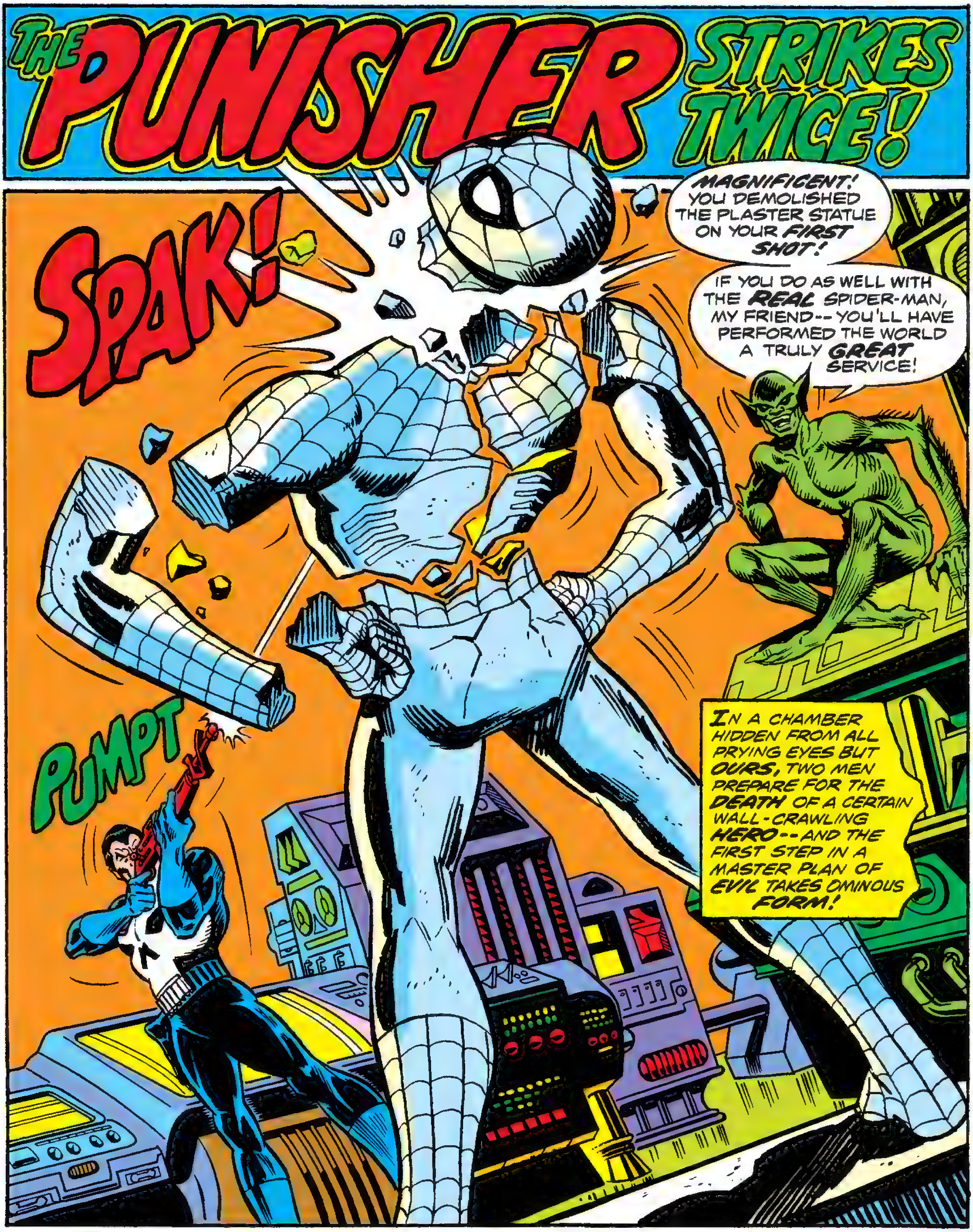

SHALLOT FOUND HE COULD REVERSE THE TRANSFORMATION, BUT IT REQUIRED CERTAIN CHEMICALS-- IN LARGER AND LARGER DOSES.
FINALLY, NO LONGER ABLE TO BUY THE CHEMICALS-- PROBABLY BECAUSE HIS RESEARCH BUDGET RAN OUT-- HE TOOK TO STEALING THEM--
CHEMICALS
I CAME ON HIM AFTER HE'D BEATEN A SAILOR NEARLY TO DEATH.
SOMETHING HE SAID TO ME* TOLD ME HE KNEW WHO I WAS-- BUT I WAS IN MY CIVILIAN IDENTITY THEN.
*SEE PAGE 11, MYSTERY FANS. --RT.
--AND THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED WHO HE WAS.
AND SINCE I'D TALKED TO SHALLOT EARLIER IN THE DAY IN THAT IDENTITY I KNEW IT HAD TO BE HIM.
PRETTY CLEVER, HUH?
SO TELL ME, CHRISTINE-- WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE FOR LETTING HIM KILL?
M-ME?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- HOW COULD I STOP HIM?
IF I'D SAID ANYTHING-- HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME!
SO INSTEAD, YOU LET HIM TRY TO KILL SOMEONE ELSE. THAT'S REALLY SWEET OF YOU, CHRISTINE.
A FRIEND OF MINE HAD THE SAME PROBLEM --BUT SHE RESOLVED IT.
TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T.
'CAUSE, LADY, IT'S LIKE I SAID:
IF YOU HELP GUYS LIKE HIM WITH YOUR SILENCE-- THEN THERE REALLY ISN'T VERY MUCH DIFFERENCE--
--BETWEEN A MURDERER--
--AND THOSE WHO MERELY STAND BY--AND DO NOTHING!
FINIS
NEXT ISSUE INTRODUCING... THE JACKAL!

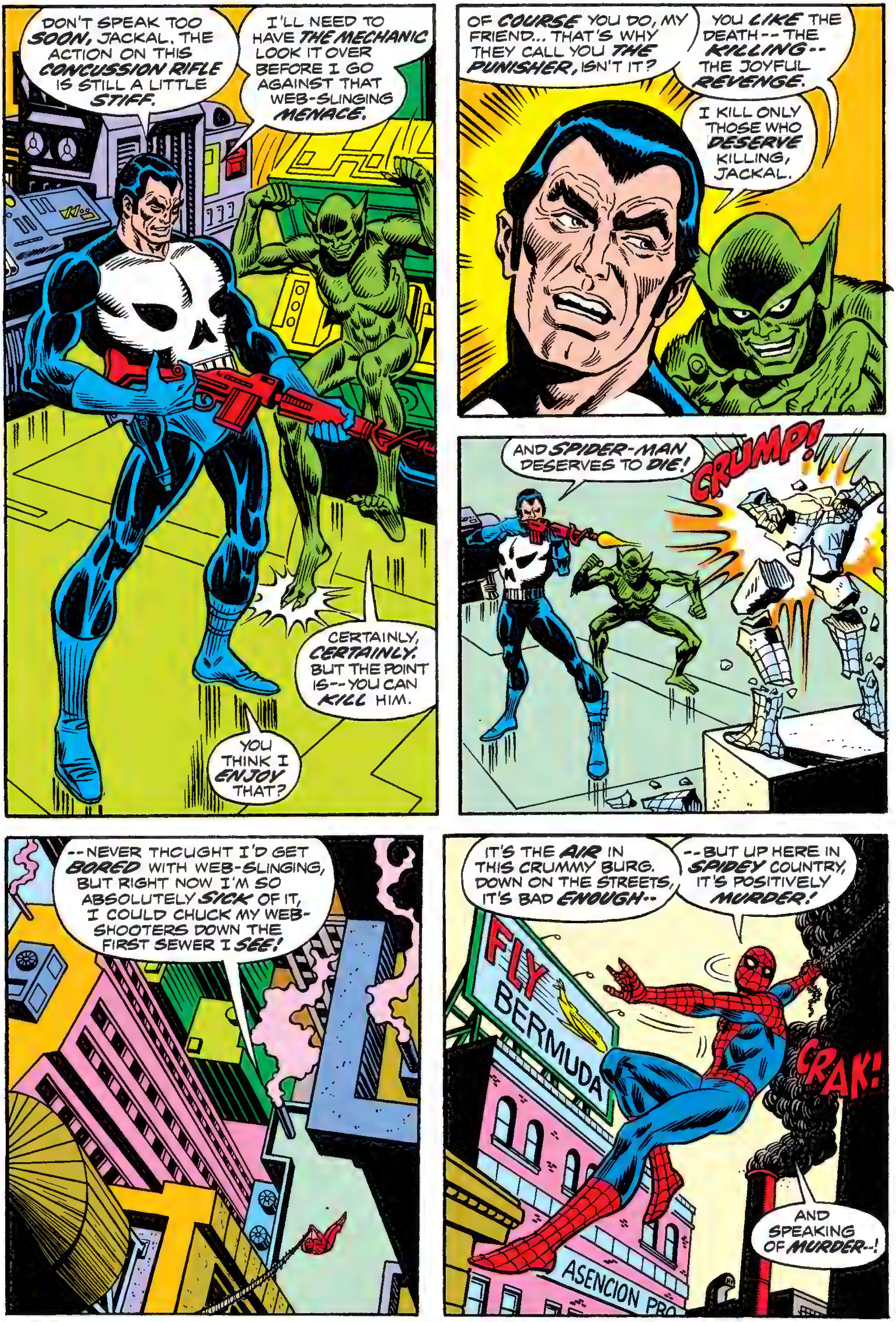

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
129
FEB
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
™
HE'S DIFFERENT! HE'S DEADLY! HE'S--
THE PUNISHER!
THE MOST LETHAL HIRED ASSASSIN EVER!
HIS ASSIGNMENT: KILL SPIDER-MAN!
AND BEHIND THE MOST MURDEROUS PLOT OF ALL TIMES, THERE LURKS...
The JACKAL!

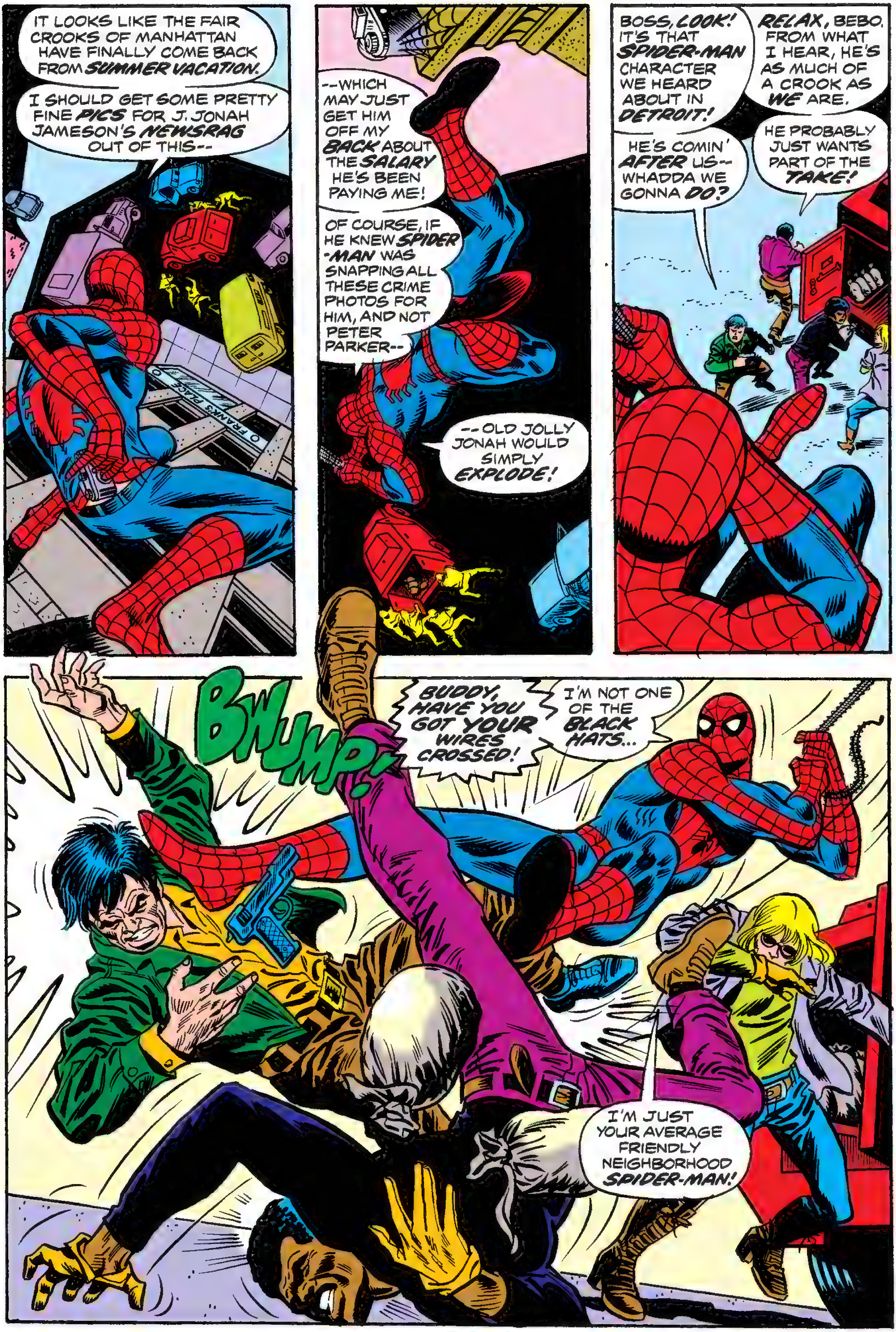
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

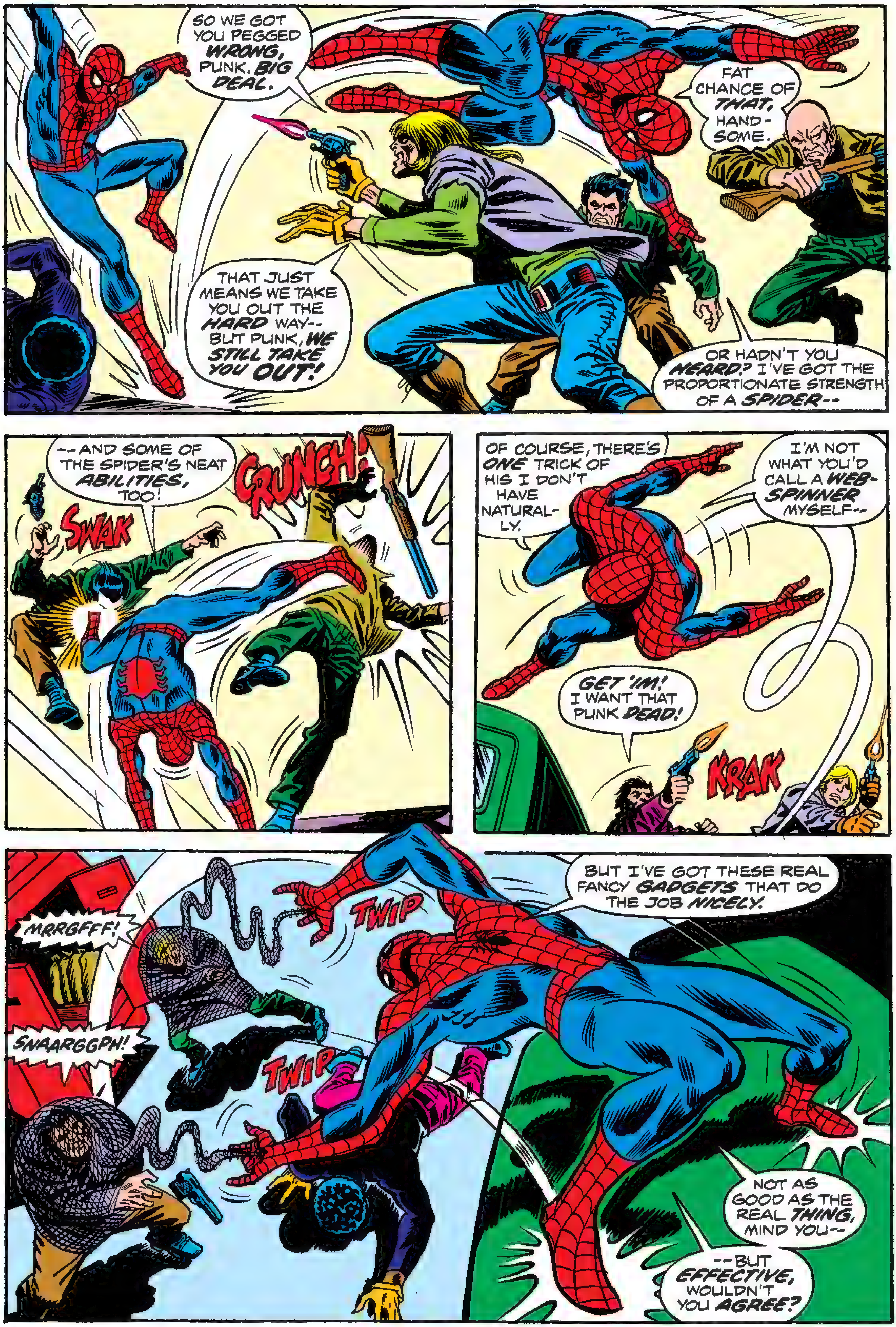
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER / ROSS ANDRU, ARTIST / F. GIACOIA & D. HUNT, INKERS / J. COSTANZA, letterer DAVE HUNT, colorist / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

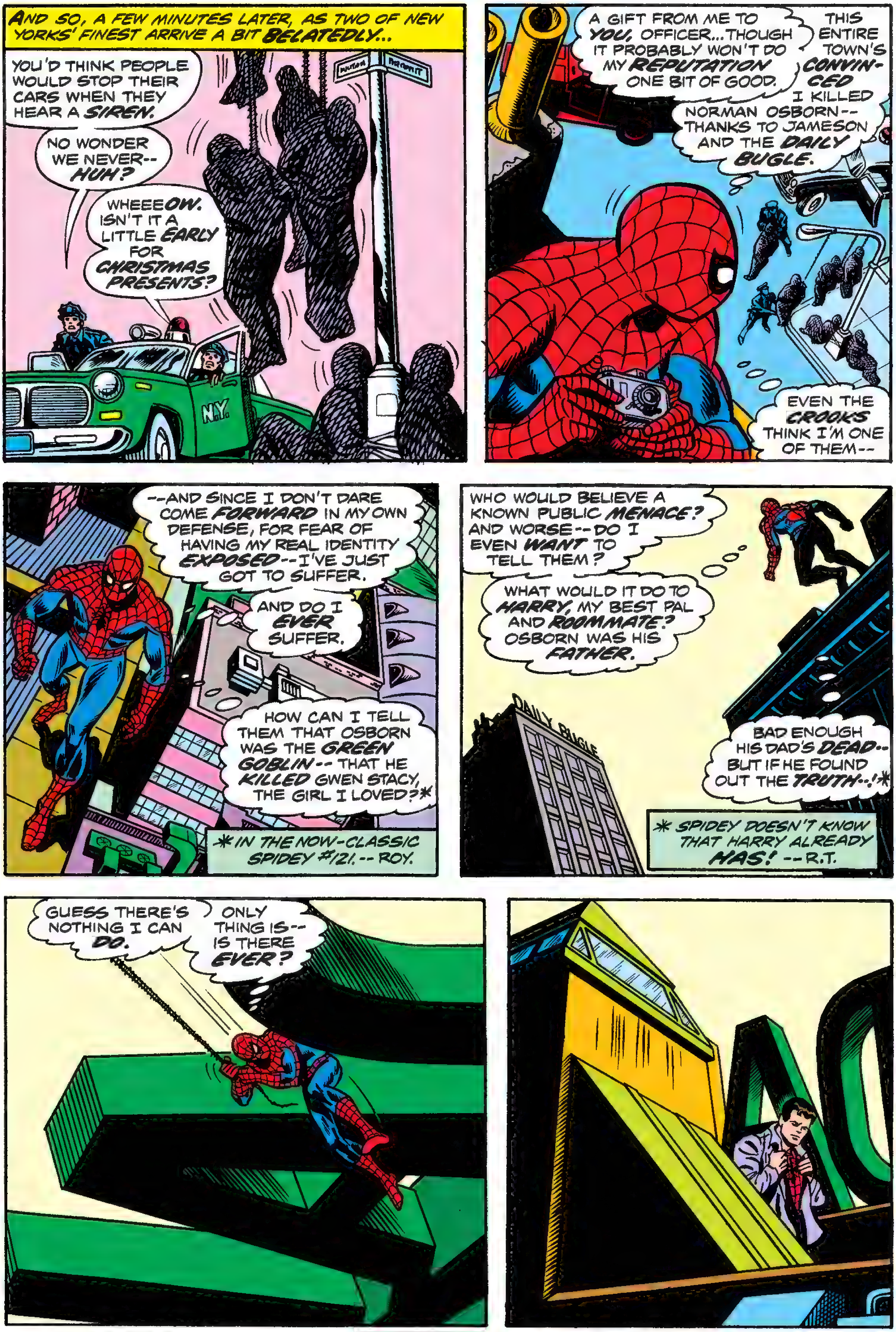
THE PUNISHER STRIKES TWICE!

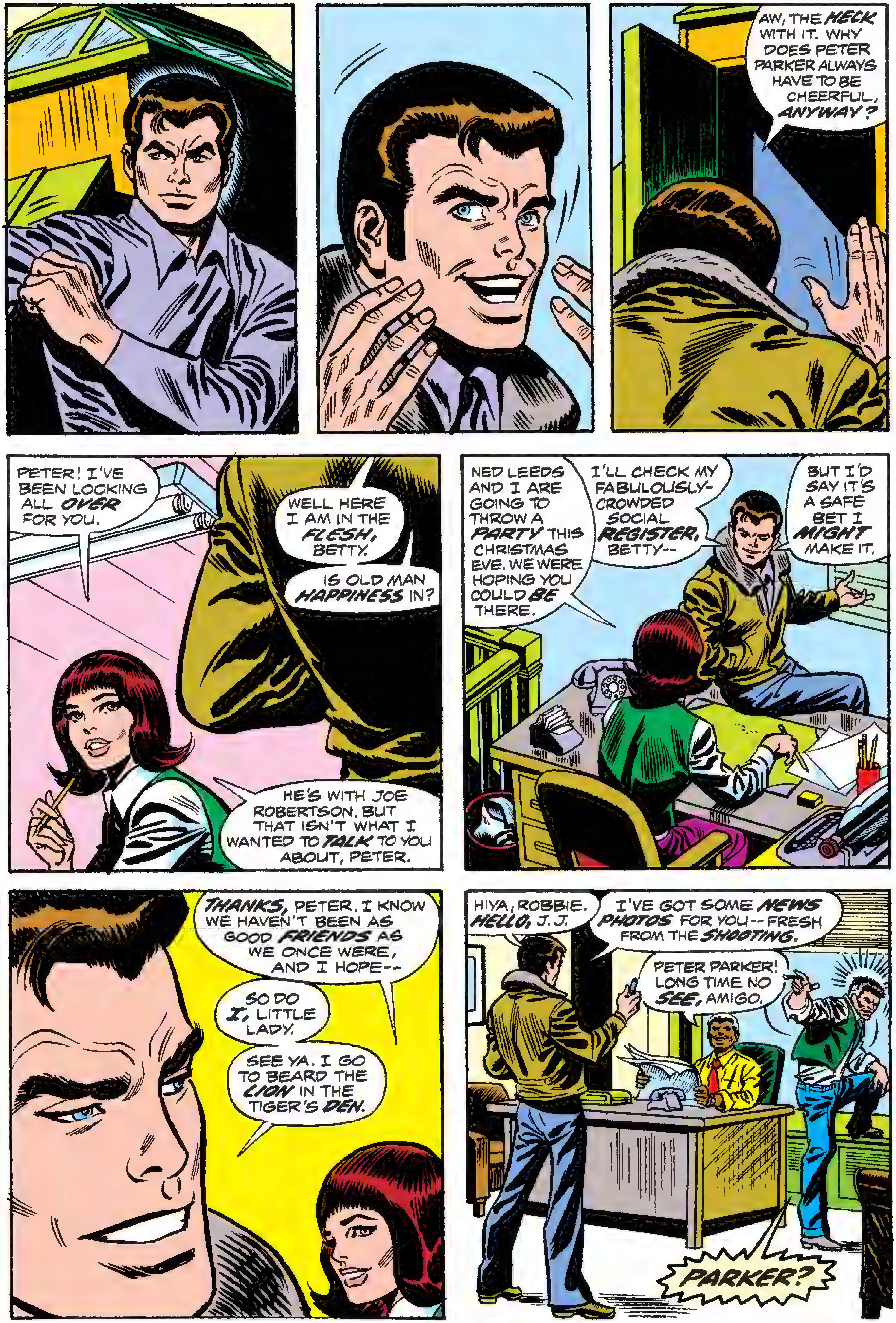

SPAK!
MAGNIFICENT! YOU DEMOLISHED THE PLASTER STATUE ON YOUR FIRST SHOT!
IF YOU DO AS WELL WITH THE REAL SPIDER-MAN, MY FRIEND-- YOU'LL HAVE PERFORMED THE WORLD A TRULY GREAT SERVICE!
PUMPT
IN A CHAMBER HIDDEN FROM ALL PRYING EYES BUT OURS, TWO MEN PREPARE FOR THE DEATH OF A CERTAIN WALL-CRAWLING HERO-- AND THE FIRST STEP IN A MASTER PLAN OF EVIL TAKES OMINOUS FORM!

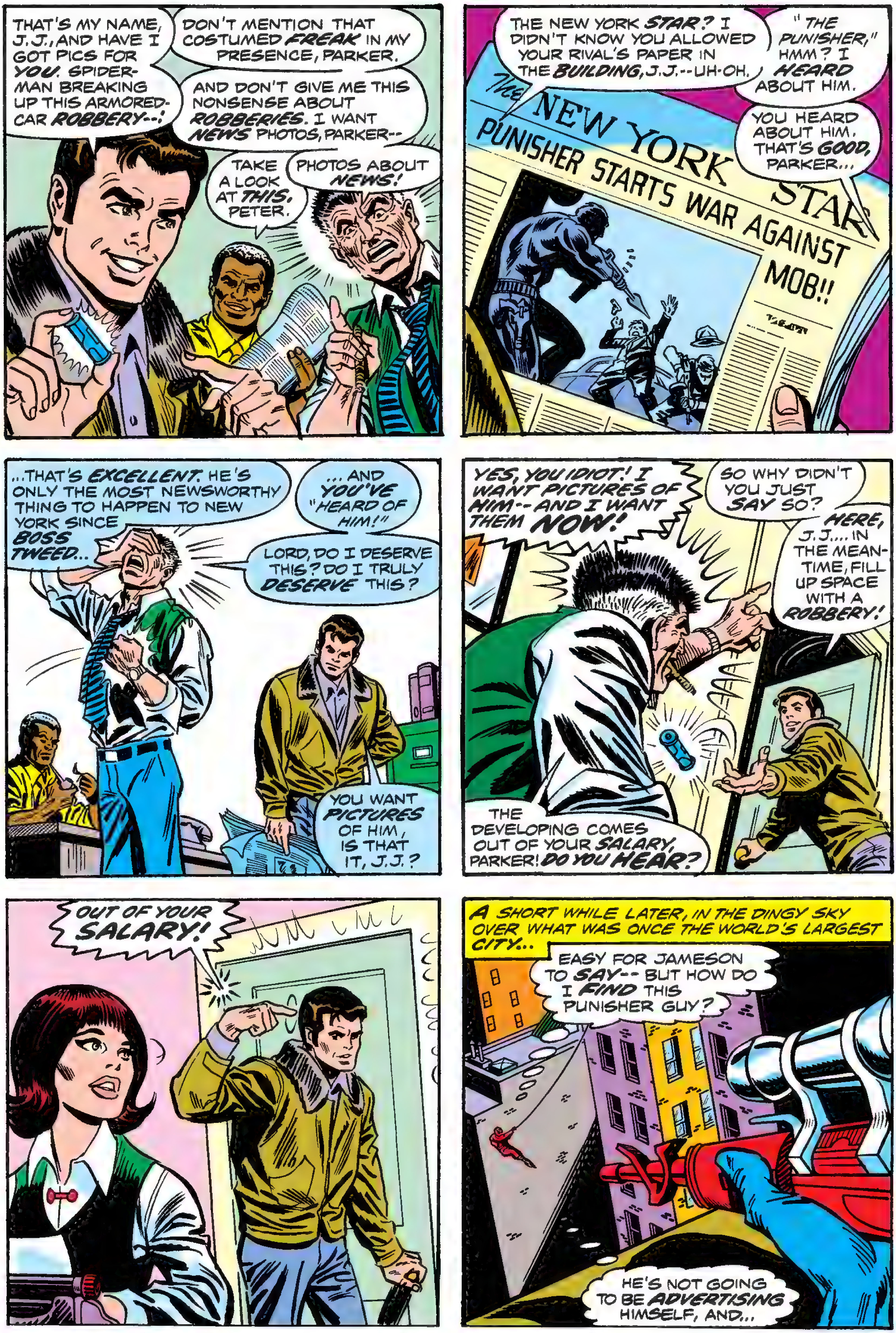

DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, JACKAL. THE ACTION ON THIS CONCUSSION RIFLE IS STILL A LITTLE STIFF.
I'LL NEED TO HAVE THE MECHANIC LOOK IT OVER BEFORE I GO AGAINST THAT WEB-SLINGING MENACE.
CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY. BUT THE POINT IS--YOU CAN KILL HIM.
YOU THINK I ENJOY THAT?
OF COURSE YOU DO, MY FRIEND... THAT'S WHY THEY CALL YOU THE PUNISHER, ISN'T IT?
YOU LIKE THE DEATH -- THE KILLING -- THE JOYFUL REVENGE.
I KILL ONLY THOSE WHO DESERVE KILLING, JACKAL.
AND SPIDER-MAN DESERVES TO DIE!
CRUMP!
--NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET BORED WITH WEB-SLINGING, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M SO ABSOLUTELY SICK OF IT, I COULD CHUCK MY WEB-SHOOTERS DOWN THE FIRST SEWER I SEE!
IT'S THE AIR IN THIS CRUMMY BURG. DOWN ON THE STREETS, IT'S BAD ENOUGH--
--BUT UP HERE IN SPIDEY COUNTRY, IT'S POSITIVELY MURDER!
FLY BERMUDA
CRAK!
ASENCION PRO
AND SPEAKING OF MURDER--!

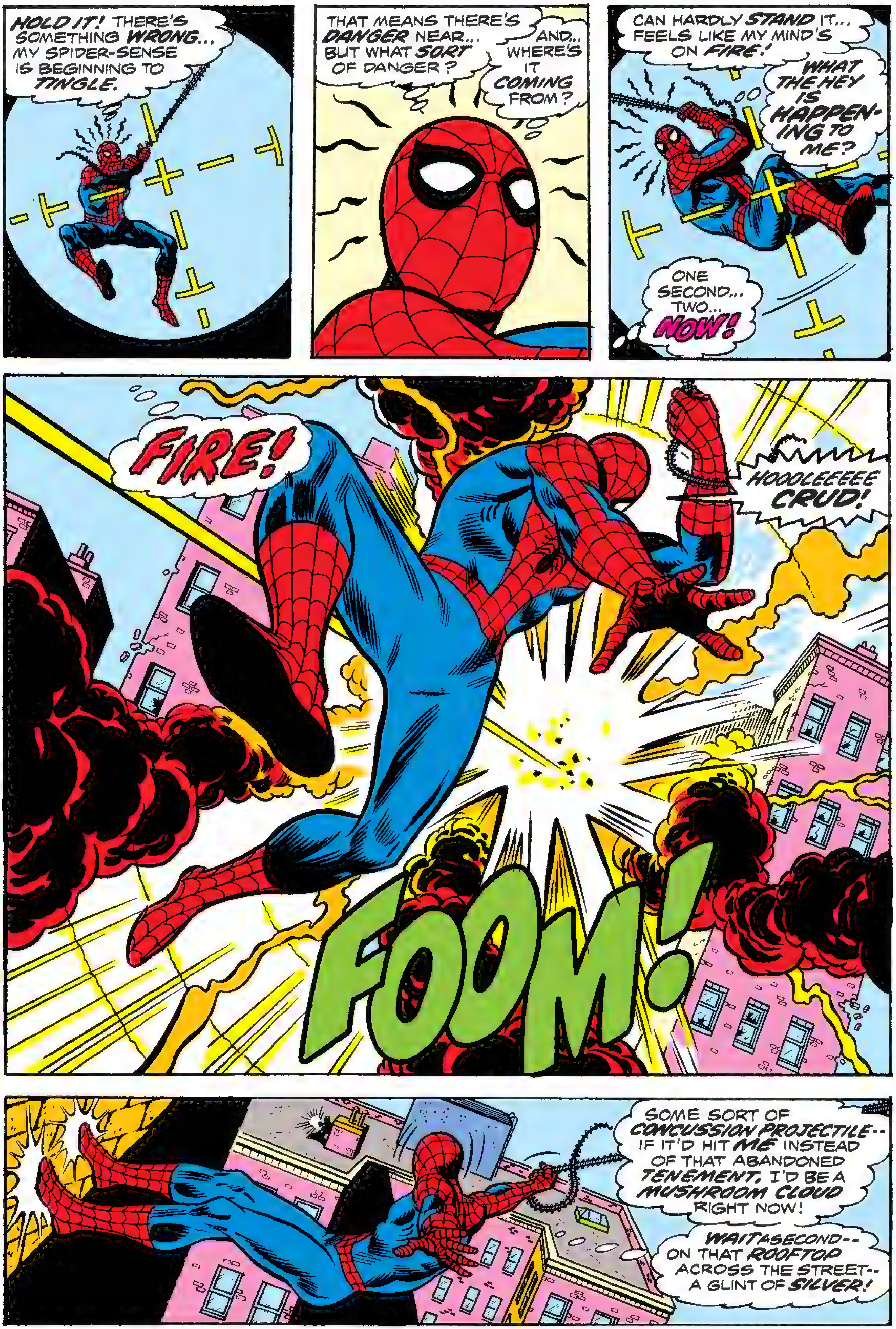

IT LOOKS LIKE THE FAIR CROOKS OF MANHATTAN HAVE FINALLY COME BACK FROM *SUMMER VACATION.*
I SHOULD GET SOME PRETTY FINE *PICS* FOR J. JONAH JAMESON'S *NEWSRAG* OUT OF THIS--
FRANK'S PLACE
--WHICH MAY JUST GET HIM OFF MY *BACK* ABOUT THE *SALARY* HE'S BEEN PAYING ME!
OF COURSE, IF HE KNEW *SPIDER-MAN* WAS SNAPPING ALL THESE CRIME PHOTOS FOR HIM, AND NOT PETER PARKER--
--OLD JOLLY JONAH WOULD SIMPLY *EXPLODE!*
BOSS, *LOOK!* IT'S THAT *SPIDER-MAN* CHARACTER WE HEARD ABOUT IN *DETROIT!*
RELAX, BEBO. FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE'S AS MUCH OF A CROOK AS *WE* ARE.
HE'S COMIN' *AFTER* US-- WHADDA WE GONNA *DO?*
HE PROBABLY JUST WANTS PART OF THE *TAKE!*
BWUMP!
BUDDY, HAVE YOU GOT YOUR WIRES CROSSED!
I'M NOT ONE OF THE *BLACK HATS...*
I'M JUST YOUR AVERAGE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD *SPIDER-MAN!*

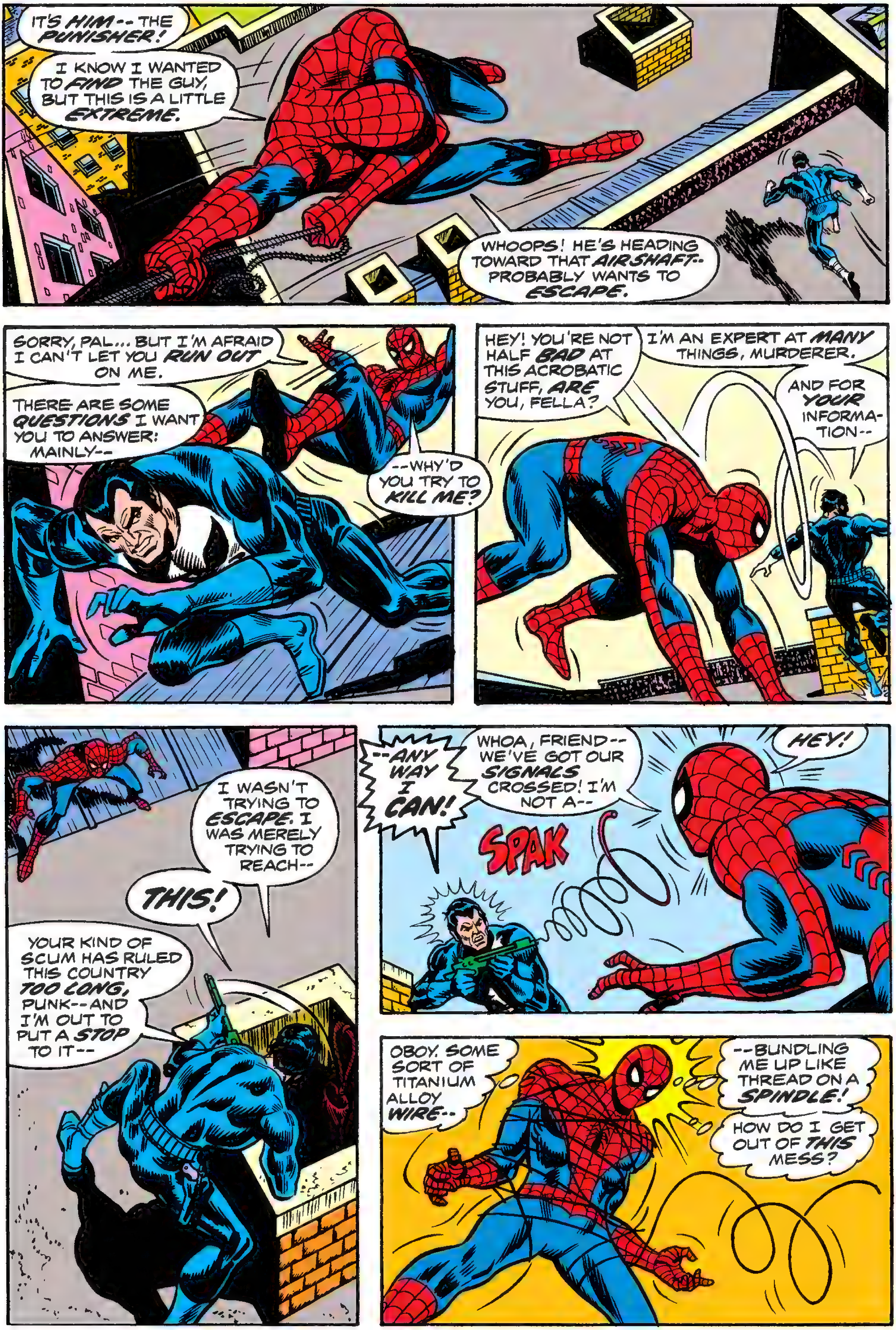

SO WE GOT YOU PEGGED WRONG, PUNK. BIG DEAL.
THAT JUST MEANS WE TAKE YOU OUT THE HARD WAY-- BUT PUNK, WE STILL TAKE YOU OUT!
FAT CHANCE OF THAT, HANDSOME.
OR HADN'T YOU HEARD? I'VE GOT THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER--
--AND SOME OF THE SPIDER'S NEAT ABILITIES, TOO!
SWAK
CRUNCH!
OF COURSE, THERE'S ONE TRICK OF HIS I DON'T HAVE NATURALLY.
I'M NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A WEB-SPINNER MYSELF--
GET 'IM! I WANT THAT PUNK DEAD!
KRAK
BUT I'VE GOT THESE REAL FANCY GADGETS THAT DO THE JOB NICELY.
TWIP
MRRGFFF!
SNAARGGPH!
TWIP
NOT AS GOOD AS THE REAL THING, MIND YOU--
--BUT EFFECTIVE, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?

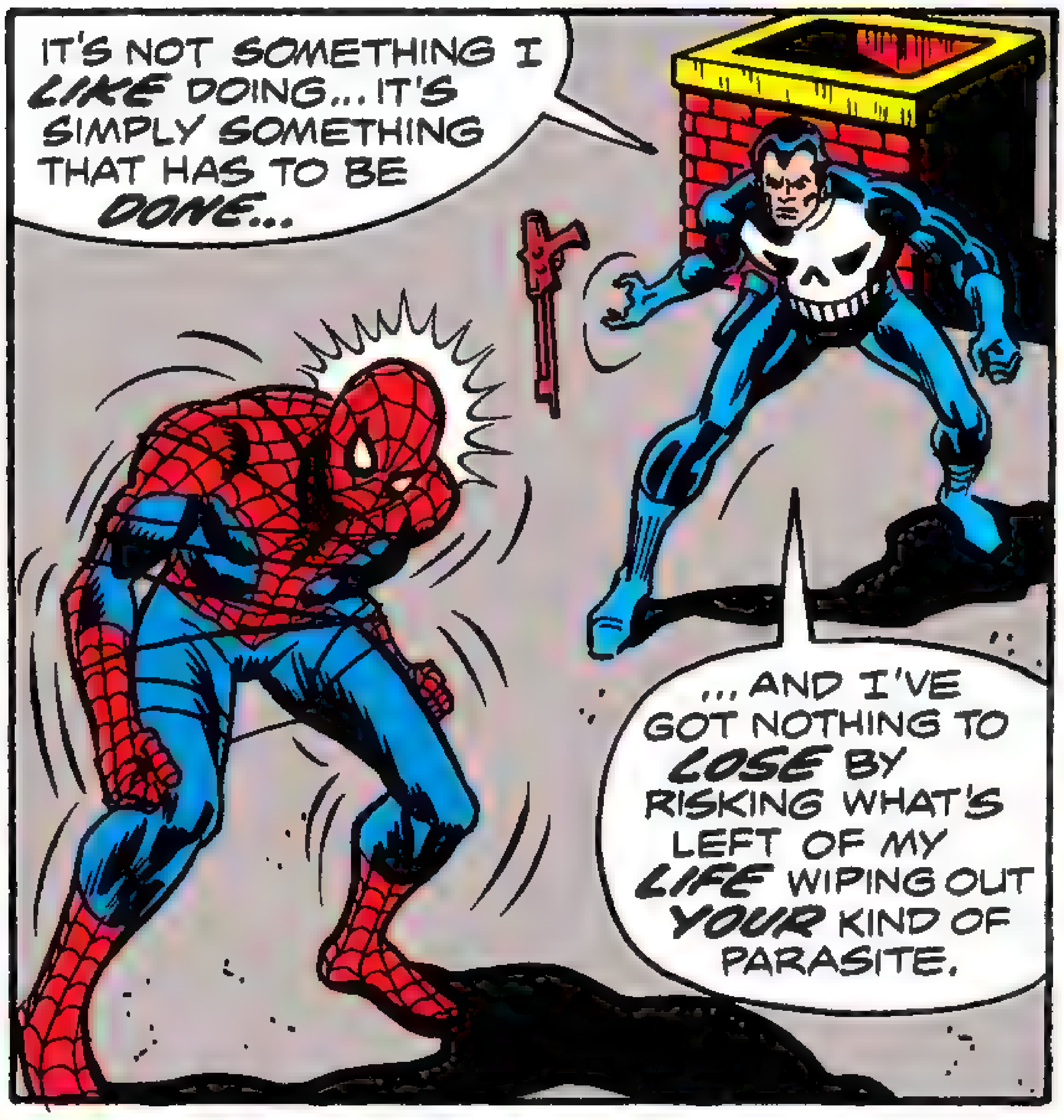

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS TWO OF NEW YORKS' FINEST ARRIVE A BIT BELATEDLY...
YOU'D THINK PEOPLE WOULD STOP THEIR CARS WHEN THEY HEAR A SIREN.
NO WONDER WE NEVER-- HUH?
WHEEEOW. ISN'T IT A LITTLE EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?
N.Y.
A GIFT FROM ME TO YOU, OFFICER...THOUGH IT PROBABLY WON'T DO MY REPUTATION ONE BIT OF GOOD.
THIS ENTIRE TOWN'S CONVINCED I KILLED NORMAN OSBORN-- THANKS TO JAMESON AND THE DAILY BUGLE.
EVEN THE CROOKS THINK I'M ONE OF THEM--
--AND SINCE I DON'T DARE COME FORWARD IN MY OWN DEFENSE, FOR FEAR OF HAVING MY REAL IDENTITY EXPOSED--I'VE JUST GOT TO SUFFER.
AND DO I EVER SUFFER.
HOW CAN I TELL THEM THAT OSBORN WAS THE GREEN GOBLIN-- THAT HE KILLED GWEN STACY, THE GIRL I LOVED?*
*IN THE NOW-CLASSIC SPIDEY #121. --ROY.
WHO WOULD BELIEVE A KNOWN PUBLIC MENACE? AND WORSE--DO I EVEN WANT TO TELL THEM?
WHAT WOULD IT DO TO HARRY, MY BEST PAL AND ROOMMATE? OSBORN WAS HIS FATHER.
DAILY BUGLE
BAD ENOUGH HIS DAD'S DEAD-- BUT IF HE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH--!*
*SPIDEY DOESN'T KNOW THAT HARRY ALREADY HAS! --R.T.
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.
ONLY THING IS-- IS THERE EVER?

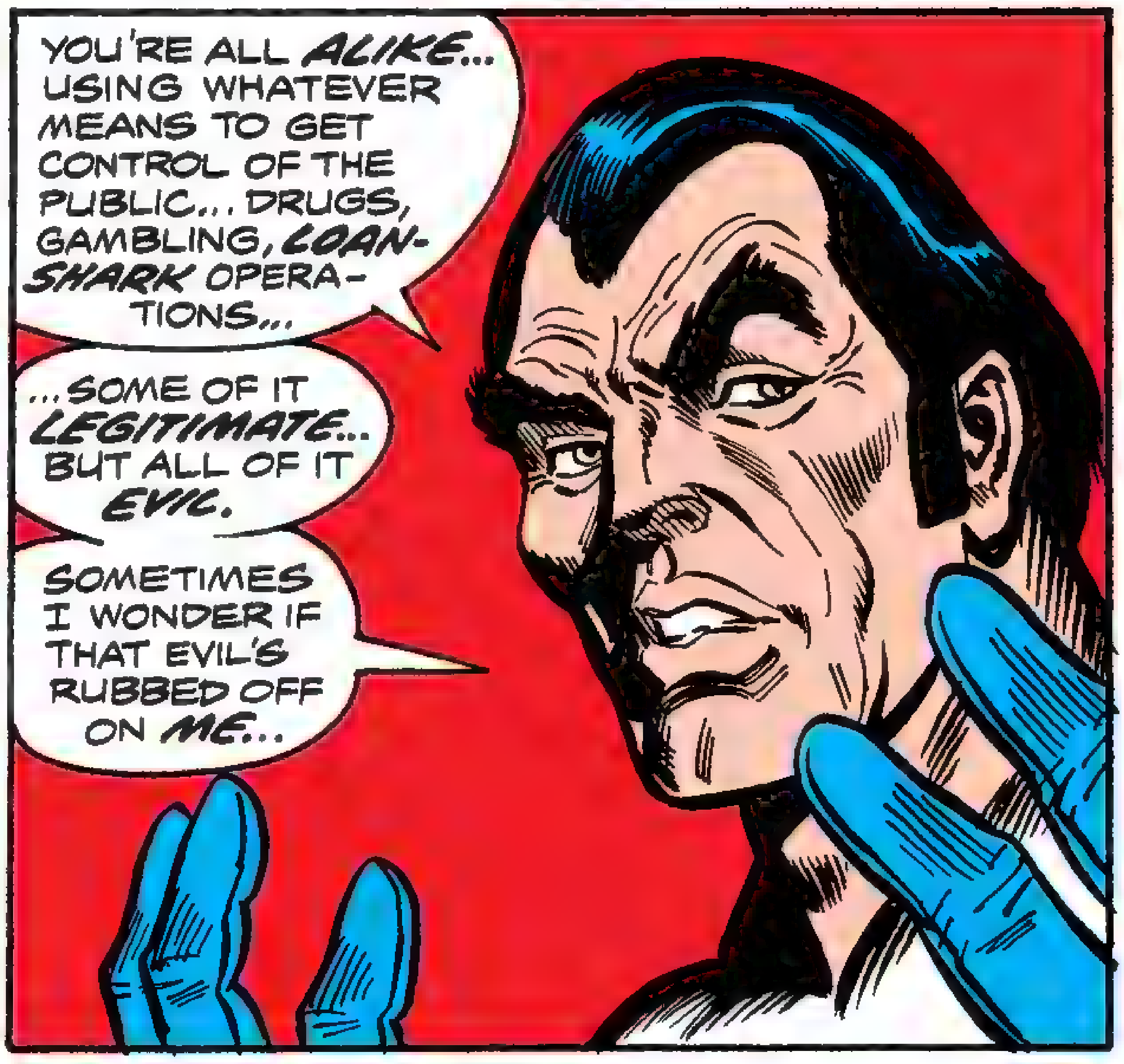

AW, THE HECK WITH IT. WHY DOES PETER PARKER ALWAYS HAVE TO BE CHEERFUL, ANYWAY?
PETER! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
WELL HERE I AM IN THE FLESH, BETTY.
IS OLD MAN HAPPINESS IN?
HE'S WITH JOE ROBERTSON. BUT THAT ISN'T WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, PETER.
NED LEEDS AND I ARE GOING TO THROW A PARTY THIS CHRISTMAS EVE. WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD BE THERE.
I'LL CHECK MY FABULOUSLY-CROWDED SOCIAL REGISTER, BETTY--
BUT I'D SAY IT'S A SAFE BET I MIGHT MAKE IT.
THANKS, PETER. I KNOW WE HAVEN'T BEEN AS GOOD FRIENDS AS WE ONCE WERE, AND I HOPE--
SO DO I, LITTLE LADY.
SEE YA. I GO TO BEARD THE LION IN THE TIGER'S DEN.
HIYA, ROBBIE. HELLO, J. J.
I'VE GOT SOME NEWS PHOTOS FOR YOU--FRESH FROM THE SHOOTING.
PETER PARKER! LONG TIME NO SEE, AMIGO.
PARKER?

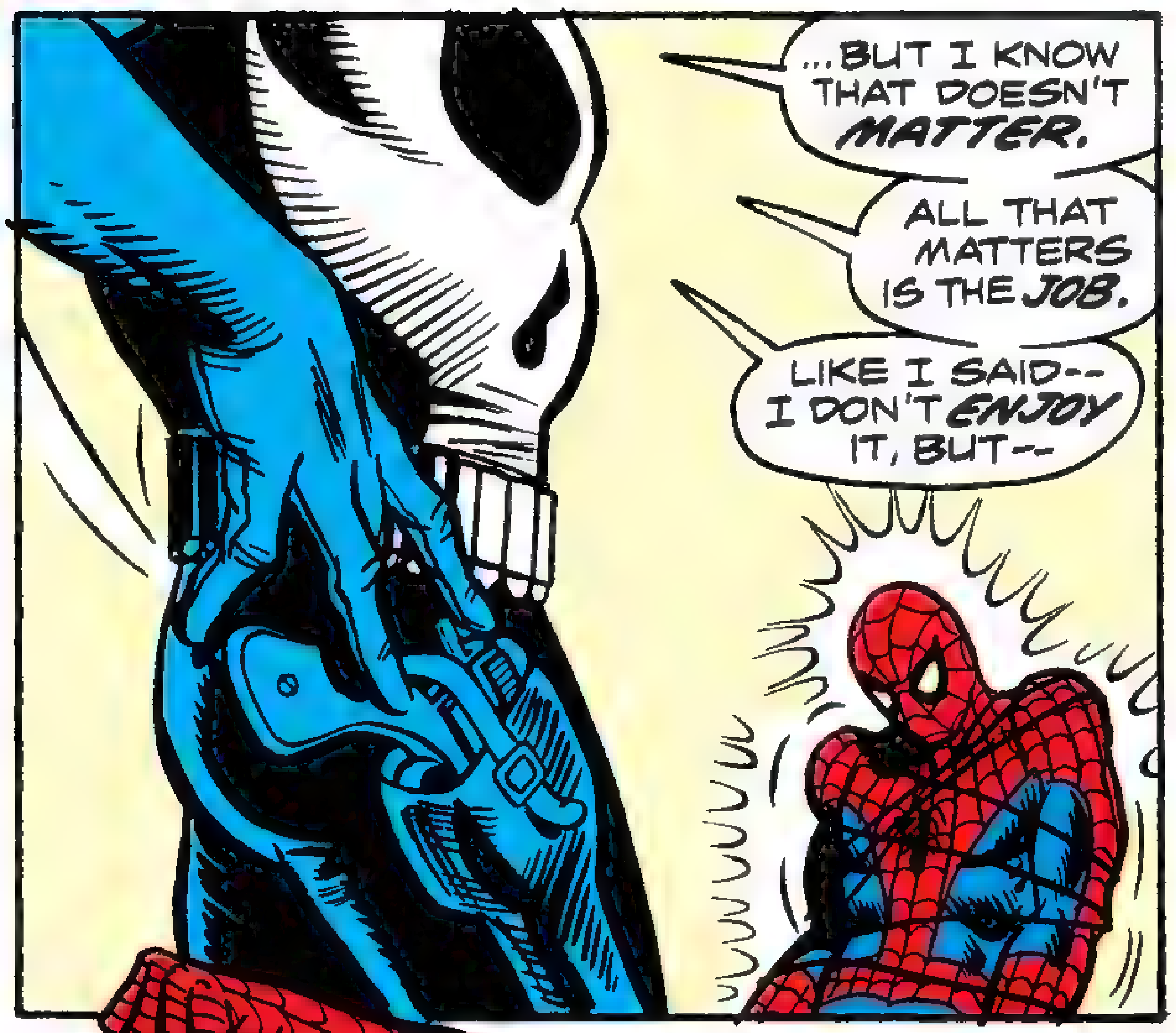

THAT'S MY NAME, J.J., AND HAVE I GOT PICS FOR YOU. SPIDER-MAN BREAKING UP THIS ARMORED-CAR ROBBERY--!
DON'T MENTION THAT COSTUMED FREAK IN MY PRESENCE, PARKER.
AND DON'T GIVE ME THIS NONSENSE ABOUT ROBBERIES. I WANT NEWS PHOTOS, PARKER--
PHOTOS ABOUT NEWS!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, PETER.
THE NEW YORK STAR? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU ALLOWED YOUR RIVAL'S PAPER IN THE BUILDING, J.J.--UH-OH.
"THE PUNISHER," HMM? I HEARD ABOUT HIM.
YOU HEARD ABOUT HIM. THAT'S GOOD, PARKER...
The NEW YORK STAR
PUNISHER STARTS WAR AGAINST MOB!!
...THAT'S EXCELLENT. HE'S ONLY THE MOST NEWSWORTHY THING TO HAPPEN TO NEW YORK SINCE BOSS TWEED...
...AND YOU'VE "HEARD OF HIM!"
LORD, DO I DESERVE THIS? DO I TRULY DESERVE THIS?
YOU WANT PICTURES OF HIM, IS THAT IT, J.J.?
YES, YOU IDIOT! I WANT PICTURES OF HIM--AND I WANT THEM NOW!
SO WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY SO?
HERE, J.J.... IN THE MEAN-TIME, FILL UP SPACE WITH A ROBBERY!
THE DEVELOPING COMES OUT OF YOUR SALARY, PARKER! DO YOU HEAR?
OUT OF YOUR SALARY!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE DINGY SKY OVER WHAT WAS ONCE THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY...
EASY FOR JAMESON TO SAY--BUT HOW DO I FIND THIS PUNISHER GUY?
HE'S NOT GOING TO BE ADVERTISING HIMSELF, AND...

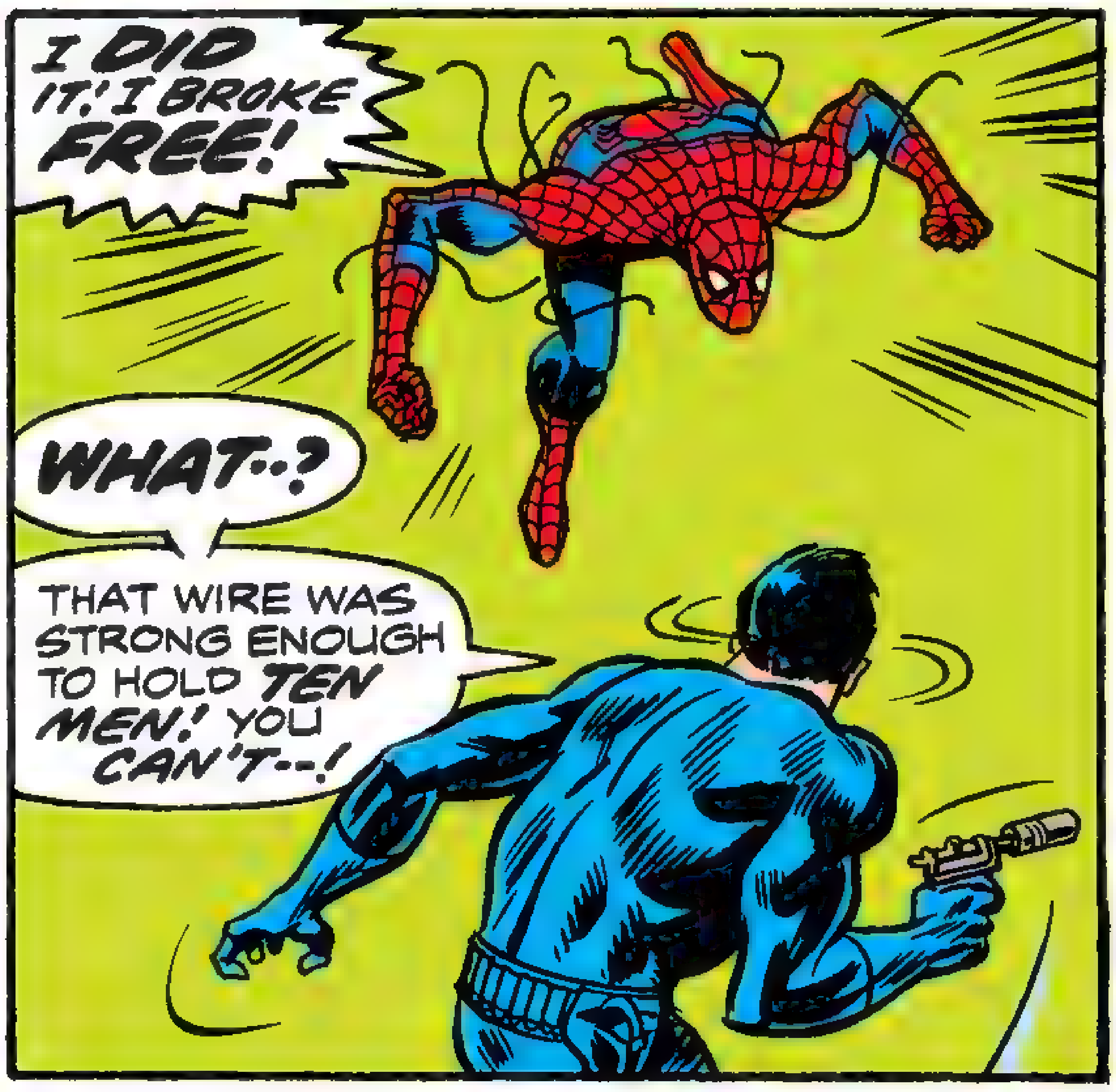

HOLD IT! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG... MY SPIDER-SENSE IS BEGINNING TO TINGLE.
THAT MEANS THERE'S DANGER NEAR... BUT WHAT SORT OF DANGER?
AND... WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?
CAN HARDLY STAND IT... FEELS LIKE MY MIND'S ON FIRE!
WHAT THE HEY IS HAPPENING TO ME?
ONE SECOND... TWO... NOW!
FIRE!
HOOOLEEEEE CRUD!
FOOM!
SOME SORT OF CONCUSSION PROJECTILE-- IF IT'D HIT ME INSTEAD OF THAT ABANDONED TENEMENT, I'D BE A MUSHROOM CLOUD RIGHT NOW!
WAIT A SECOND-- ON THAT ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET-- A GLINT OF SILVER!

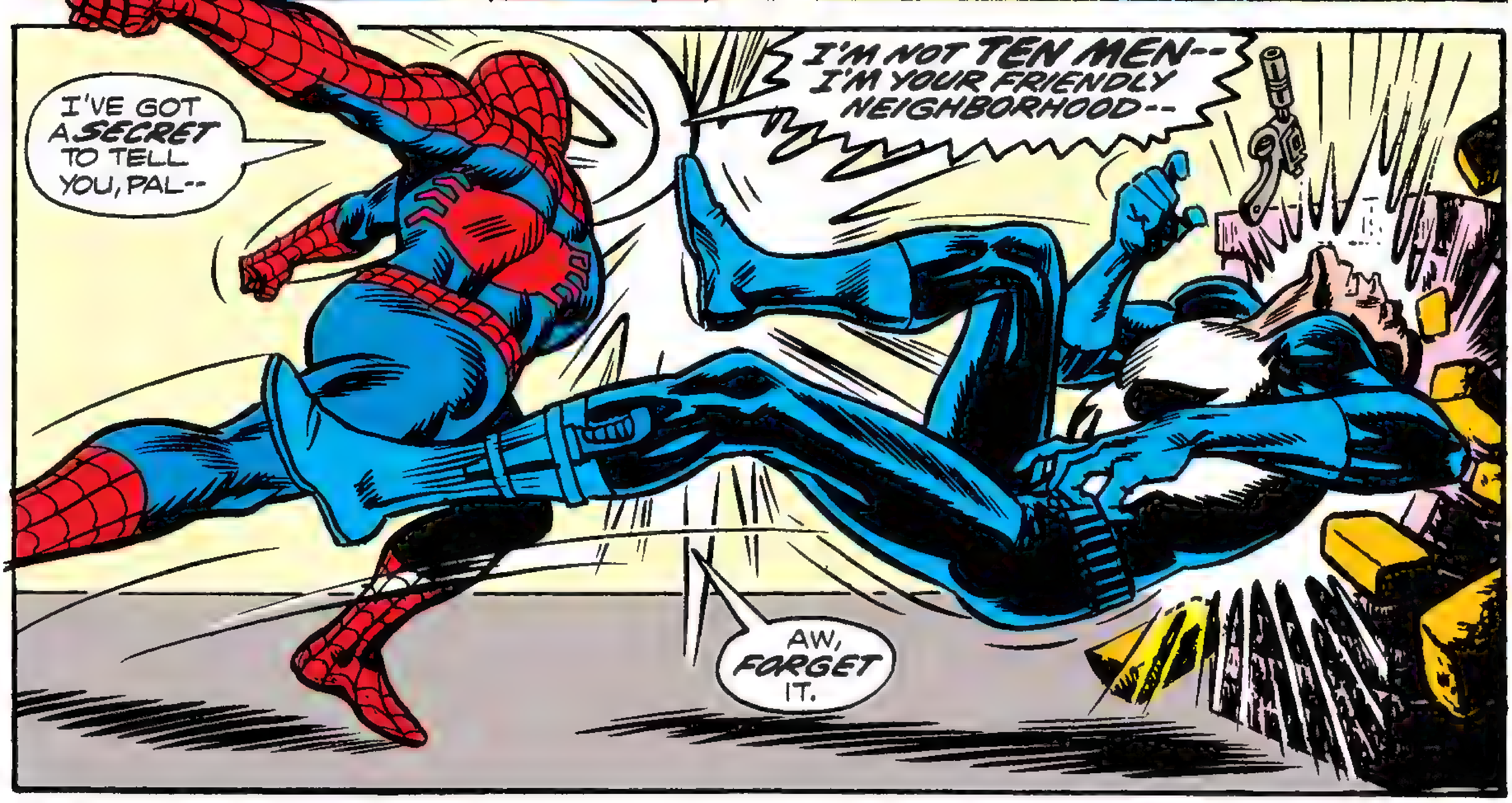

IT'S HIM--THE PUNISHER!
I KNOW I WANTED TO FIND THE GUY, BUT THIS IS A LITTLE EXTREME.
WHOOPS! HE'S HEADING TOWARD THAT AIRSHAFT--PROBABLY WANTS TO ESCAPE.
SORRY, PAL... BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU RUN OUT ON ME.
THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS I WANT YOU TO ANSWER: MAINLY--
--WHY'D YOU TRY TO KILL ME?
HEY! YOU'RE NOT HALF BAD AT THIS ACROBATIC STUFF, ARE YOU, FELLA?
I'M AN EXPERT AT MANY THINGS, MURDERER.
AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION--
I WASN'T TRYING TO ESCAPE. I WAS MERELY TRYING TO REACH--
THIS!
YOUR KIND OF SCUM HAS RULED THIS COUNTRY TOO LONG, PUNK--AND I'M OUT TO PUT A STOP TO IT--
--ANY WAY I CAN!
WHOA, FRIEND--WE'VE GOT OUR SIGNALS CROSSED! I'M NOT A--
HEY!
SPAK
OBOY. SOME SORT OF TITANIUM ALLOY WIRE--
--BUNDLING ME UP LIKE THREAD ON A SPINDLE!
HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS MESS?

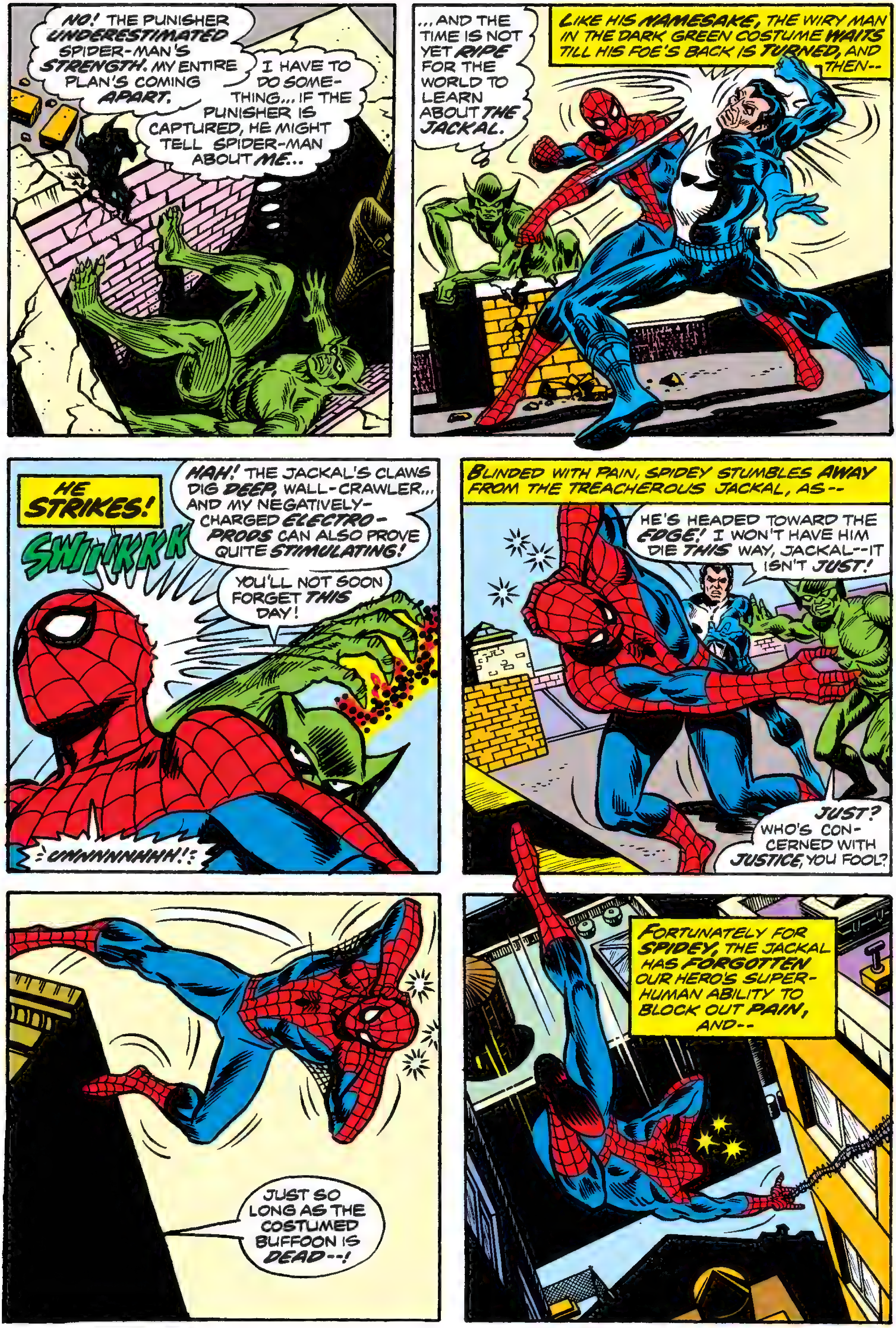

IT'S NOT SOMETHING I LIKE DOING... IT'S SIMPLY SOMETHING THAT HAS TO BE DONE...
...AND I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY RISKING WHAT'S LEFT OF MY LIFE WIPING OUT YOUR KIND OF PARASITE.

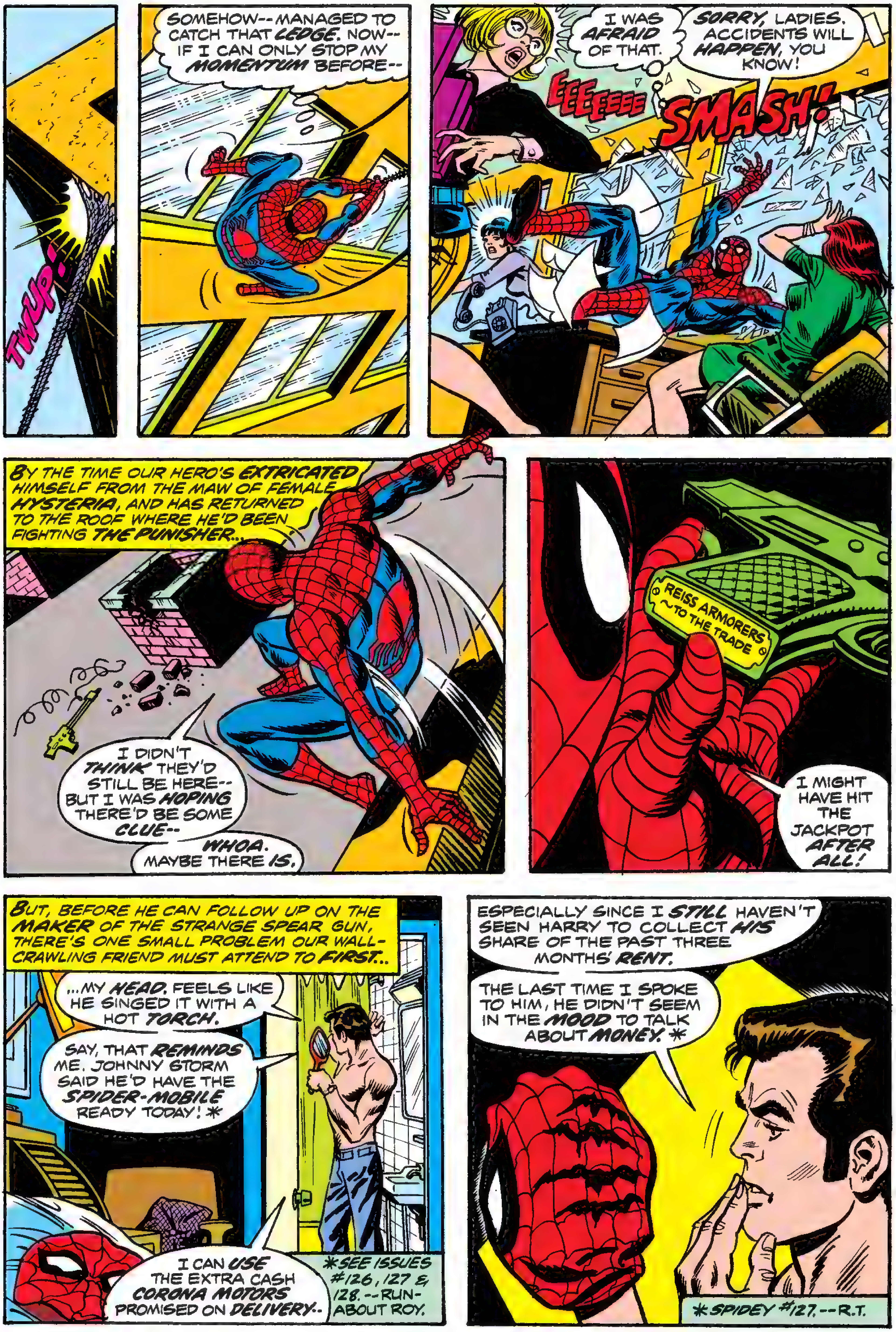

YOU'RE ALL ALIKE... USING WHATEVER MEANS TO GET CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC... DRUGS, GAMBLING, LOAN-SHARK OPERATIONS...
...SOME OF IT LEGITIMATE... BUT ALL OF IT EVIL.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THAT EVIL'S RUBBED OFF ON ME...

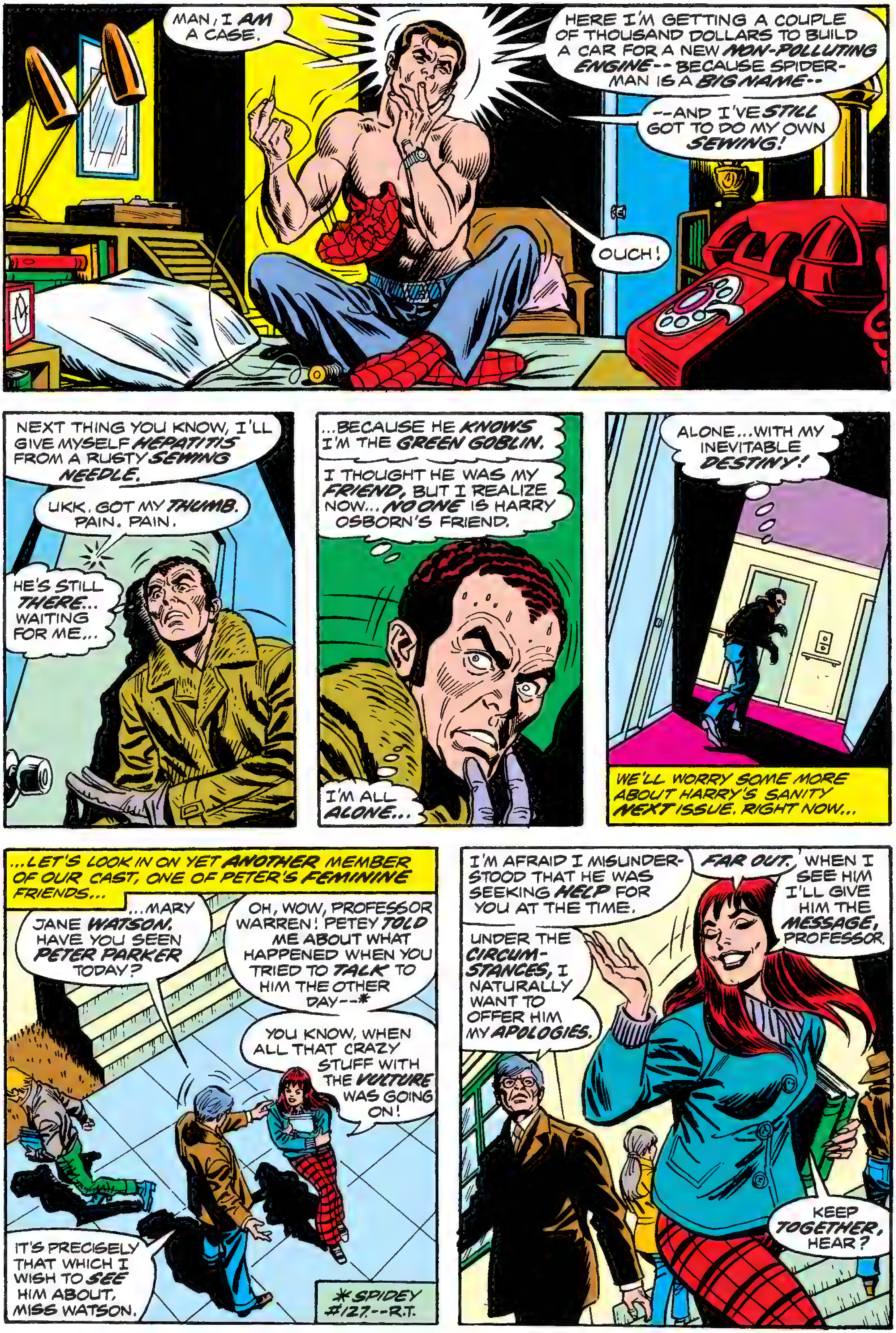

...BUT I KNOW THAT DOESN'T MATTER.
ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE JOB.
LIKE I SAID-- I DON'T ENJOY IT, BUT--

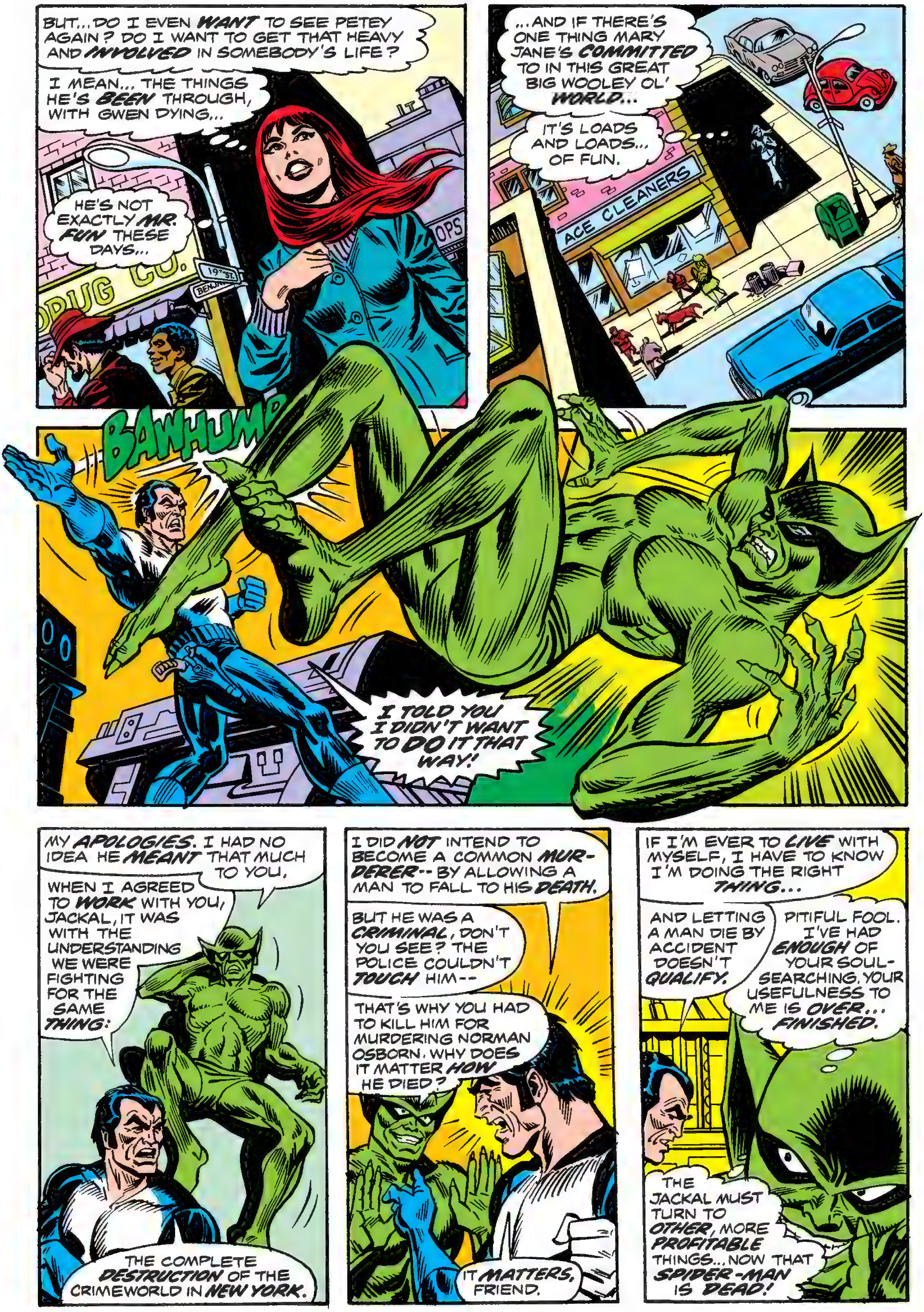

I DID IT! I BROKE FREE!
WHAT..?
THAT WIRE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD TEN MEN! YOU CAN'T--!

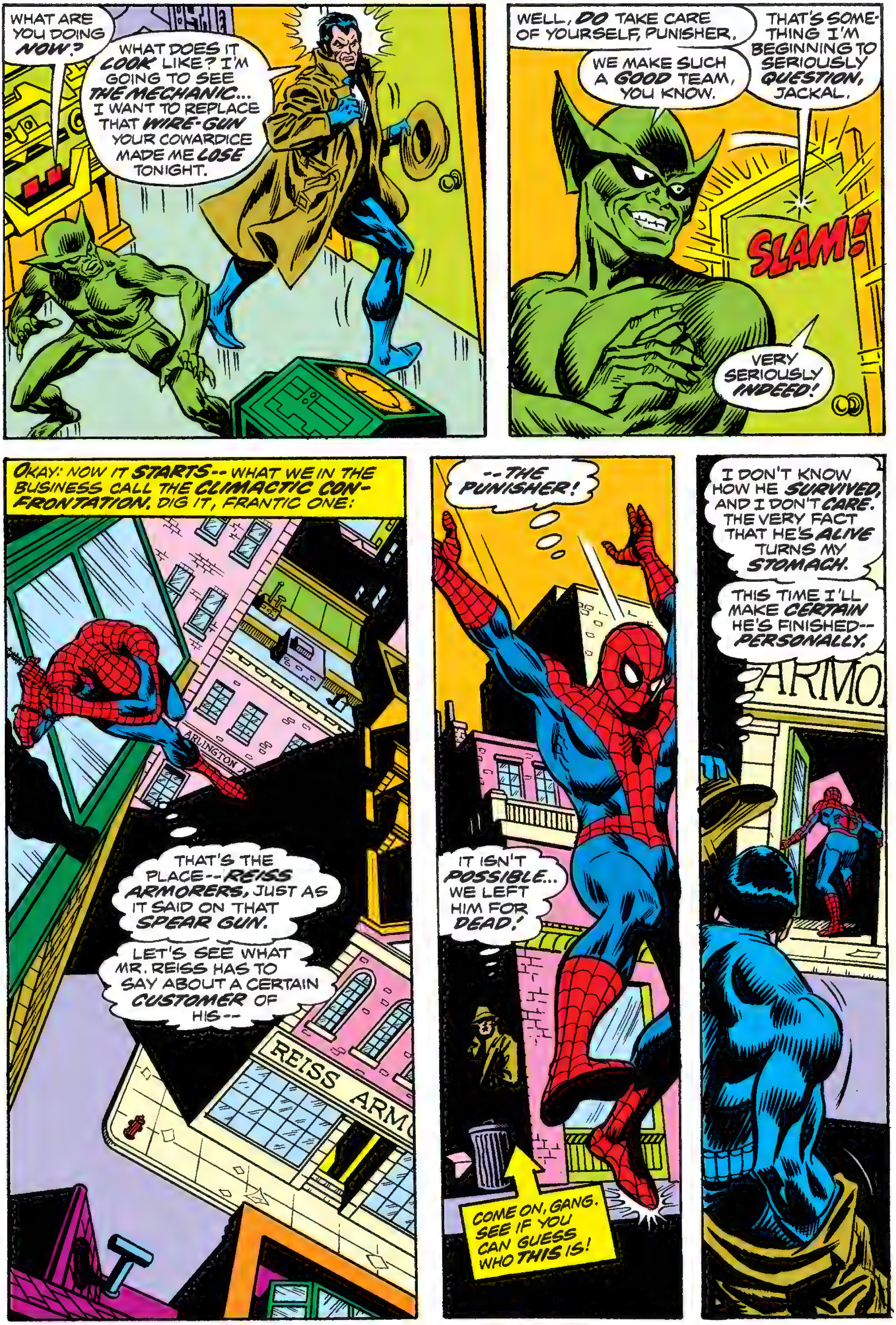

I'VE GOT A SECRET TO TELL YOU, PAL--
I'M NOT TEN MEN-- I'M YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD--
AW, FORGET IT.

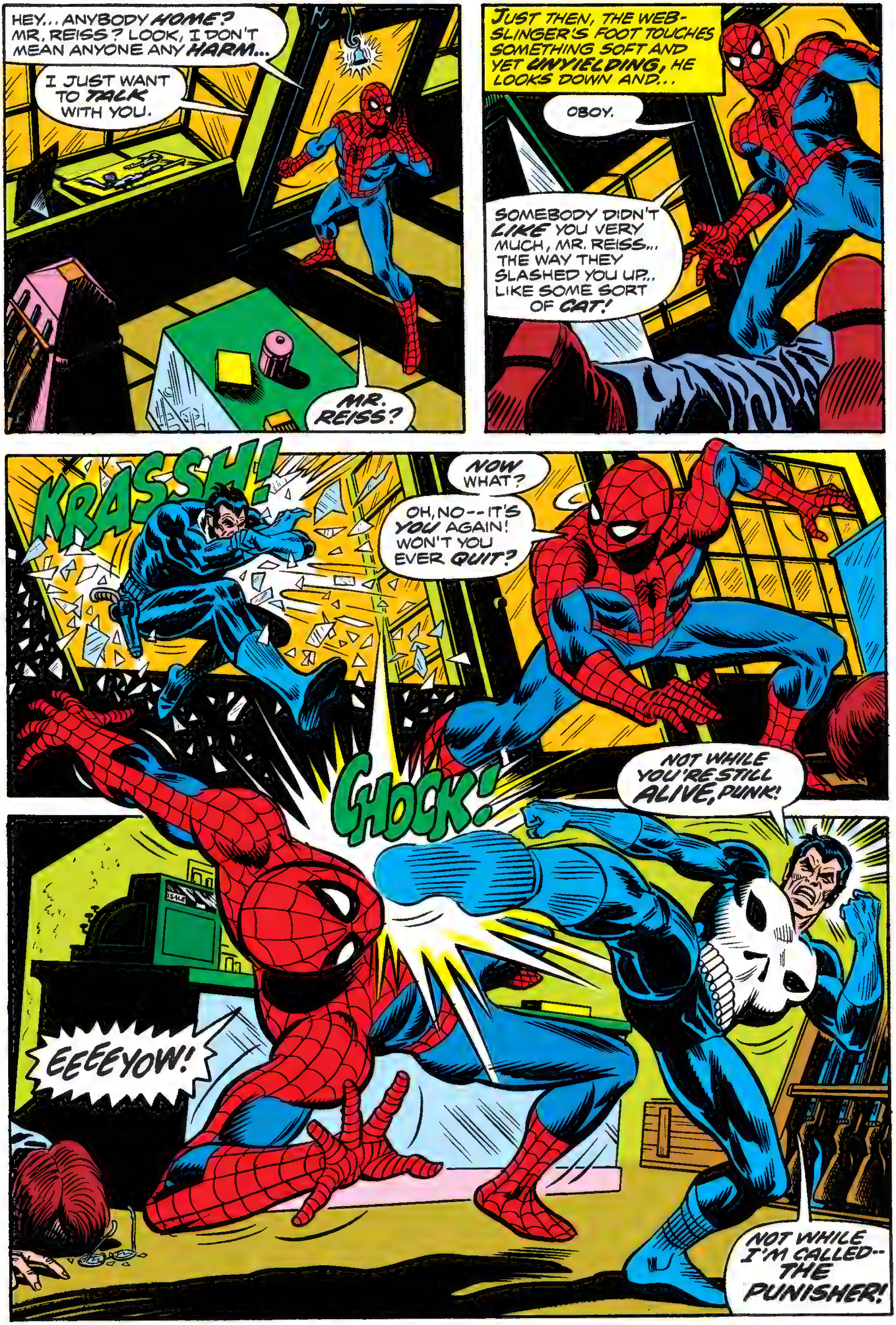

NO! THE PUNISHER UNDERESTIMATED SPIDER-MAN'S STRENGTH. MY ENTIRE PLAN'S COMING APART.
I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... IF THE PUNISHER IS CAPTURED, HE MIGHT TELL SPIDER-MAN ABOUT ME...
...AND THE TIME IS NOT YET RIPE FOR THE WORLD TO LEARN ABOUT THE JACKAL.
LIKE HIS NAMESAKE, THE WIRY MAN IN THE DARK GREEN COSTUME WAITS TILL HIS FOE'S BACK IS TURNED, AND THEN--
HE STRIKES!
SWIIKKK
HAH! THE JACKAL'S CLAWS DIG DEEP, WALL-CRAWLER... AND MY NEGATIVELY-CHARGED ELECTRO-PRODS CAN ALSO PROVE QUITE STIMULATING!
YOU'LL NOT SOON FORGET THIS DAY!
UNNNNNNHH!!
BLINDED WITH PAIN, SPIDEY STUMBLES AWAY FROM THE TREACHEROUS JACKAL, AS--
HE'S HEADED TOWARD THE EDGE! I WON'T HAVE HIM DIE THIS WAY, JACKAL--IT ISN'T JUST!
JUST? WHO'S CONCERNED WITH JUSTICE, YOU FOOL?
JUST SO LONG AS THE COSTUMED BUFFOON IS DEAD--!
FORTUNATELY FOR SPIDEY, THE JACKAL HAS FORGOTTEN OUR HERO'S SUPER-HUMAN ABILITY TO BLOCK OUT PAIN, AND--

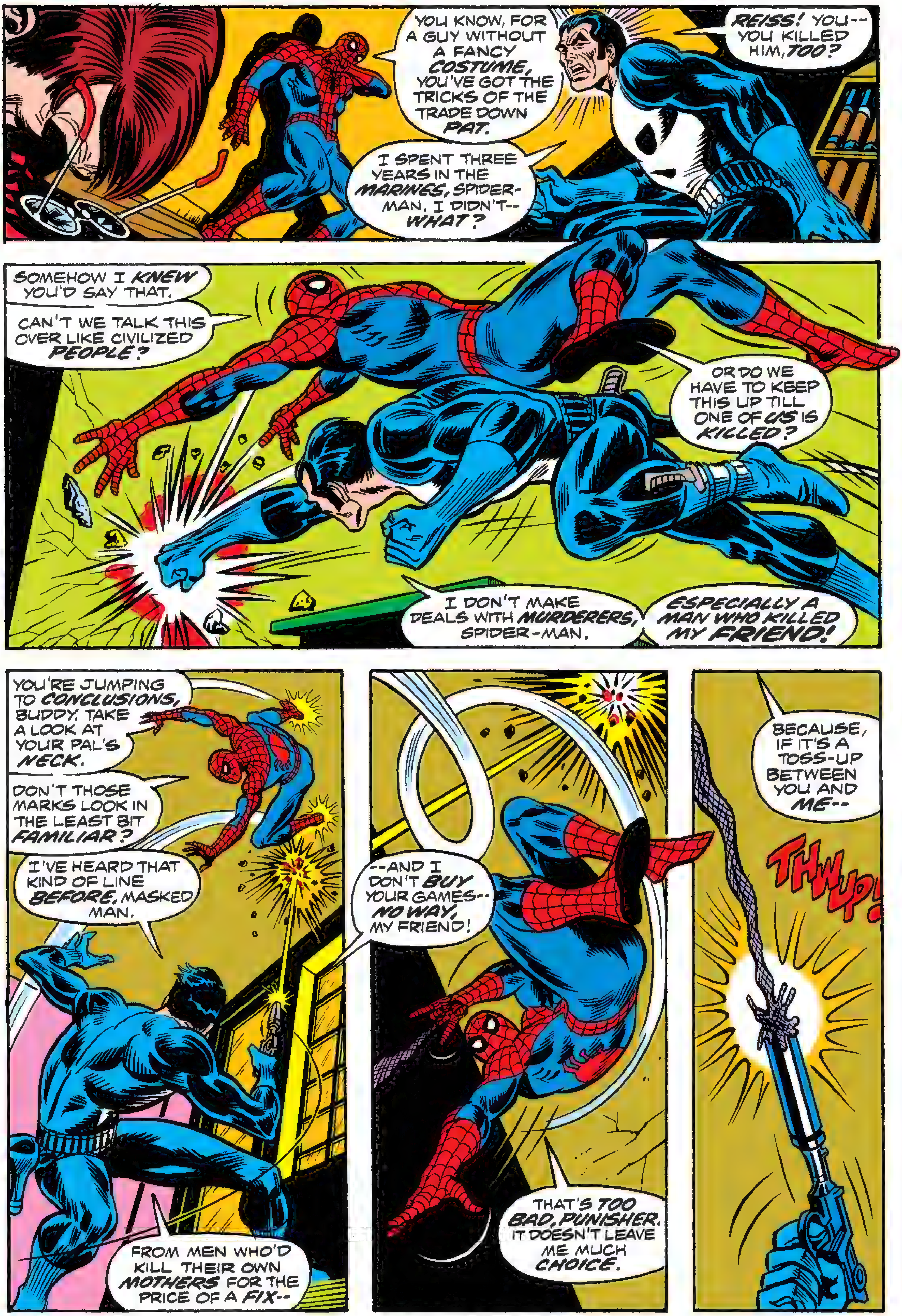

TWUP!
SOMEHOW--MANAGED TO CATCH THAT *LEDGE*. NOW--IF I CAN ONLY STOP MY *MOMENTUM* BEFORE--
I WAS *AFRAID* OF THAT.
SORRY, LADIES. ACCIDENTS WILL *HAPPEN*, YOU KNOW!
EEEEEEE
SMASH!
BY THE TIME OUR HERO'S *EXTRICATED* HIMSELF FROM THE MAW OF FEMALE *HYSTERIA*, AND HAS RETURNED TO THE ROOF WHERE HE'D BEEN FIGHTING *THE PUNISHER*...
I DIDN'T *THINK* THEY'D STILL BE HERE--BUT I WAS *HOPING* THERE'D BE SOME *CLUE*--
WHOA. MAYBE THERE *IS*.
REISS ARMORERS ~TO THE TRADE
I MIGHT HAVE HIT THE JACKPOT *AFTER ALL!*
BUT, BEFORE HE CAN FOLLOW UP ON THE *MAKER* OF THE STRANGE SPEAR GUN, THERE'S ONE SMALL PROBLEM OUR WALL-CRAWLING FRIEND MUST ATTEND TO *FIRST*...
...MY *HEAD* FEELS LIKE HE SINGED IT WITH A HOT *TORCH*.
SAY, THAT *REMINDS* ME. JOHNNY STORM SAID HE'D HAVE THE *SPIDER-MOBILE* READY TODAY! *
I CAN *USE* THE EXTRA CASH *CORONA MOTORS* PROMISED ON *DELIVERY*--
*SEE ISSUES #126, 127 & 128.--RUN-ABOUT ROY.
ESPECIALLY SINCE I *STILL* HAVEN'T SEEN HARRY TO COLLECT *HIS* SHARE OF THE PAST THREE MONTHS' *RENT*.
THE LAST TIME I SPOKE TO HIM, HE DIDN'T SEEM IN THE *MOOD* TO TALK ABOUT *MONEY*. *
*SPIDEY #127.--R.T.

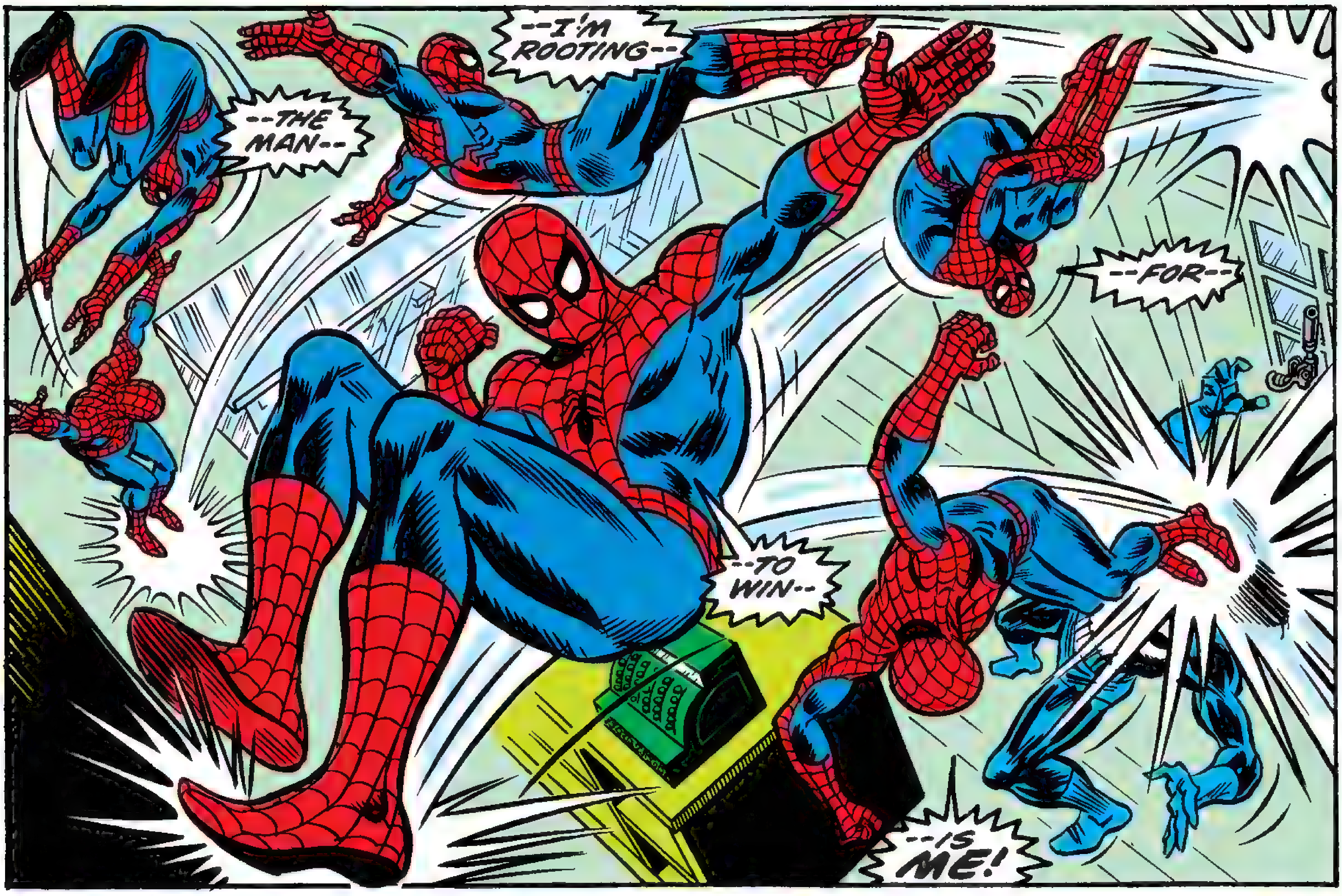

MAN, I *AM* A CASE.
HERE I'M GETTING A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BUILD A CAR FOR A NEW *NON-POLLUTING ENGINE*-- BECAUSE SPIDER-MAN IS A *BIG NAME*--
--AND I'VE *STILL* GOT TO DO MY OWN *SEWING!*
OUCH!
NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I'LL GIVE MYSELF *HEPATITIS* FROM A RUSTY *SEWING NEEDLE.*
UKK. GOT MY *THUMB.* PAIN. PAIN.
HE'S STILL *THERE*... WAITING FOR ME...
...BECAUSE HE *KNOWS* I'M THE *GREEN GOBLIN.*
I THOUGHT HE WAS MY *FRIEND,* BUT I REALIZE NOW... *NO ONE* IS HARRY OSBORN'S FRIEND.
I'M ALL *ALONE...*
ALONE... WITH MY INEVITABLE *DESTINY!*
WE'LL WORRY SOME MORE ABOUT HARRY'S SANITY NEXT ISSUE. RIGHT NOW...
...LET'S LOOK IN ON YET ANOTHER MEMBER OF OUR CAST, ONE OF PETER'S FEMININE FRIENDS...
...MARY JANE *WATSON.* HAVE YOU SEEN *PETER PARKER* TODAY?
OH, WOW, PROFESSOR WARREN! PETEY *TOLD* ME ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU TRIED TO *TALK* TO HIM THE OTHER DAY--*
YOU KNOW, WHEN ALL THAT CRAZY STUFF WITH THE *VULTURE* WAS GOING ON!
IT'S PRECISELY THAT WHICH I WISH TO *SEE* HIM ABOUT, MISS WATSON.
**SPIDEY #127.--R.T.*
I'M AFRAID I MISUNDERSTOOD THAT HE WAS SEEKING *HELP* FOR YOU AT THE TIME.
UNDER THE *CIRCUMSTANCES,* I NATURALLY WANT TO OFFER HIM MY *APOLOGIES.*
FAR OUT. WHEN I SEE HIM I'LL GIVE HIM THE *MESSAGE,* PROFESSOR.
KEEP *TOGETHER,* HEAR?

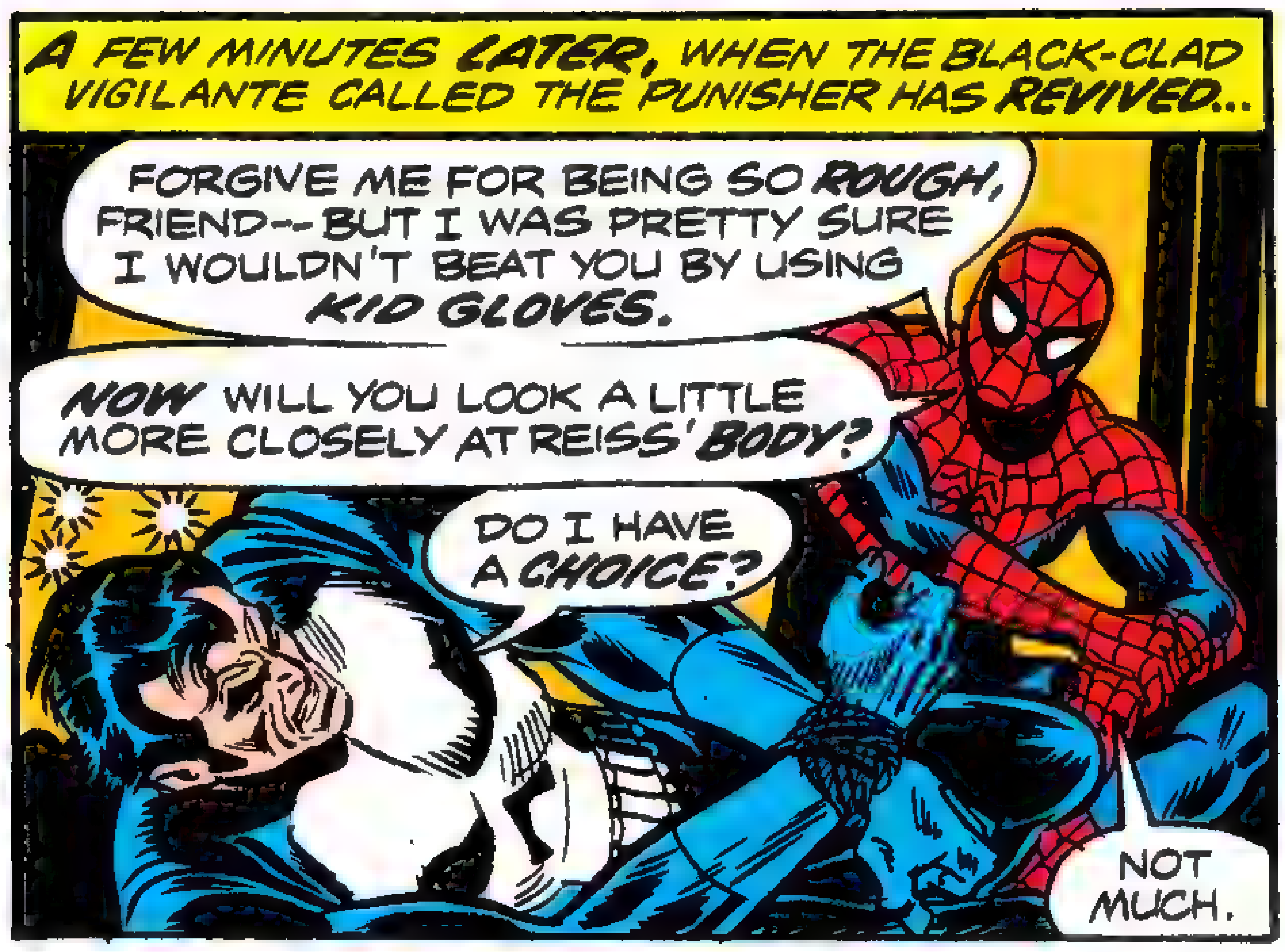

BUT... DO I EVEN *WANT* TO SEE PETEY AGAIN? DO I WANT TO GET THAT HEAVY AND *INVOLVED* IN SOMEBODY'S LIFE?
I MEAN... THE THINGS HE'S *BEEN* THROUGH, WITH GWEN DYING...
HE'S NOT EXACTLY *MR. FUN* THESE DAYS...
DRUG CO.
19TH ST.
BENJ
OPS
...AND IF THERE'S ONE THING MARY JANE'S *COMMITTED* TO IN THIS GREAT BIG WOOLEY OL' *WORLD*...
IT'S LOADS AND LOADS... OF FUN.
ACE CLEANERS
BAWHUMP
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT THAT WAY!
MY *APOLOGIES.* I HAD NO IDEA HE *MEANT* THAT MUCH TO YOU.
WHEN I AGREED TO *WORK* WITH YOU, JACKAL, IT WAS WITH THE UNDERSTANDING WE WERE FIGHTING FOR THE SAME *THING:*
THE COMPLETE *DESTRUCTION* OF THE CRIMEWORLD IN *NEW YORK.*
I DID *NOT* INTEND TO BECOME A COMMON *MURDERER*-- BY ALLOWING A MAN TO FALL TO HIS *DEATH.*
BUT HE WAS A *CRIMINAL*, DON'T YOU SEE? THE POLICE COULDN'T *TOUCH* HIM--
THAT'S WHY YOU HAD TO KILL HIM FOR MURDERING NORMAN OSBORN. WHY DOES IT MATTER *HOW* HE DIED?
IT *MATTERS,* FRIEND.
IF I'M EVER TO *LIVE* WITH MYSELF, I HAVE TO KNOW I'M DOING THE RIGHT *THING...*
AND LETTING A MAN DIE BY ACCIDENT DOESN'T *QUALIFY.*
PITIFUL FOOL. I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR SOUL-SEARCHING. YOUR USEFULNESS TO ME IS *OVER... FINISHED.*
THE JACKAL MUST TURN TO *OTHER,* MORE *PROFITABLE* THINGS... NOW THAT *SPIDER-MAN* IS *DEAD!*

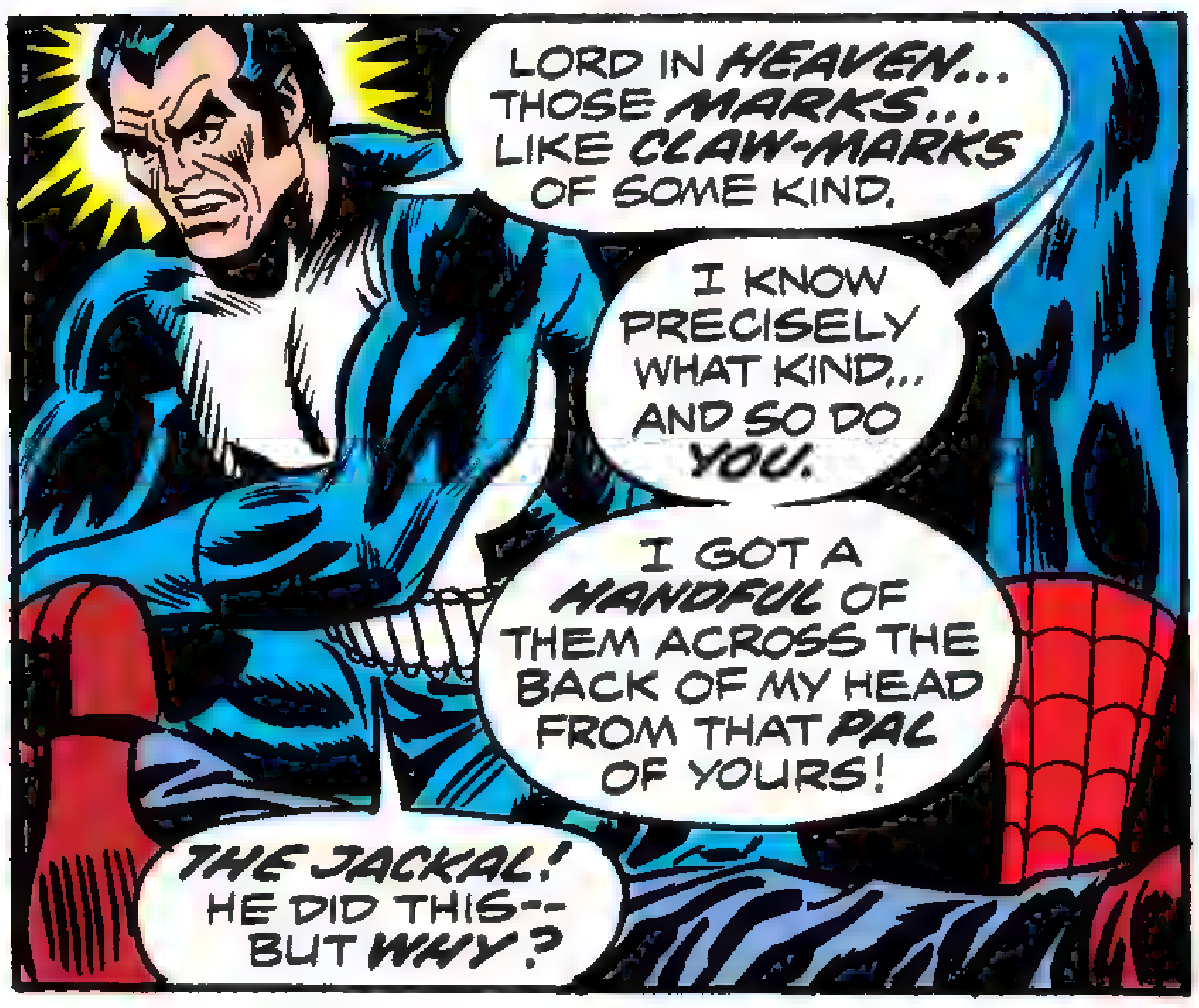

WHAT ARE YOU DOING **NOW**?
WHAT DOES IT **LOOK** LIKE? I'M GOING TO SEE **THE MECHANIC**... I WANT TO REPLACE THAT **WIRE-GUN** YOUR COWARDICE MADE ME **LOSE** TONIGHT.
WELL, **DO** TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, PUNISHER.
WE MAKE SUCH A **GOOD** TEAM, YOU KNOW.
THAT'S SOMETHING I'M BEGINNING TO SERIOUSLY **QUESTION**, JACKAL.
SLAM!
VERY SERIOUSLY **INDEED**!
OKAY: NOW IT **STARTS**-- WHAT WE IN THE BUSINESS CALL THE **CLIMACTIC CONFRONTATION**. DIG IT, FRANTIC ONE:
ARLINGTON A
THAT'S THE PLACE--**REISS ARMORERS**, JUST AS IT SAID ON THAT **SPEAR GUN**.
LET'S SEE WHAT MR. REISS HAS TO SAY ABOUT A CERTAIN **CUSTOMER** OF HIS--
REISS ARM
--**THE PUNISHER**!
IT ISN'T **POSSIBLE**... WE LEFT HIM FOR **DEAD**!
COME ON, GANG. SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHO **THIS** IS!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE **SURVIVED**, AND I DON'T **CARE**. THE VERY FACT THAT HE'S **ALIVE** TURNS MY **STOMACH**.
THIS TIME I'LL MAKE **CERTAIN** HE'S FINISHED-- **PERSONALLY**.
ARMO

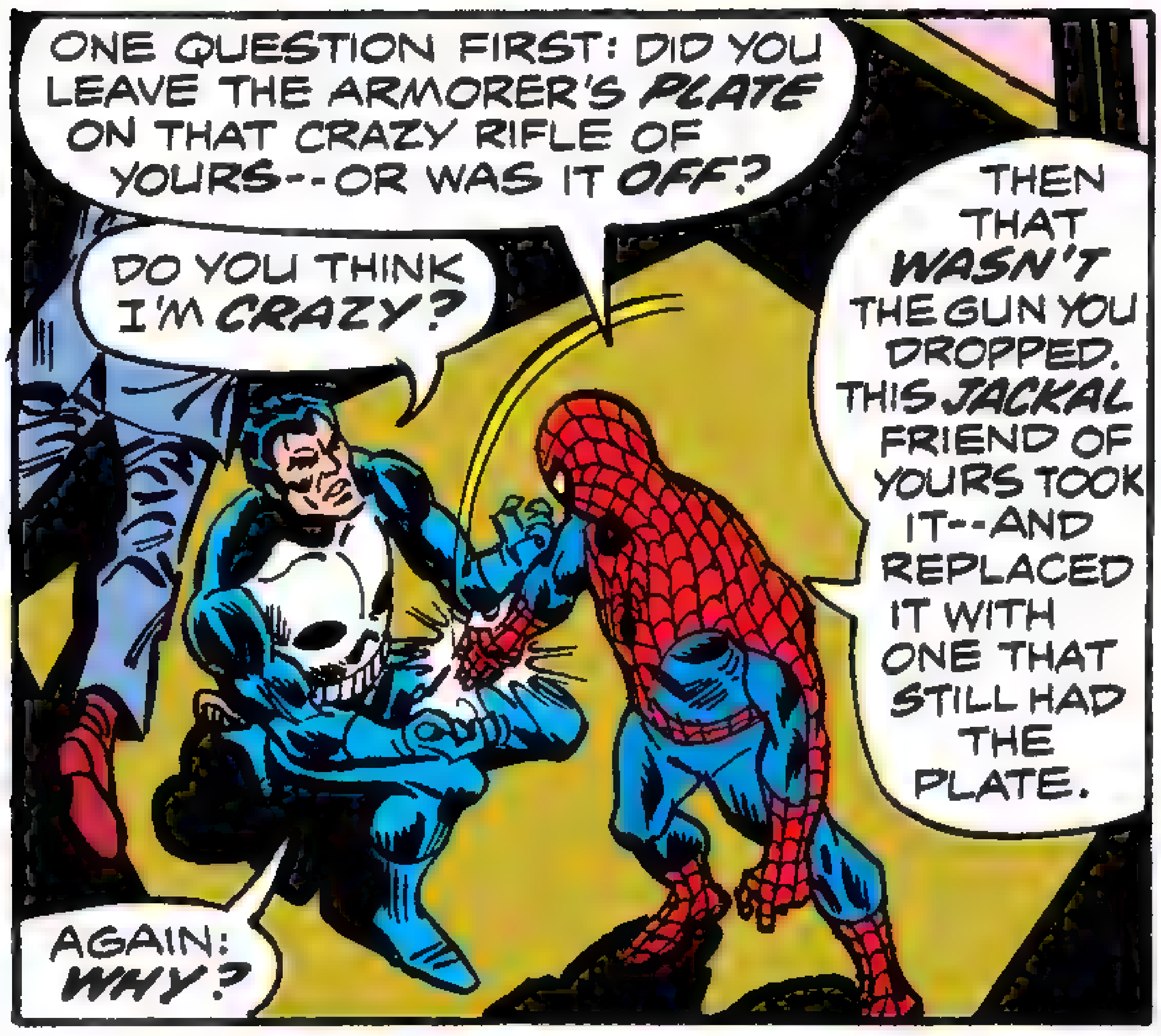

HEY... ANYBODY *HOME?* MR. REISS? LOOK, I DON'T MEAN ANYONE ANY *HARM*...
I JUST WANT TO *TALK* WITH YOU.
MR. REISS?
JUST THEN, THE WEB-SLINGER'S FOOT TOUCHES SOMETHING SOFT AND YET *UNYIELDING,* HE LOOKS DOWN AND...
OBOY.
SOMEBODY DIDN'T *LIKE* YOU VERY MUCH, MR. REISS... THE WAY THEY SLASHED YOU UP... LIKE SOME SORT OF *CAT!*
KRASSH!
NOW WHAT?
OH, NO--IT'S *YOU* AGAIN! WON'T YOU EVER *QUIT?*
CHOCK!
NOT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, PUNK!
EEEEYOW!
NOT WHILE I'M CALLED-- THE PUNISHER!

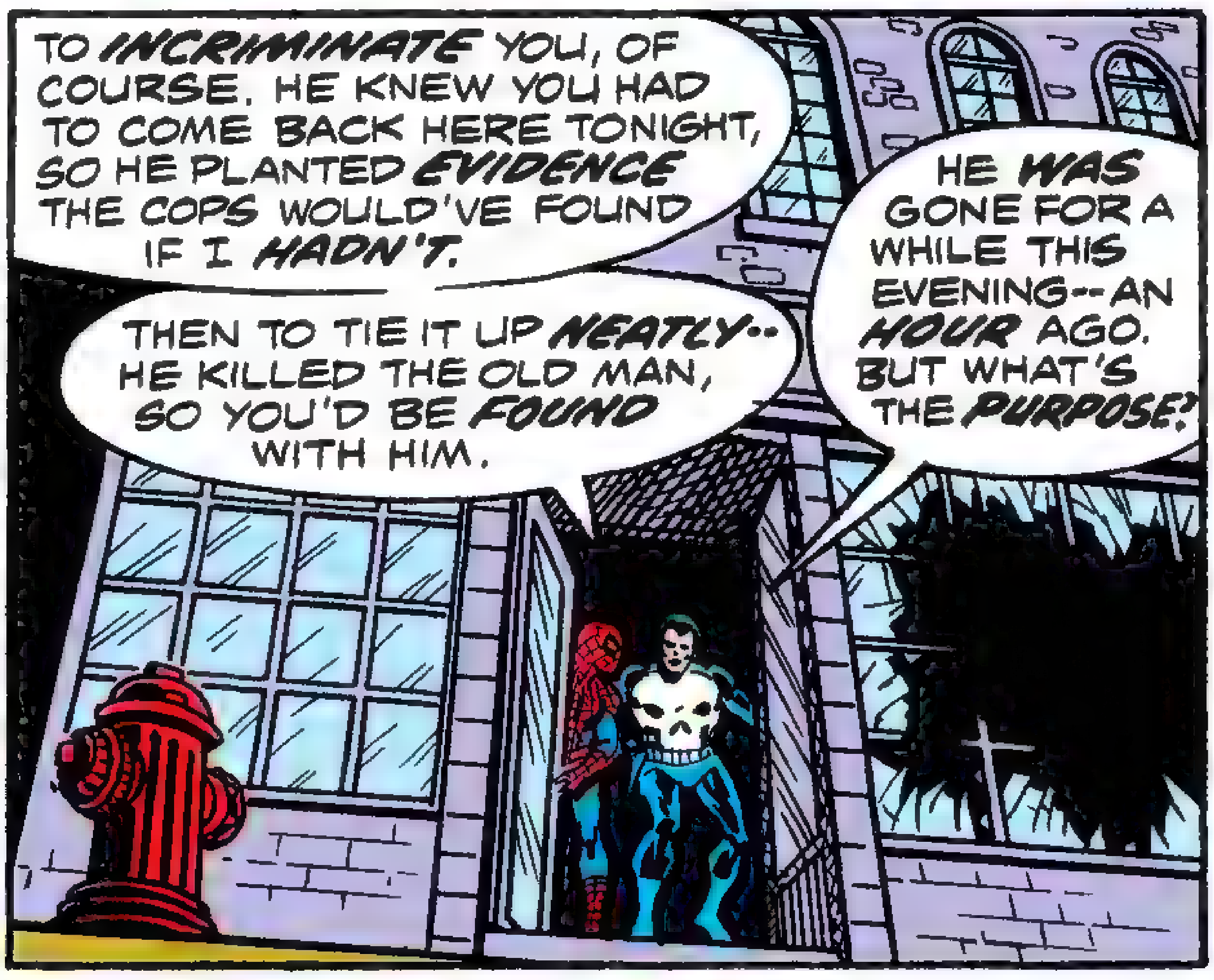

YOU KNOW, FOR A GUY WITHOUT A FANCY COSTUME, YOU'VE GOT THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE DOWN PAT.
I SPENT THREE YEARS IN THE MARINES, SPIDER-MAN. I DIDN'T-- WHAT?
REISS! YOU-- YOU KILLED HIM, TOO?
SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT.
CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER LIKE CIVILIZED PEOPLE?
OR DO WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS UP TILL ONE OF US IS KILLED?
I DON'T MAKE DEALS WITH MURDERERS, SPIDER-MAN.
ESPECIALLY A MAN WHO KILLED MY FRIEND!
YOU'RE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, BUDDY. TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR PAL'S NECK.
DON'T THOSE MARKS LOOK IN THE LEAST BIT FAMILIAR?
I'VE HEARD THAT KIND OF LINE BEFORE, MASKED MAN.
FROM MEN WHO'D KILL THEIR OWN MOTHERS FOR THE PRICE OF A FIX--
--AND I DON'T BUY YOUR GAMES-- NO WAY, MY FRIEND!
THAT'S TOO BAD, PUNISHER. IT DOESN'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE.
BECAUSE, IF IT'S A TOSS-UP BETWEEN YOU AND ME--
THWUP!

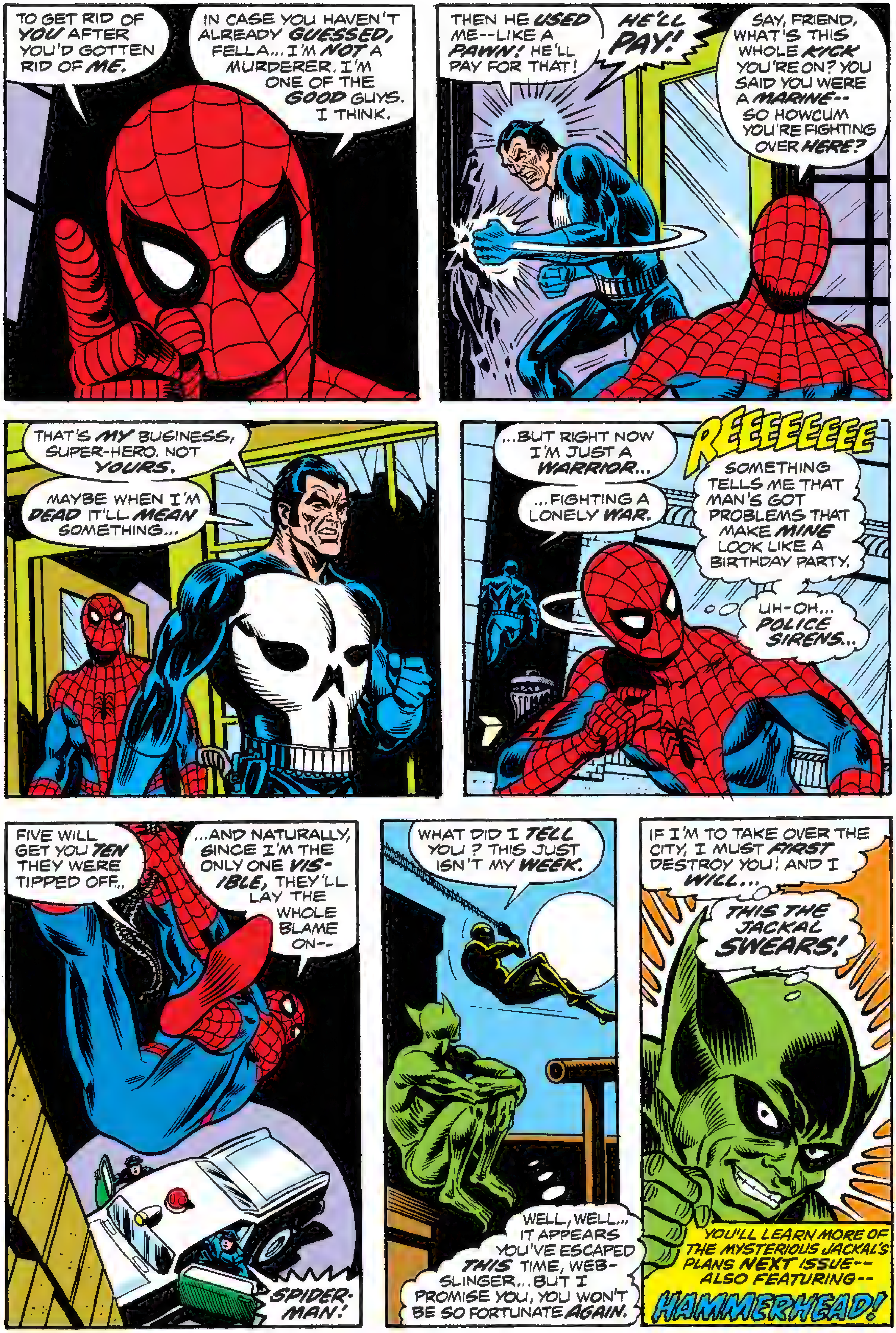

--THE MAN--
--I'M ROOTING--
--FOR--
--TO WIN--
--IS ME!

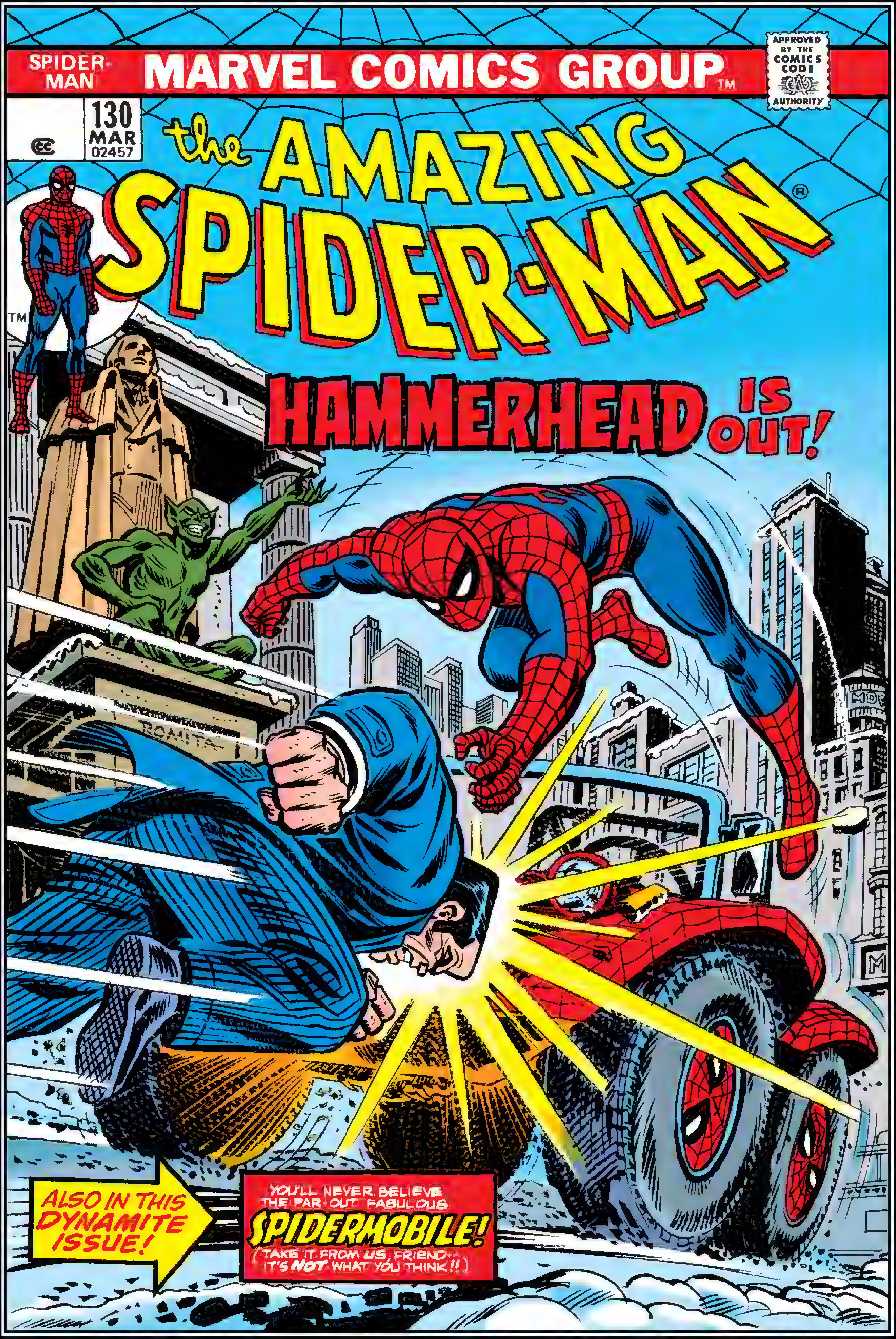

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE BLACK-CLAD VIGILANTE CALLED THE PUNISHER HAS REVIVED...
FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO ROUGH, FRIEND-- BUT I WAS PRETTY SURE I WOULDN'T BEAT YOU BY USING KID GLOVES.
NOW WILL YOU LOOK A LITTLE MORE CLOSELY AT REISS' BODY?
DO I HAVE A CHOICE?
NOT MUCH.


LORD IN HEAVEN... THOSE MARKS... LIKE CLAW-MARKS OF SOME KIND.
I KNOW PRECISELY WHAT KIND... AND SO DO YOU.
I GOT A HANDFUL OF THEM ACROSS THE BACK OF MY HEAD FROM THAT PAL OF YOURS!
THE JACKAL! HE DID THIS-- BUT WHY?


ONE QUESTION FIRST: DID YOU LEAVE THE ARMORER'S PLATE ON THAT CRAZY RIFLE OF YOURS--OR WAS IT OFF?
DO YOU THINK I'M CRAZY?
THEN THAT WASN'T THE GUN YOU DROPPED. THIS JACKAL FRIEND OF YOURS TOOK IT--AND REPLACED IT WITH ONE THAT STILL HAD THE PLATE.
AGAIN: WHY?

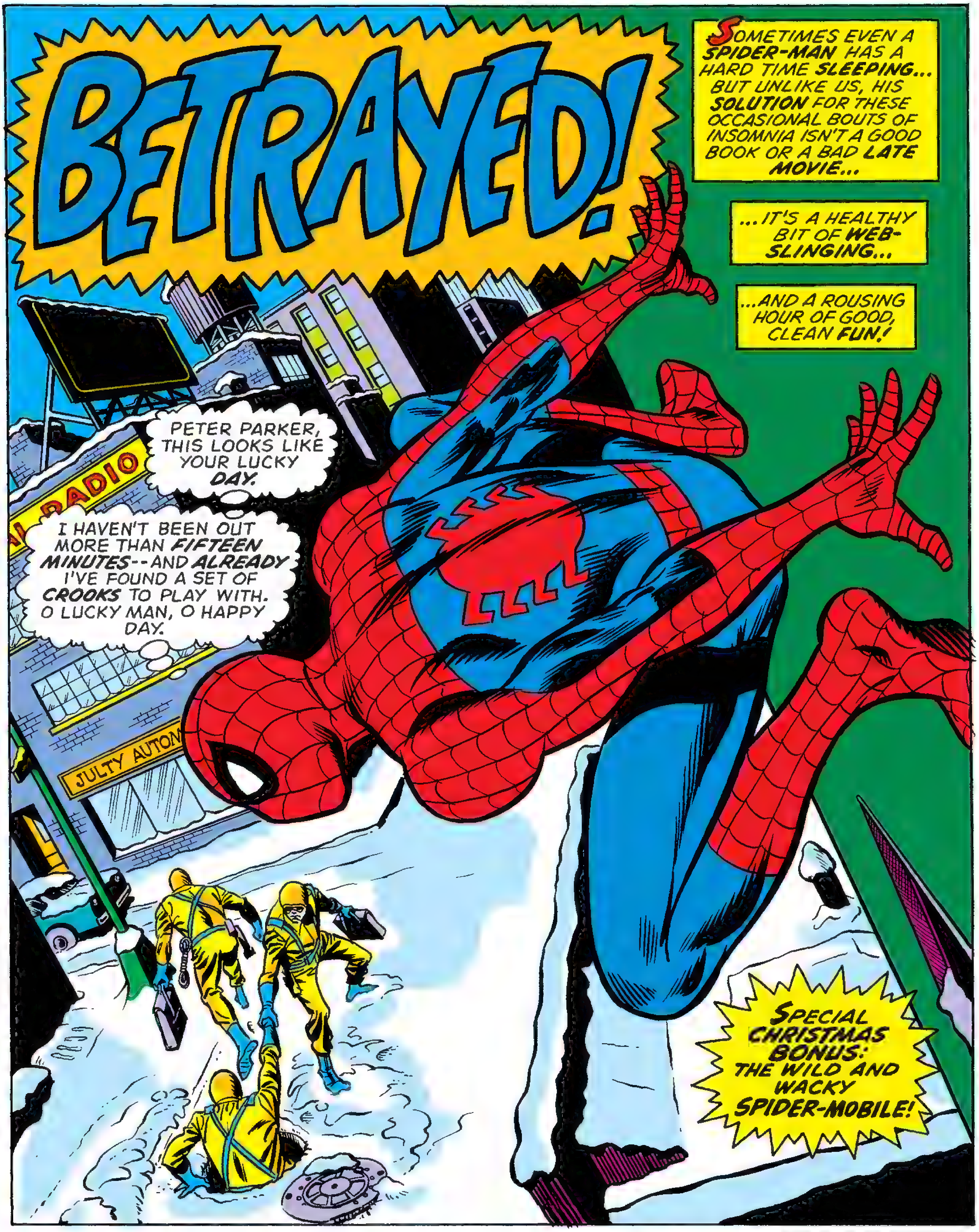

TO INCRIMINATE YOU, OF COURSE. HE KNEW YOU HAD TO COME BACK HERE TONIGHT, SO HE PLANTED EVIDENCE THE COPS WOULD'VE FOUND IF I HADN'T.
THEN TO TIE IT UP NEATLY-- HE KILLED THE OLD MAN, SO YOU'D BE FOUND WITH HIM.
HE WAS GONE FOR A WHILE THIS EVENING--AN HOUR AGO. BUT WHAT'S THE PURPOSE?

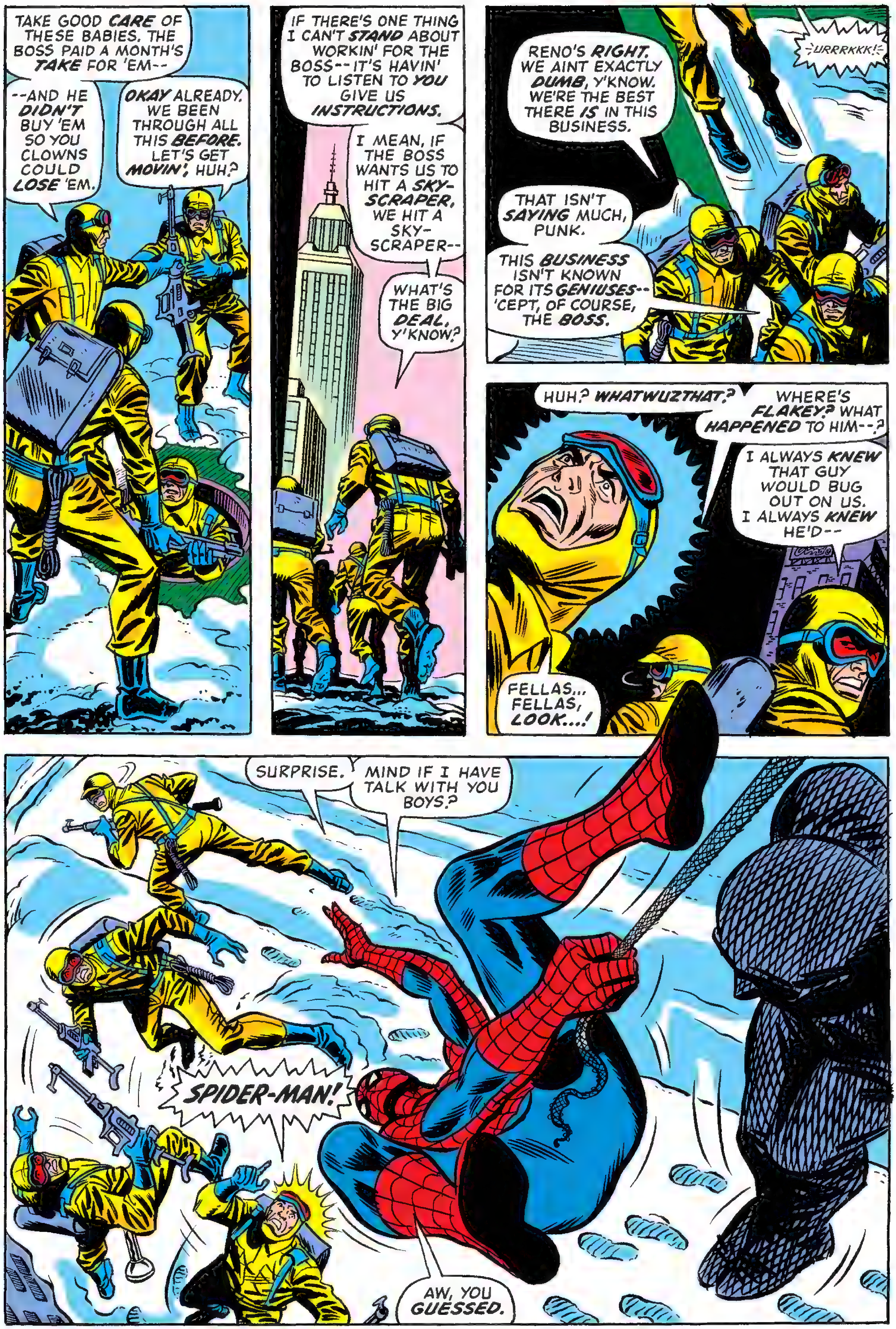

TO GET RID OF *YOU* AFTER YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF *ME.*
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY *GUESSED,* FELLA... I'M *NOT* A MURDERER. I'M ONE OF THE *GOOD* GUYS. I THINK.
THEN HE *USED* ME--LIKE A *PAWN!* HE'LL PAY FOR THAT!
HE'LL PAY!
SAY, FRIEND, WHAT'S THIS WHOLE *KICK* YOU'RE ON? YOU SAID YOU WERE A *MARINE--* SO HOWCUM YOU'RE FIGHTING OVER *HERE?*
THAT'S *MY* BUSINESS, SUPER-HERO. NOT *YOURS.*
MAYBE WHEN I'M *DEAD* IT'LL *MEAN* SOMETHING...
...BUT RIGHT NOW I'M JUST A *WARRIOR...*
...FIGHTING A LONELY *WAR.*
REEEEEEEE
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT MAN'S GOT PROBLEMS THAT MAKE *MINE* LOOK LIKE A BIRTHDAY PARTY.
UH-OH... *POLICE SIRENS...*
FIVE WILL GET YOU *TEN* THEY WERE TIPPED OFF...
...AND NATURALLY, SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE *VISIBLE,* THEY'LL LAY THE WHOLE BLAME ON--
SPIDER-MAN!
WHAT DID I *TELL* YOU ? THIS JUST ISN'T MY *WEEK.*
WELL, WELL... IT APPEARS YOU'VE ESCAPED *THIS* TIME, WEB-SLINGER... BUT I PROMISE YOU, YOU WON'T BE SO FORTUNATE *AGAIN.*
IF I'M TO TAKE OVER THE CITY, I MUST *FIRST* DESTROY YOU! AND I *WILL...*
THIS THE JACKAL SWEARS!
YOU'LL LEARN MORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS JACKAL'S PLANS *NEXT ISSUE--* ALSO FEATURING--
HAMMERHEAD!

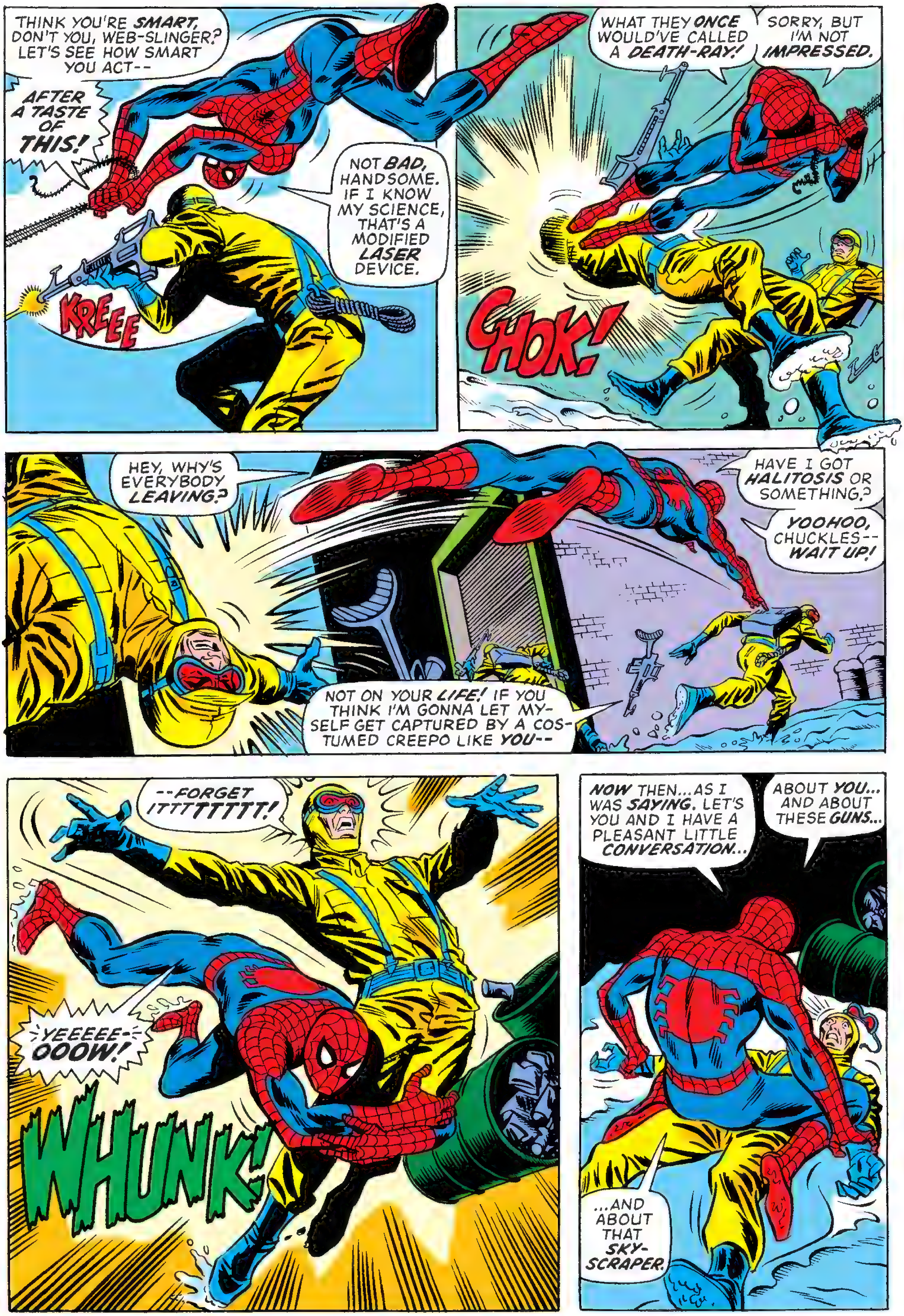

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
130
MAR
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
TM
HAMMERHEAD IS OUT!
ROMITA
ALSO IN THIS DYNAMITE ISSUE!
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE FAR-OUT FABULOUS
SPIDERMOBILE!
(TAKE IT FROM US, FRIEND-- IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK!!)

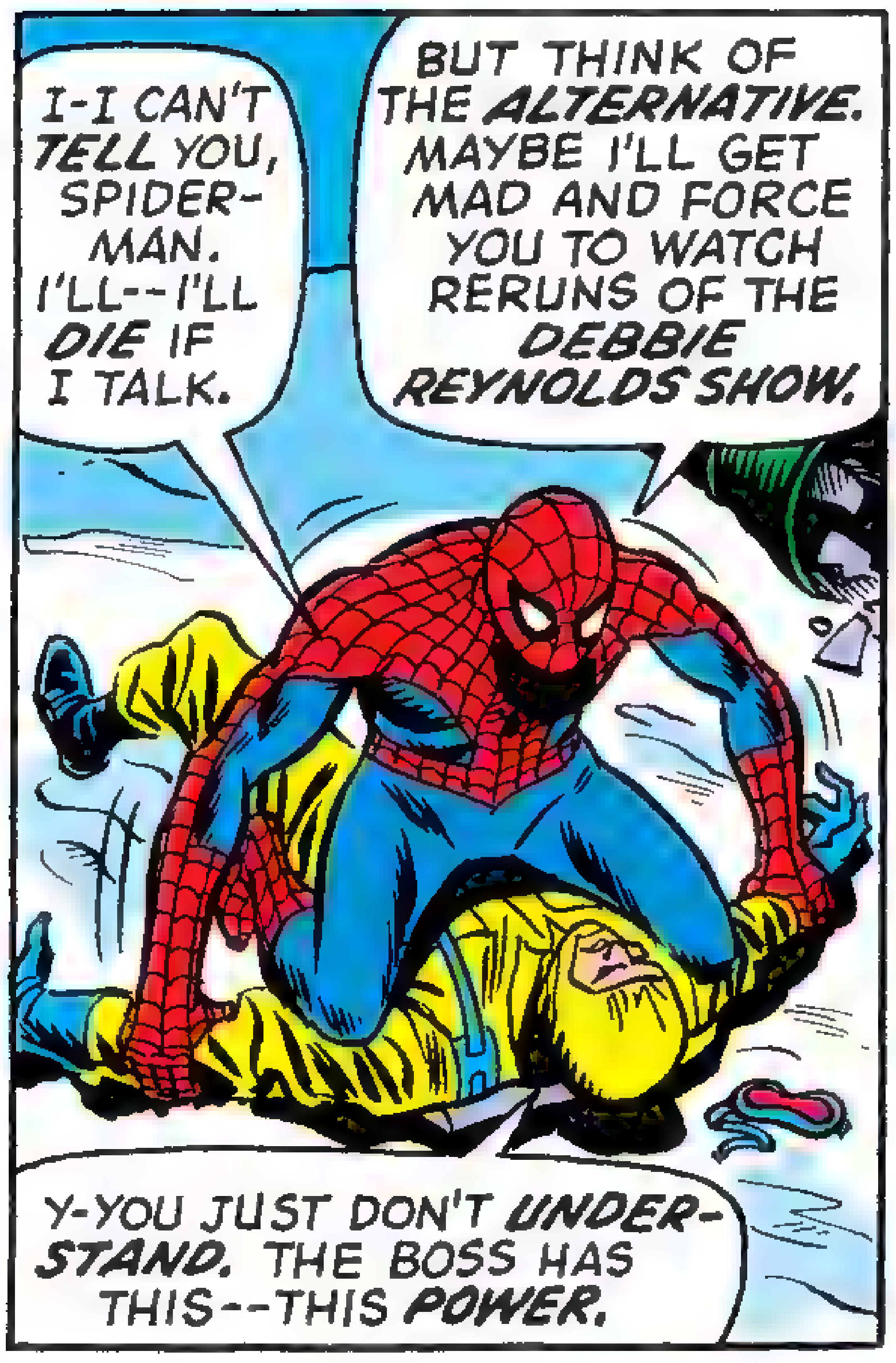
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

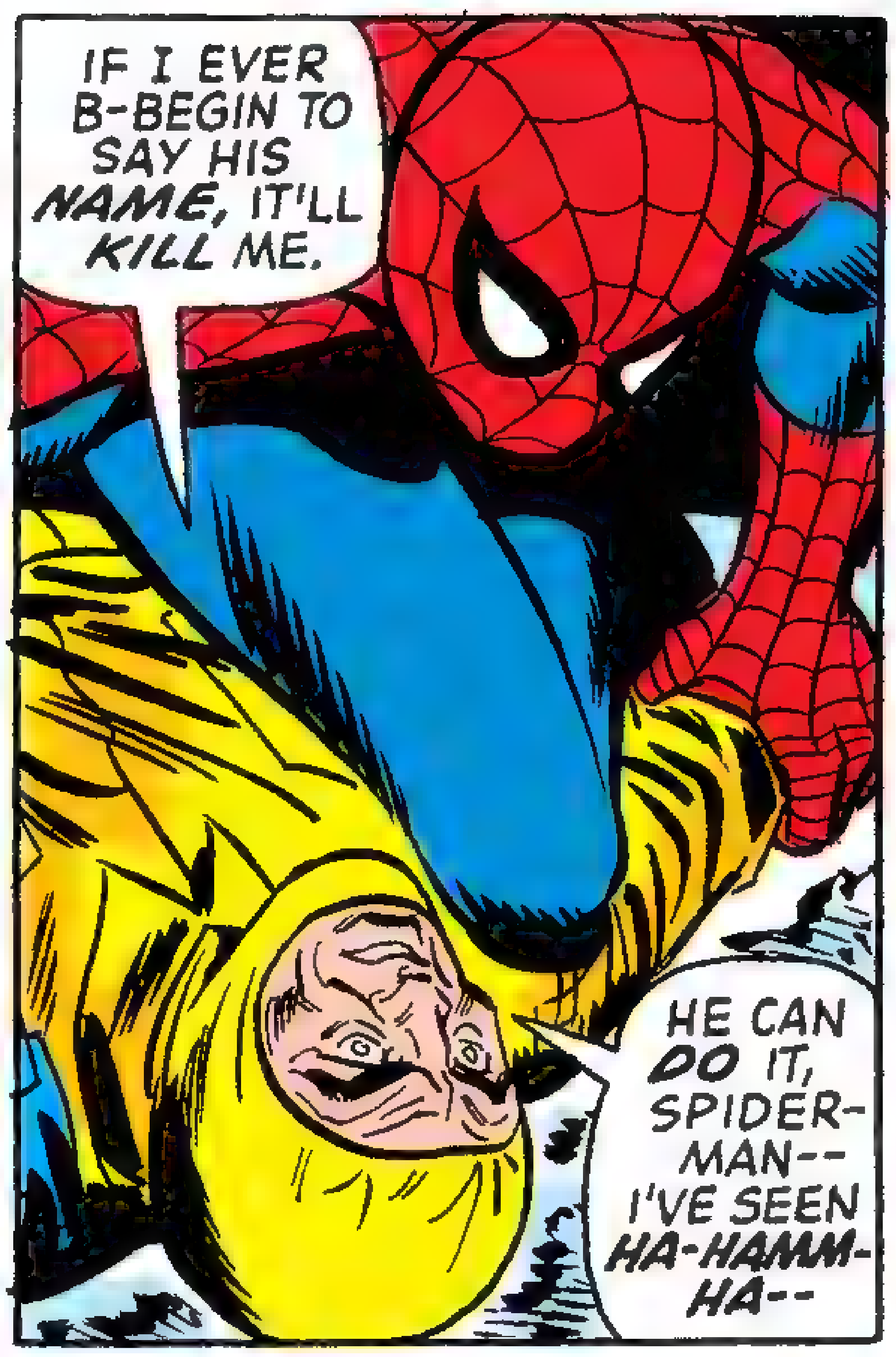
GERRY CONWAY * ROSS ANDRU * F. GIACOIA & D. HUNT * ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* * ROY THOMAS
WRITER *ARTIST* *INKERS* *P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST* *EDITOR*

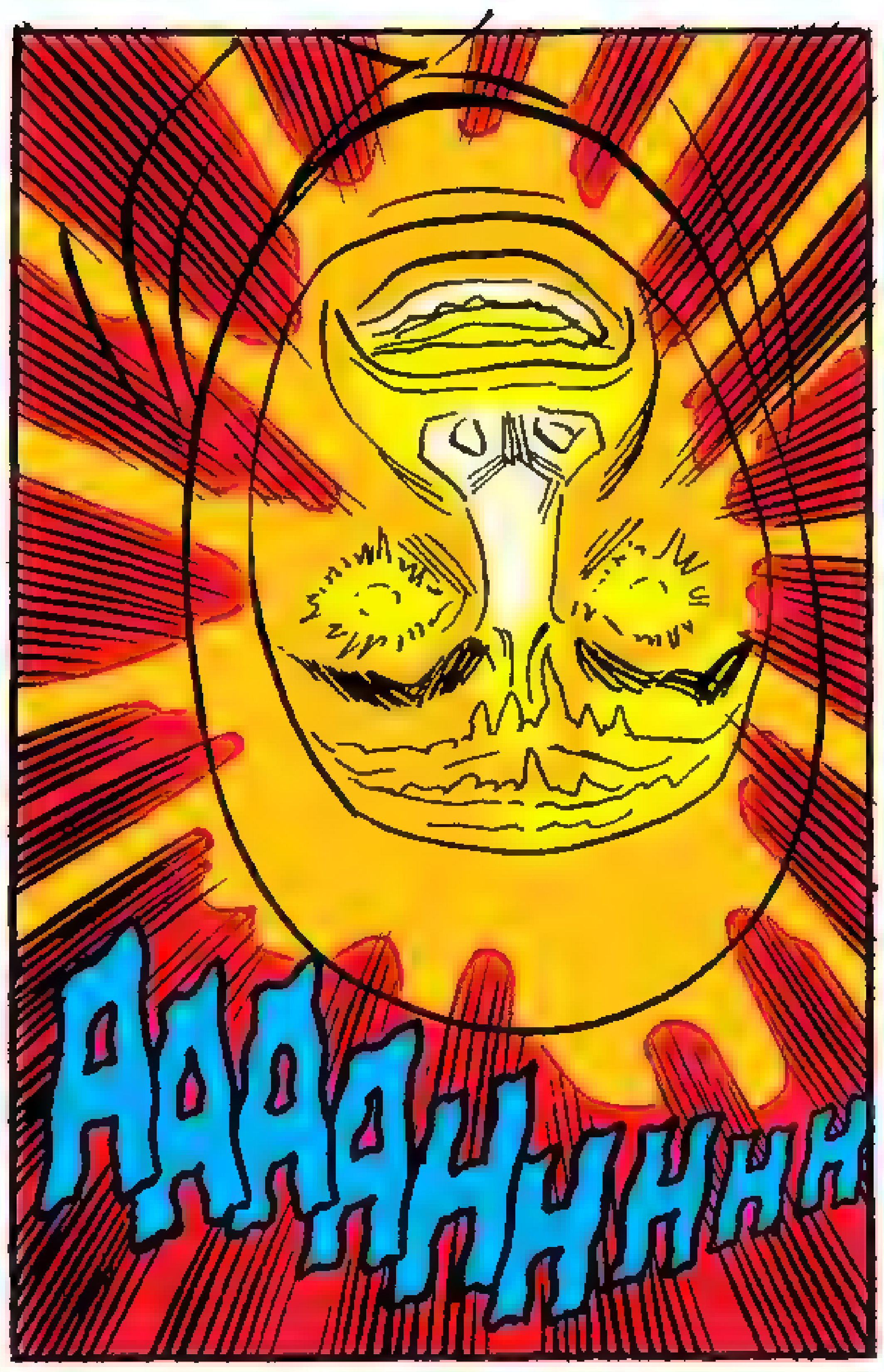

BETRAYED!
SOMETIMES EVEN A SPIDER-MAN HAS A HARD TIME SLEEPING... BUT UNLIKE US, HIS SOLUTION FOR THESE OCCASIONAL BOUTS OF INSOMNIA ISN'T A GOOD BOOK OR A BAD LATE MOVIE...
...IT'S A HEALTHY BIT OF WEB-SLINGING...
...AND A ROUSING HOUR OF GOOD, CLEAN FUN!
PETER PARKER, THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR LUCKY DAY.
I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES--AND ALREADY I'VE FOUND A SET OF CROOKS TO PLAY WITH. O LUCKY MAN, O HAPPY DAY.
RADIO
JULTY AUTON
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BONUS: THE WILD AND WACKY SPIDER-MOBILE!

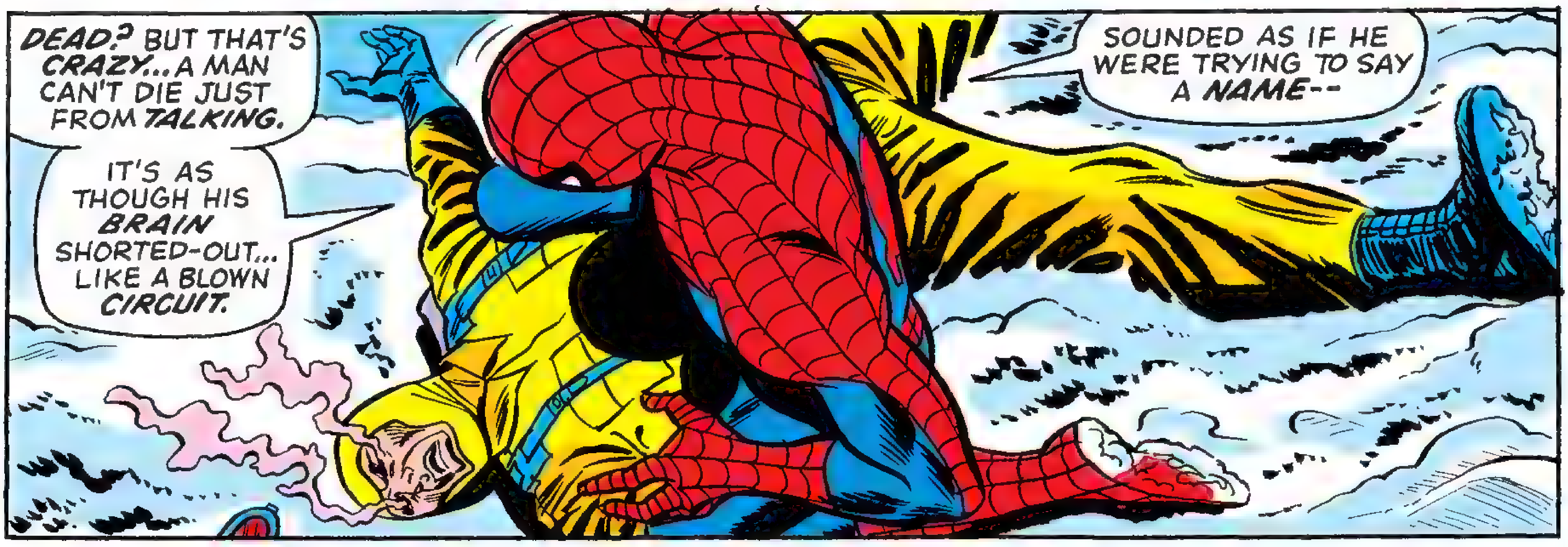

TAKE GOOD **CARE** OF THESE BABIES. THE BOSS PAID A MONTH'S **TAKE** FOR 'EM--
--AND HE **DIDN'T** BUY 'EM SO YOU CLOWNS COULD **LOSE** 'EM.
OKAY ALREADY. WE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS **BEFORE**. LET'S GET **MOVIN'**, HUH?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T **STAND** ABOUT WORKIN' FOR THE BOSS--IT'S HAVIN' TO LISTEN TO **YOU** GIVE US **INSTRUCTIONS**.
I MEAN, IF THE BOSS WANTS US TO HIT A **SKY-SCRAPER**, WE HIT A SKY-SCRAPER--
WHAT'S THE BIG **DEAL**, Y'KNOW?
RENO'S **RIGHT**. WE AINT EXACTLY **DUMB**, Y'KNOW. WE'RE THE BEST THERE **IS** IN THIS BUSINESS.
URRRKKK!
THAT ISN'T **SAYING** MUCH, PUNK.
THIS **BUSINESS** ISN'T KNOWN FOR ITS **GENIUSES**--'CEPT, OF COURSE, THE **BOSS**.
HUH? **WHATWUZTHAT?**
WHERE'S **FLAKEY?** WHAT **HAPPENED** TO HIM--?
I ALWAYS **KNEW** THAT GUY WOULD BUG OUT ON US. I ALWAYS **KNEW** HE'D--
FELLAS... FELLAS, **LOOK...!**
SURPRISE.
MIND IF I HAVE TALK WITH YOU BOYS?
SPIDER-MAN!
AW, YOU **GUESSED**.

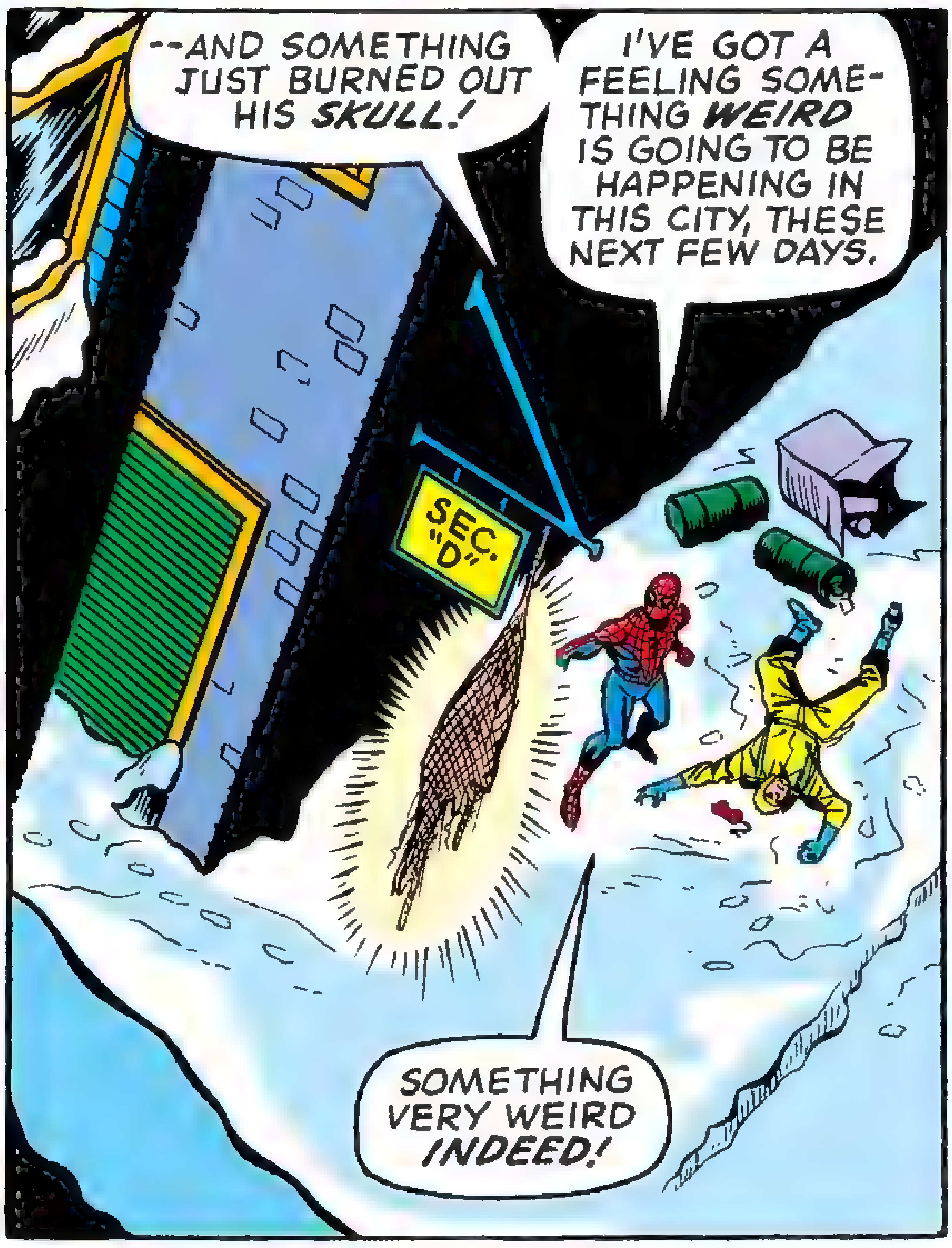

THINK YOU'RE **SMART**, DON'T YOU, WEB-SLINGER? LET'S SEE HOW SMART YOU ACT--
AFTER A TASTE OF THIS!
KREEEE
NOT **BAD**, HANDSOME. IF I KNOW MY SCIENCE, THAT'S A MODIFIED **LASER** DEVICE.
WHAT THEY **ONCE** WOULD'VE CALLED A **DEATH-RAY!**
SORRY, BUT I'M NOT **IMPRESSED.**
CHOK!
HEY, WHY'S EVERYBODY **LEAVING?**
HAVE I GOT **HALITOSIS** OR SOMETHING?
YOOHOO, CHUCKLES-- **WAIT UP!**
NOT ON YOUR **LIFE!** IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET MYSELF GET CAPTURED BY A COSTUMED CREEPO LIKE **YOU--**
--**FORGET ITTTTTTTT!**
YEEEEE-OOOW!
WHUNK!
NOW THEN...AS I WAS **SAYING**, LET'S YOU AND I HAVE A PLEASANT LITTLE **CONVERSATION...**
ABOUT **YOU...** AND ABOUT THESE **GUNS...**
...AND ABOUT THAT **SKY-SCRAPER.**

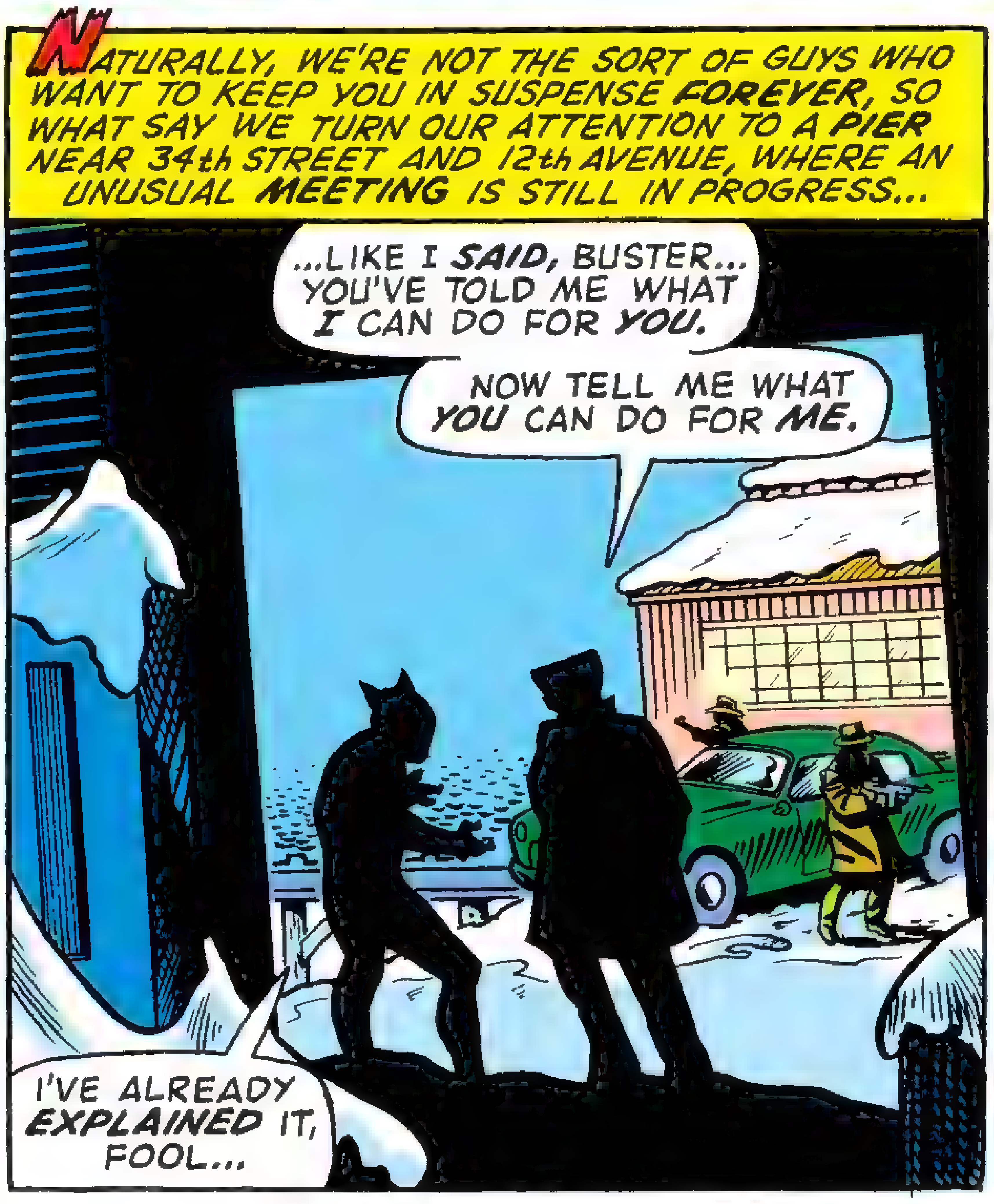

I-I CAN'T *TELL* YOU, SPIDER-MAN. I'LL--I'LL *DIE* IF I TALK.
BUT THINK OF THE *ALTERNATIVE.* MAYBE I'LL GET MAD AND FORCE YOU TO WATCH RERUNS OF THE *DEBBIE REYNOLDS SHOW.*
Y-YOU JUST DON'T *UNDERSTAND.* THE BOSS HAS THIS--THIS *POWER.*

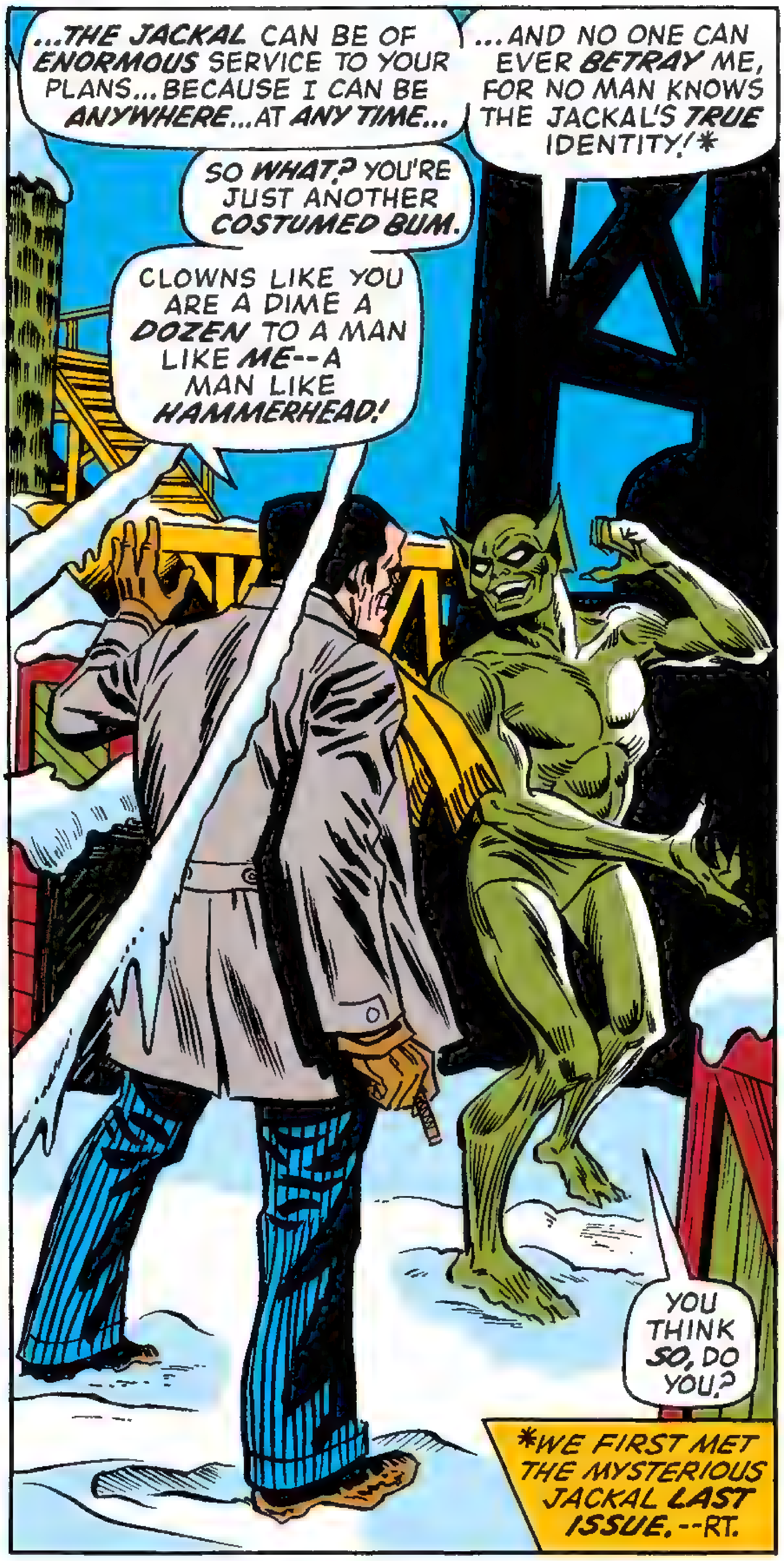

IF I EVER B-BEGIN TO SAY HIS *NAME,* IT'LL *KILL* ME.
HE CAN *DO* IT, SPIDER-MAN-- I'VE SEEN HA-HAMM-HA--

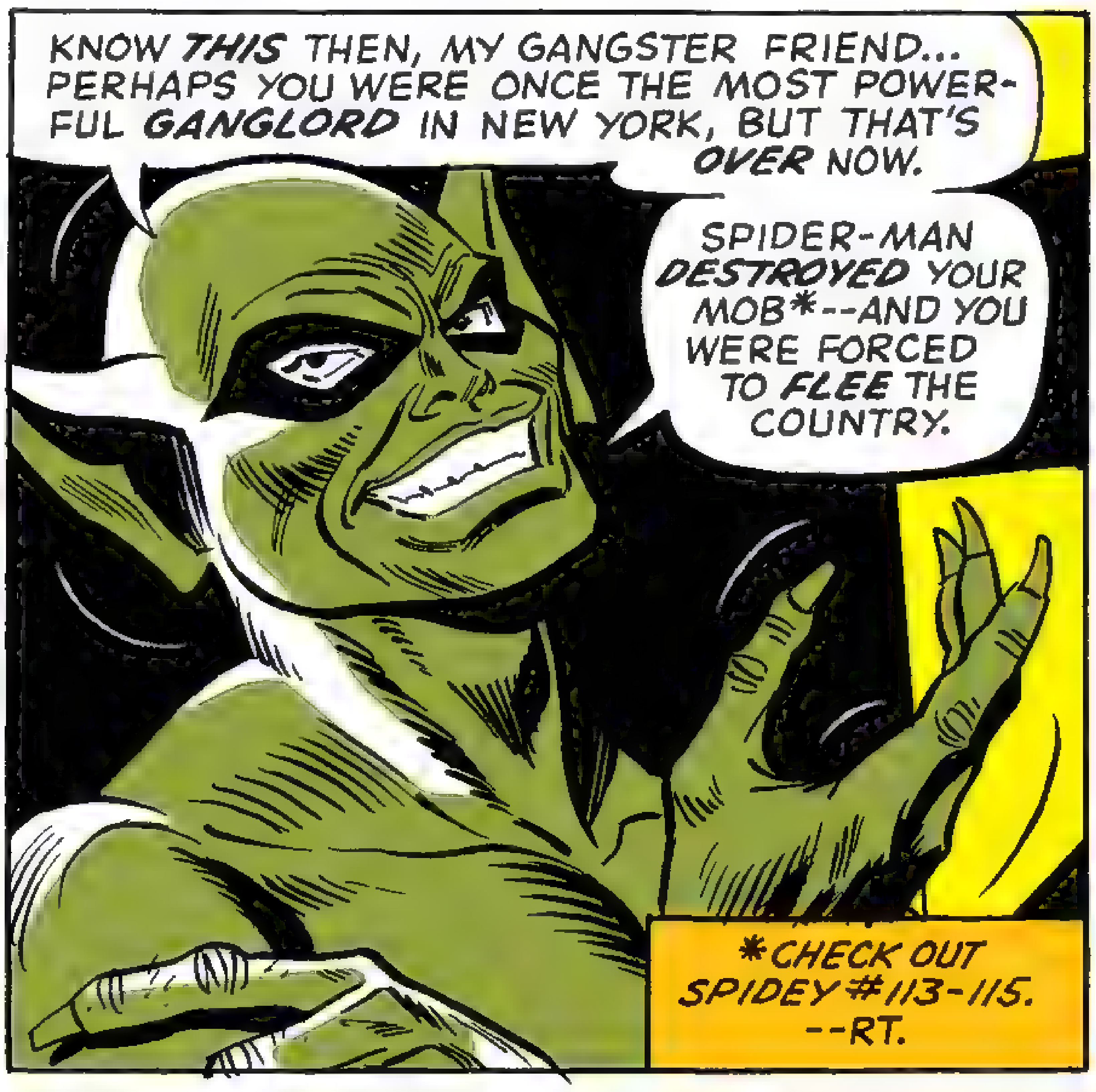

AAAAHHHHHH

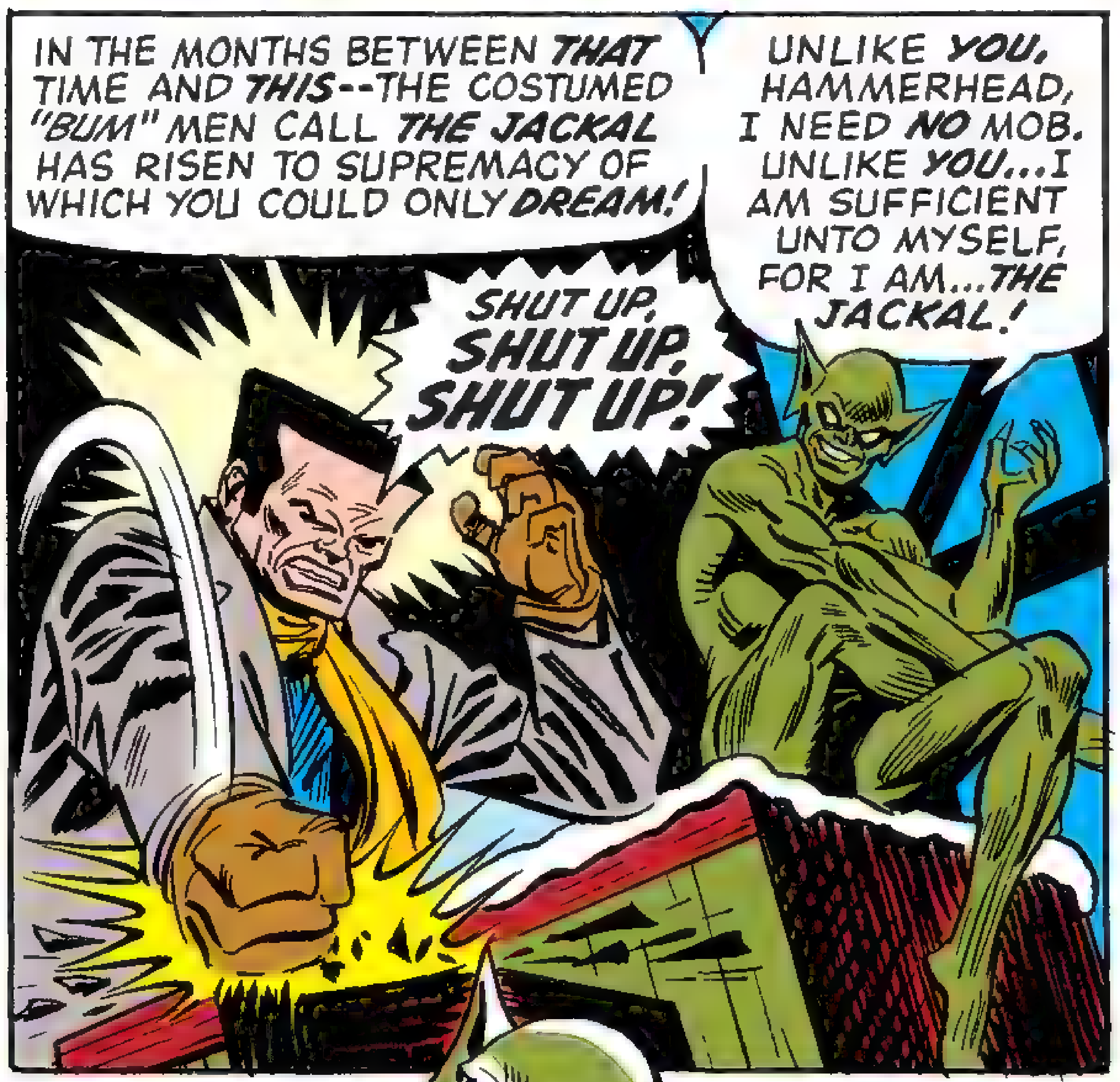

DEAD? BUT THAT'S *CRAZY*...A MAN CAN'T DIE JUST FROM *TALKING.*
IT'S AS THOUGH HIS *BRAIN* SHORTED-OUT... LIKE A BLOWN *CIRCUIT.*
SOUNDED AS IF HE WERE TRYING TO SAY A *NAME*--

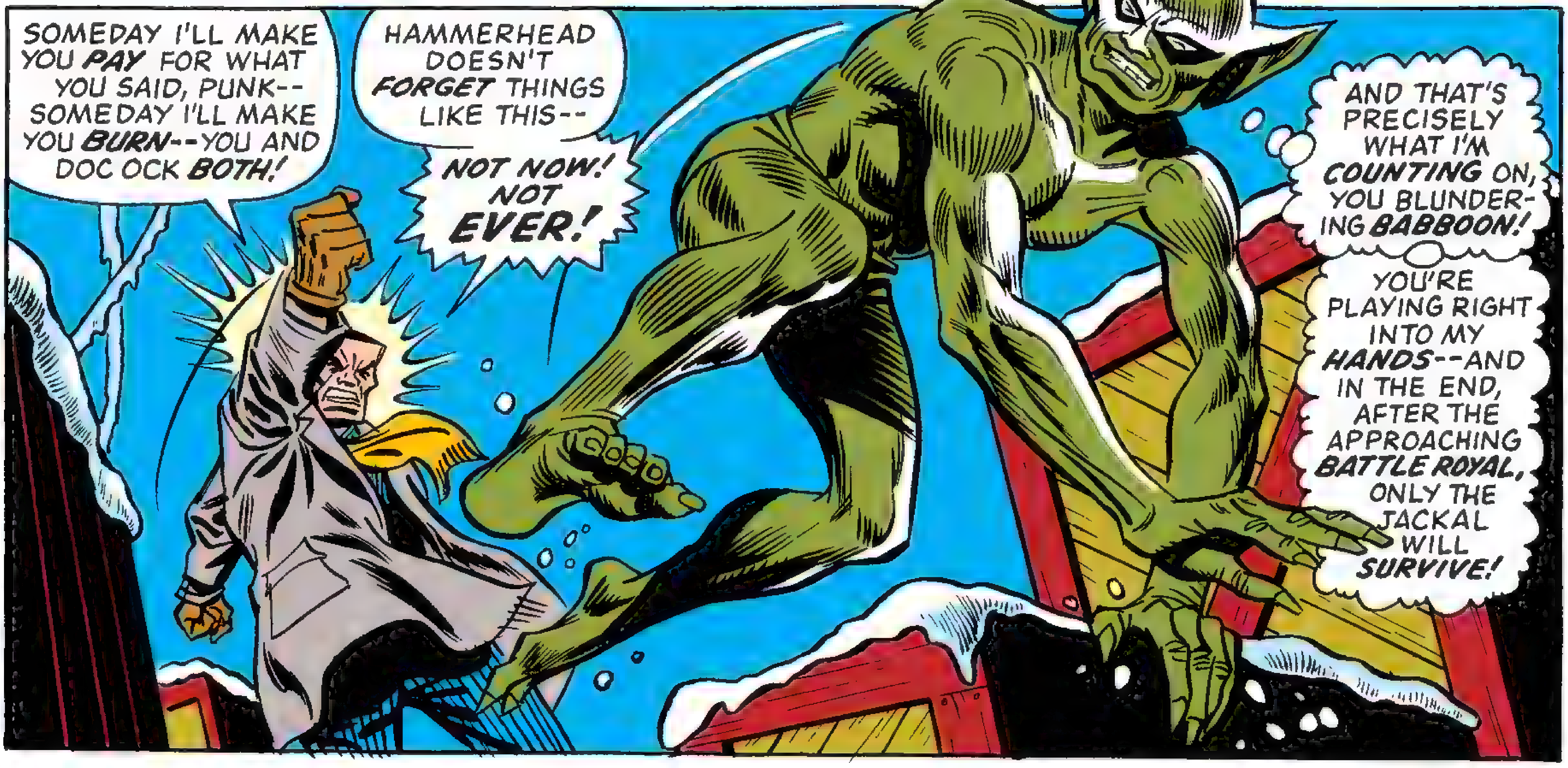

--AND SOMETHING JUST BURNED OUT HIS *SKULL!*
I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMETHING *WEIRD* IS GOING TO BE HAPPENING IN THIS CITY, THESE NEXT FEW DAYS.
SEC. "D"
SOMETHING VERY WEIRD *INDEED!*

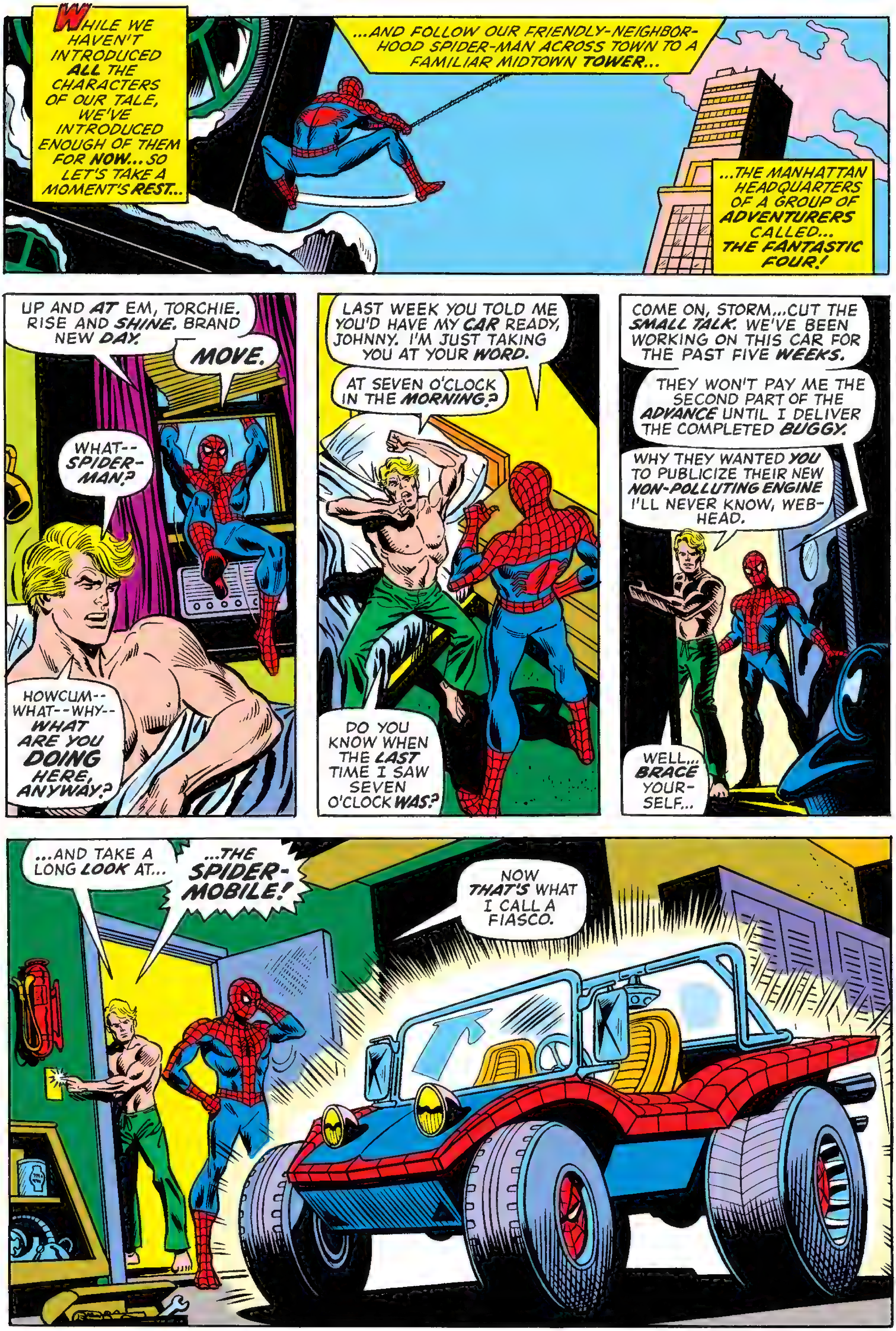

NATURALLY, WE'RE NOT THE SORT OF GUYS WHO WANT TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE *FOREVER,* SO WHAT SAY WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A *PIER* NEAR 34th STREET AND 12th AVENUE, WHERE AN UNUSUAL *MEETING* IS STILL IN PROGRESS...
...LIKE I *SAID,* BUSTER... YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT *I* CAN DO FOR *YOU.*
NOW TELL ME WHAT *YOU* CAN DO FOR *ME.*
I'VE ALREADY *EXPLAINED* IT, FOOL...

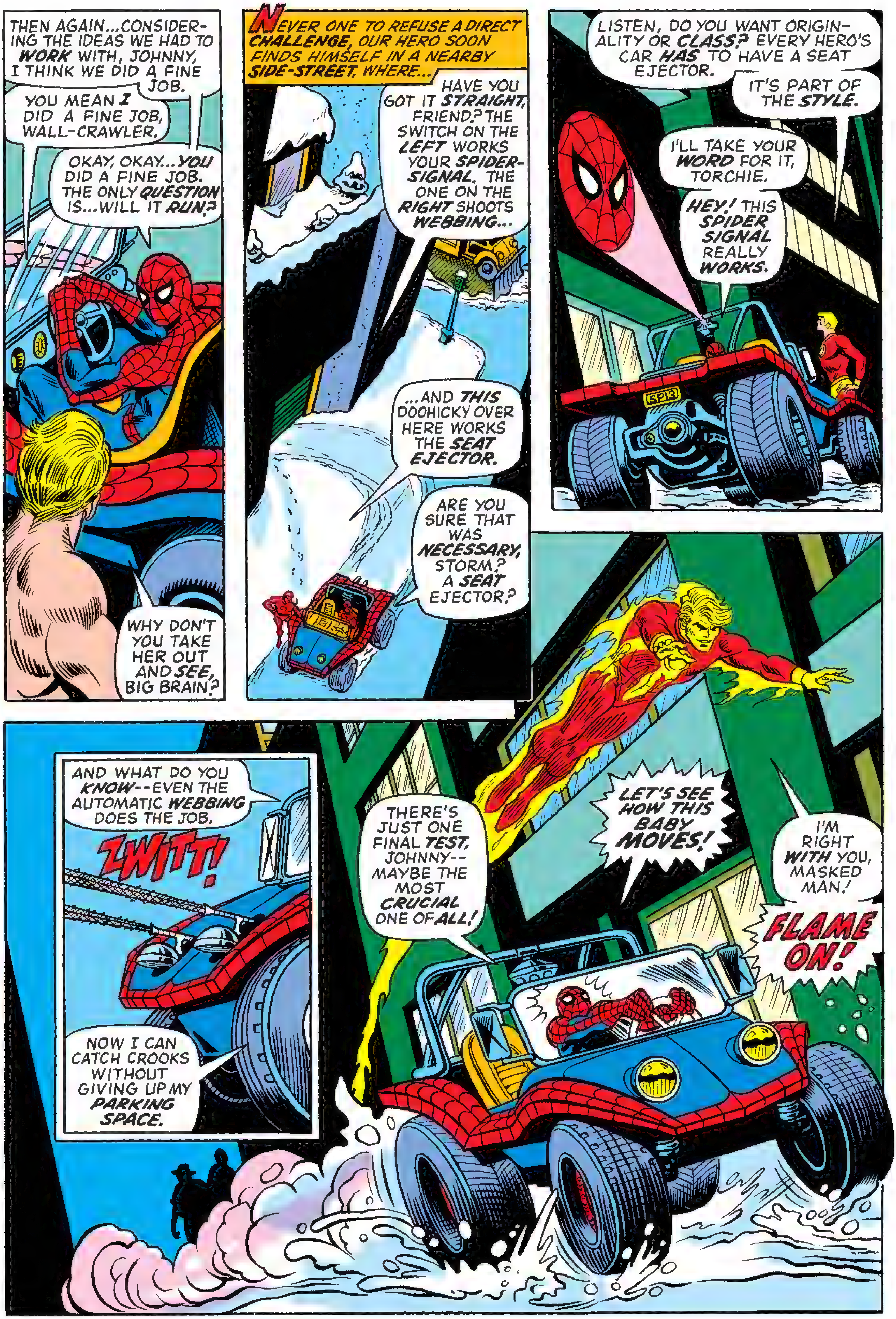

...THE JACKAL CAN BE OF ENORMOUS SERVICE TO YOUR PLANS...BECAUSE I CAN BE ANYWHERE...AT ANY TIME...
...AND NO ONE CAN EVER BETRAY ME, FOR NO MAN KNOWS THE JACKAL'S TRUE IDENTITY!*
SO WHAT? YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER COSTUMED BUM.
CLOWNS LIKE YOU ARE A DIME A DOZEN TO A MAN LIKE ME--A MAN LIKE HAMMERHEAD!
YOU THINK SO, DO YOU?
*WE FIRST MET THE MYSTERIOUS JACKAL LAST ISSUE. --RT.

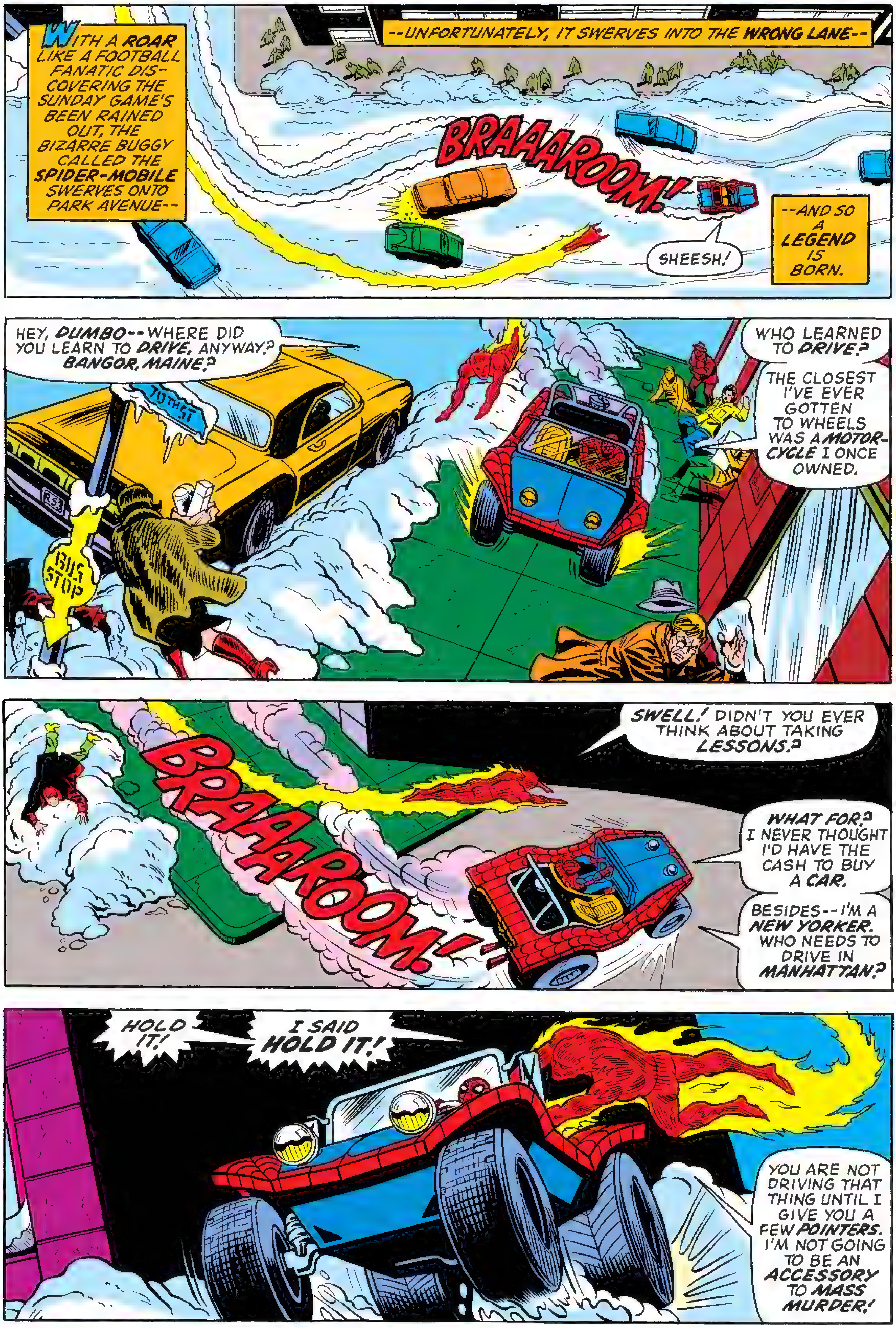

KNOW THIS THEN, MY GANGSTER FRIEND... PERHAPS YOU WERE ONCE THE MOST POWERFUL GANGLORD IN NEW YORK, BUT THAT'S OVER NOW.
SPIDER-MAN DESTROYED YOUR MOB*--AND YOU WERE FORCED TO FLEE THE COUNTRY.
*CHECK OUT SPIDEY #113-115. --RT.


IN THE MONTHS BETWEEN THAT TIME AND THIS--THE COSTUMED "BUM" MEN CALL THE JACKAL HAS RISEN TO SUPREMACY OF WHICH YOU COULD ONLY DREAM!
UNLIKE YOU, HAMMERHEAD, I NEED NO MOB. UNLIKE YOU...I AM SUFFICIENT UNTO MYSELF, FOR I AM...THE JACKAL!
SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP!

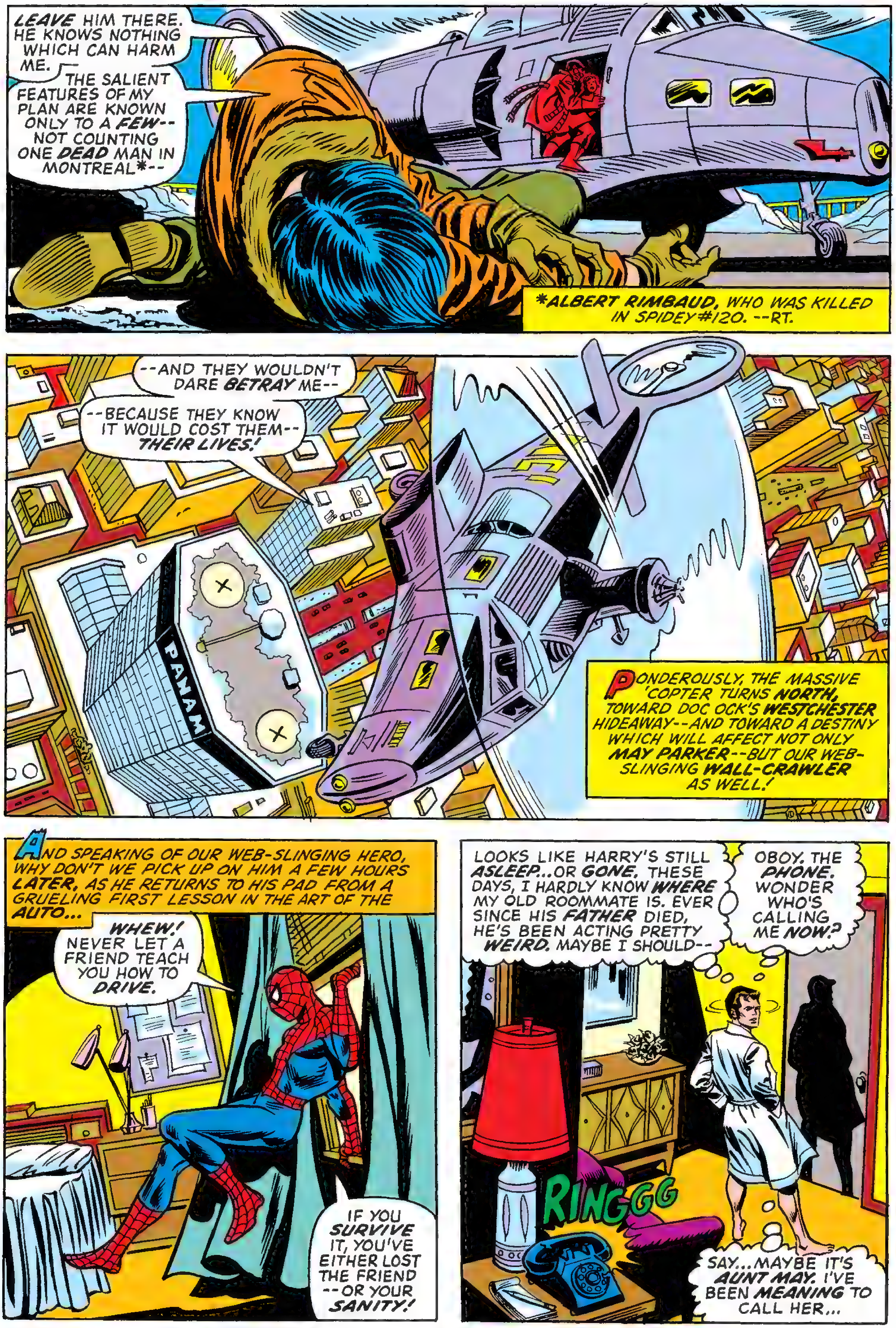

SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU SAID, PUNK--SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE YOU BURN--YOU AND DOC OCK BOTH!
HAMMERHEAD DOESN'T FORGET THINGS LIKE THIS--
NOT NOW! NOT EVER!
AND THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT I'M COUNTING ON, YOU BLUNDERING BABBOON!
YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO MY HANDS--AND IN THE END, AFTER THE APPROACHING BATTLE ROYAL, ONLY THE JACKAL WILL SURVIVE!

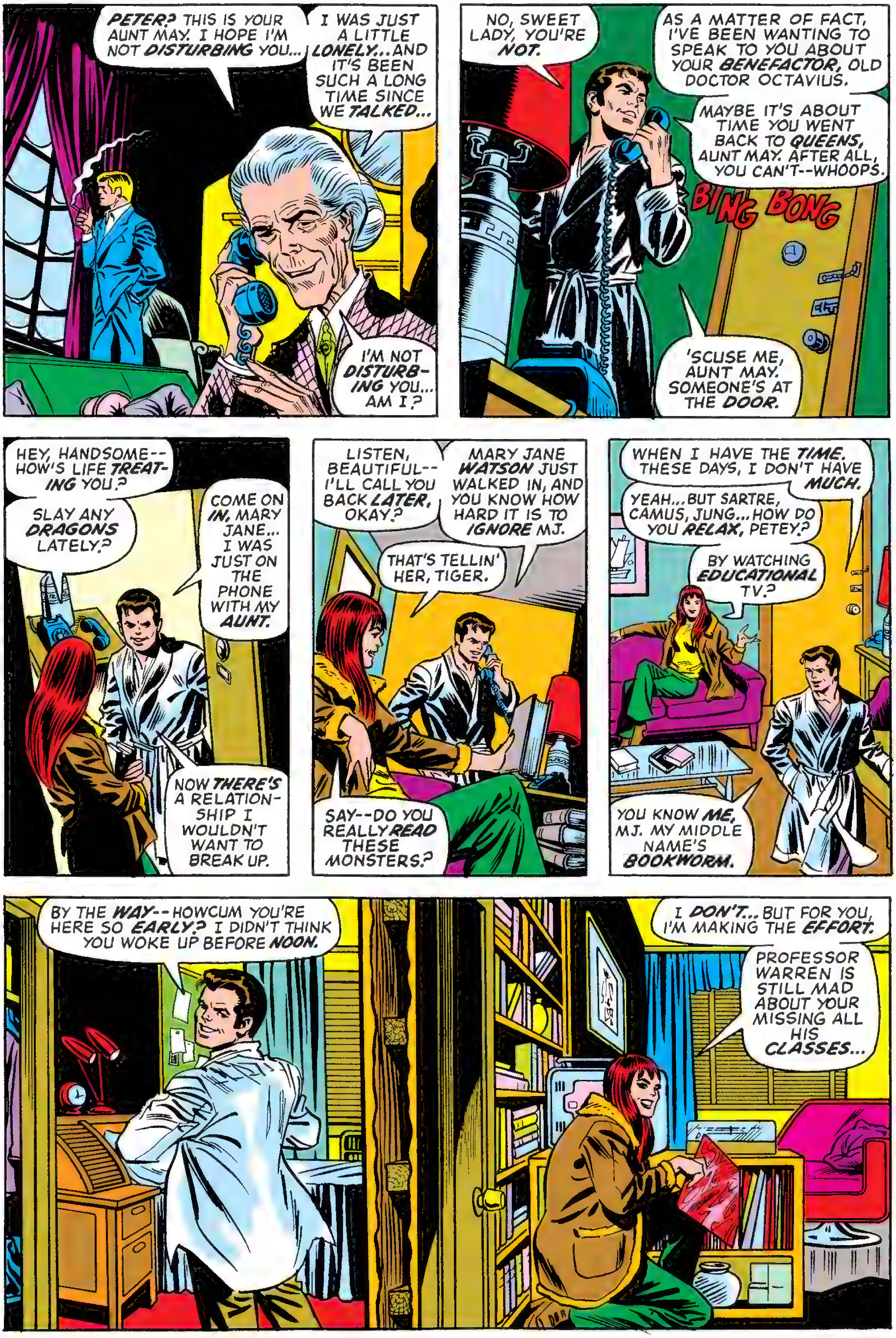

WHILE WE HAVEN'T INTRODUCED ALL THE CHARACTERS OF OUR TALE, WE'VE INTRODUCED ENOUGH OF THEM FOR NOW... SO LET'S TAKE A MOMENT'S REST...
...AND FOLLOW OUR FRIENDLY-NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN ACROSS TOWN TO A FAMILIAR MIDTOWN TOWER...
...THE MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS OF A GROUP OF ADVENTURERS CALLED... THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
UP AND AT EM, TORCHIE. RISE AND SHINE. BRAND NEW DAY.
MOVE.
WHAT--SPIDER-MAN?
HOWCUM--WHAT--WHY--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, ANYWAY?
LAST WEEK YOU TOLD ME YOU'D HAVE MY CAR READY, JOHNNY. I'M JUST TAKING YOU AT YOUR WORD.
AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING?
DO YOU KNOW WHEN THE LAST TIME I SAW SEVEN O'CLOCK WAS?
COME ON, STORM... CUT THE SMALL TALK. WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS CAR FOR THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.
THEY WON'T PAY ME THE SECOND PART OF THE ADVANCE UNTIL I DELIVER THE COMPLETED BUGGY.
WHY THEY WANTED YOU TO PUBLICIZE THEIR NEW NON-POLLUTING ENGINE I'LL NEVER KNOW, WEB-HEAD.
WELL... BRACE YOURSELF...
...AND TAKE A LONG LOOK AT...
...THE SPIDER-MOBILE!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FIASCO.

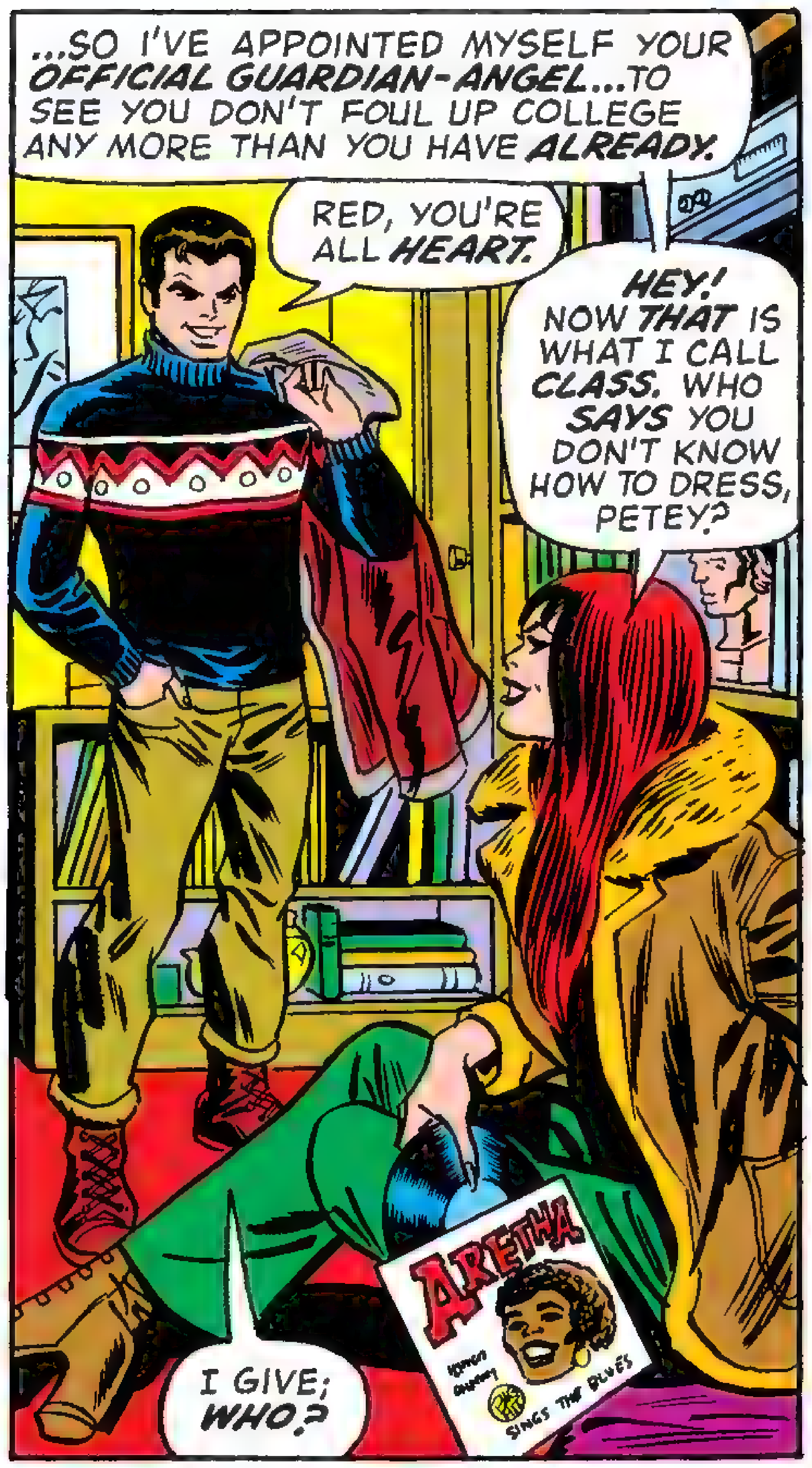

THEN AGAIN...CONSIDERING THE IDEAS WE HAD TO WORK WITH, JOHNNY, I THINK WE DID A FINE JOB.
YOU MEAN I DID A FINE JOB, WALL-CRAWLER.
OKAY, OKAY...YOU DID A FINE JOB. THE ONLY QUESTION IS...WILL IT RUN?
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER OUT AND SEE, BIG BRAIN?
NEVER ONE TO REFUSE A DIRECT CHALLENGE, OUR HERO SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN A NEARBY SIDE-STREET, WHERE...
HAVE YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT, FRIEND? THE SWITCH ON THE LEFT WORKS YOUR SPIDER-SIGNAL. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT SHOOTS WEBBING...
...AND THIS DOOHICKY OVER HERE WORKS THE SEAT EJECTOR.
ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS NECESSARY, STORM? A SEAT EJECTOR?
LISTEN, DO YOU WANT ORIGINALITY OR CLASS? EVERY HERO'S CAR HAS TO HAVE A SEAT EJECTOR.
IT'S PART OF THE STYLE.
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, TORCHIE.
HEY! THIS SPIDER SIGNAL REALLY WORKS.
SP13
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW--EVEN THE AUTOMATIC WEBBING DOES THE JOB.
ZWITT!
NOW I CAN CATCH CROOKS WITHOUT GIVING UP MY PARKING SPACE.
THERE'S JUST ONE FINAL TEST, JOHNNY--MAYBE THE MOST CRUCIAL ONE OF ALL!
LET'S SEE HOW THIS BABY MOVES!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, MASKED MAN!
FLAME ON!

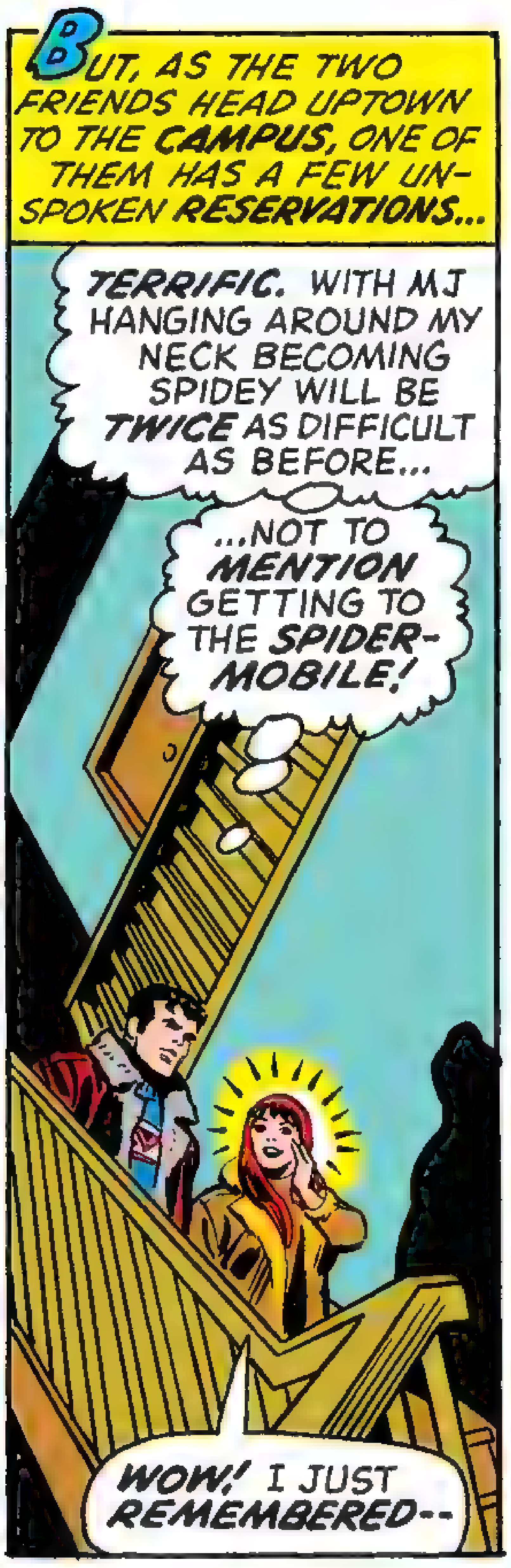

WITH A ROAR LIKE A FOOTBALL FANATIC DISCOVERING THE SUNDAY GAME'S BEEN RAINED OUT, THE BIZARRE BUGGY CALLED THE SPIDER-MOBILE SWERVES ONTO PARK AVENUE--
--UNFORTUNATELY, IT SWERVES INTO THE WRONG LANE--
BRAAAROOM!
SHEESH!
--AND SO A LEGEND IS BORN.
HEY, DUMBO--WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DRIVE, ANYWAY? BANGOR, MAINE?
70TH ST
BUS STOP
WHO LEARNED TO DRIVE?
THE CLOSEST I'VE EVER GOTTEN TO WHEELS WAS A MOTOR-CYCLE I ONCE OWNED.
SWELL! DIDN'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT TAKING LESSONS?
BRAAAROOM!
WHAT FOR? I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE THE CASH TO BUY A CAR.
BESIDES--I'M A NEW YORKER. WHO NEEDS TO DRIVE IN MANHATTAN?
HOLD IT!
I SAID HOLD IT!
YOU ARE NOT DRIVING THAT THING UNTIL I GIVE YOU A FEW POINTERS. I'M NOT GOING TO BE AN ACCESSORY TO MASS MURDER!

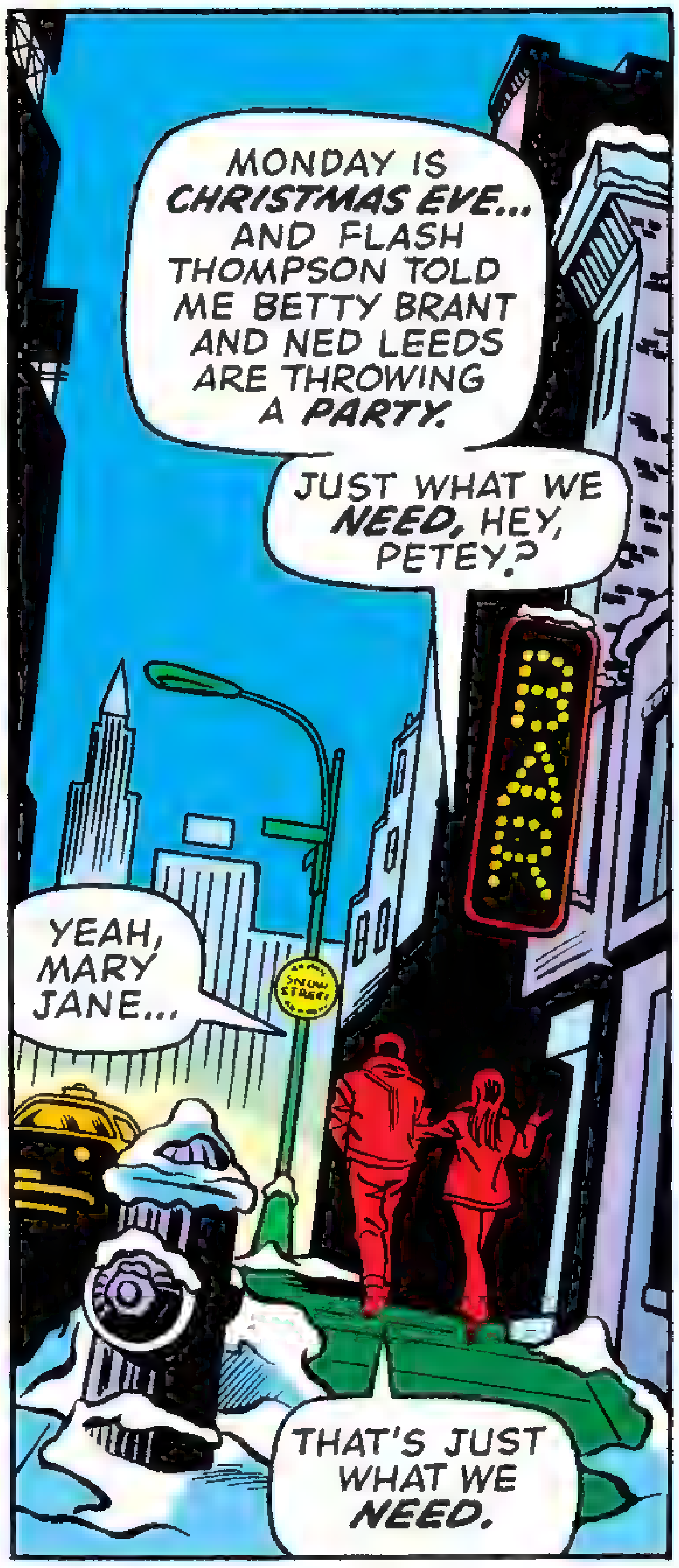
AFTER A MOMENT'S PERFUNCTORY ARGUMENT, SPIDEY RELUCTANTLY AGREES TO HAND JOHNNY THE REINS...AND THEY DRIVE OFF, UNAWARE THAT HOSTILE EYES HAVE BEEN WATCHING THEIR PERFORMANCE...
...EYES THAT NOW CRINKLE IN A SMILE...
...ON THE FACE OF THE MAN CALLED...DOCTOR OCTOPUS!
SOME MEN FIND IT NECESSARY TO STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS...BUT FOR REASONS I SHALL NEVER UNDERSTAND, GOOD FORTUNE HAS ALWAYS BEEN MINE!
FROM THE ACCIDENT WHICH TURNED ME INTO A HUMAN OCTOPUS*--
*SPIDEY #3, HISTORY LOVERS. --RUDIMENTARY ROY.
--TO THE STROKE OF CHANCE WHICH INTRODUCED ME TO MAY PARKER, I HAVE NEVER HAD MORE THAN THE MOST MOMENTARY BAD LUCK.
AND NOW THIS--MY ARCH ENEMY, SPIDER-MAN, DELIVERED TO ME AT LAST. IT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE. THE FOOL HAS GIVEN ME ALL I NEED TO DESTROY HIM FOREVER!
A FEW SHORT MOMENTS LATER, ON THE ROOF OF THE PAN AM BUILDING, WHICH SPORTS MANHATTAN'S ONLY COMMERCIAL HELIPORT...
DOC! MAN, ARE WE SORRY--WE WUZ GONNA MEET YA AT THE JAIL, ONLY WE DIDN'T KNOW WHEN--
PAN AM
SILENCE, YOU BUMBLING HALF-WIT.
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR EXCUSES--
SBLAK!
--BECAUSE OF YOUR ERROR, I WAS FORCED TO WALK THIRTY-FOUR BLOCKS.
BE THANKFUL I DON'T MAKE YOU WALK THIRTY-FOUR MILES!

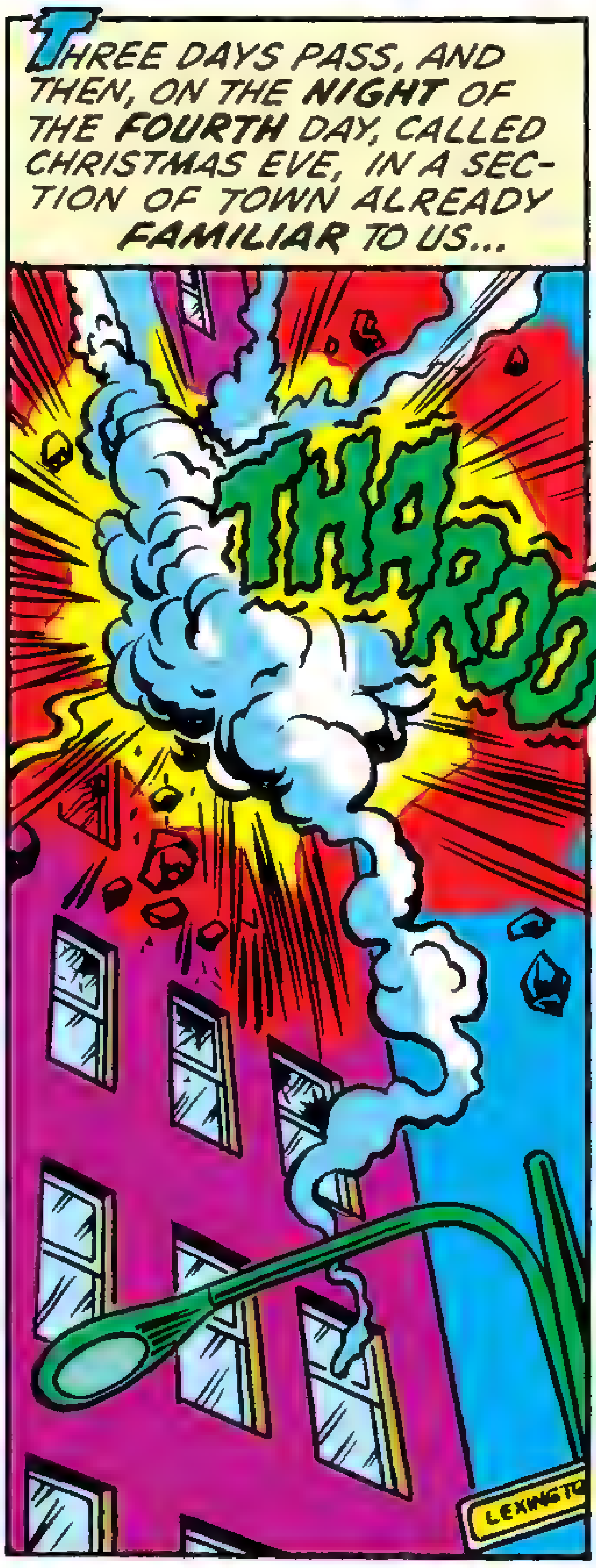

LEAVE HIM THERE. HE KNOWS NOTHING WHICH CAN HARM ME.
THE SALIENT FEATURES OF MY PLAN ARE KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW-- NOT COUNTING ONE DEAD MAN IN MONTREAL*--
*ALBERT RIMBAUD, WHO WAS KILLED IN SPIDEY #120. --RT.
--AND THEY WOULDN'T DARE BETRAY ME--
--BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT WOULD COST THEM-- THEIR LIVES!
PAN AM
PONDEROUSLY, THE MASSIVE 'COPTER TURNS NORTH, TOWARD DOC OCK'S WESTCHESTER HIDEAWAY--AND TOWARD A DESTINY WHICH WILL AFFECT NOT ONLY MAY PARKER--BUT OUR WEB-SLINGING WALL-CRAWLER AS WELL!
AND SPEAKING OF OUR WEB-SLINGING HERO, WHY DON'T WE PICK UP ON HIM A FEW HOURS LATER, AS HE RETURNS TO HIS PAD FROM A GRUELING FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF THE AUTO...
WHEW! NEVER LET A FRIEND TEACH YOU HOW TO DRIVE.
IF YOU SURVIVE IT, YOU'VE EITHER LOST THE FRIEND --OR YOUR SANITY!
LOOKS LIKE HARRY'S STILL ASLEEP...OR GONE. THESE DAYS, I HARDLY KNOW WHERE MY OLD ROOMMATE IS. EVER SINCE HIS FATHER DIED, HE'S BEEN ACTING PRETTY WEIRD. MAYBE I SHOULD--
OBOY. THE PHONE. WONDER WHO'S CALLING ME NOW?
RINGGG
SAY...MAYBE IT'S AUNT MAY. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO CALL HER...

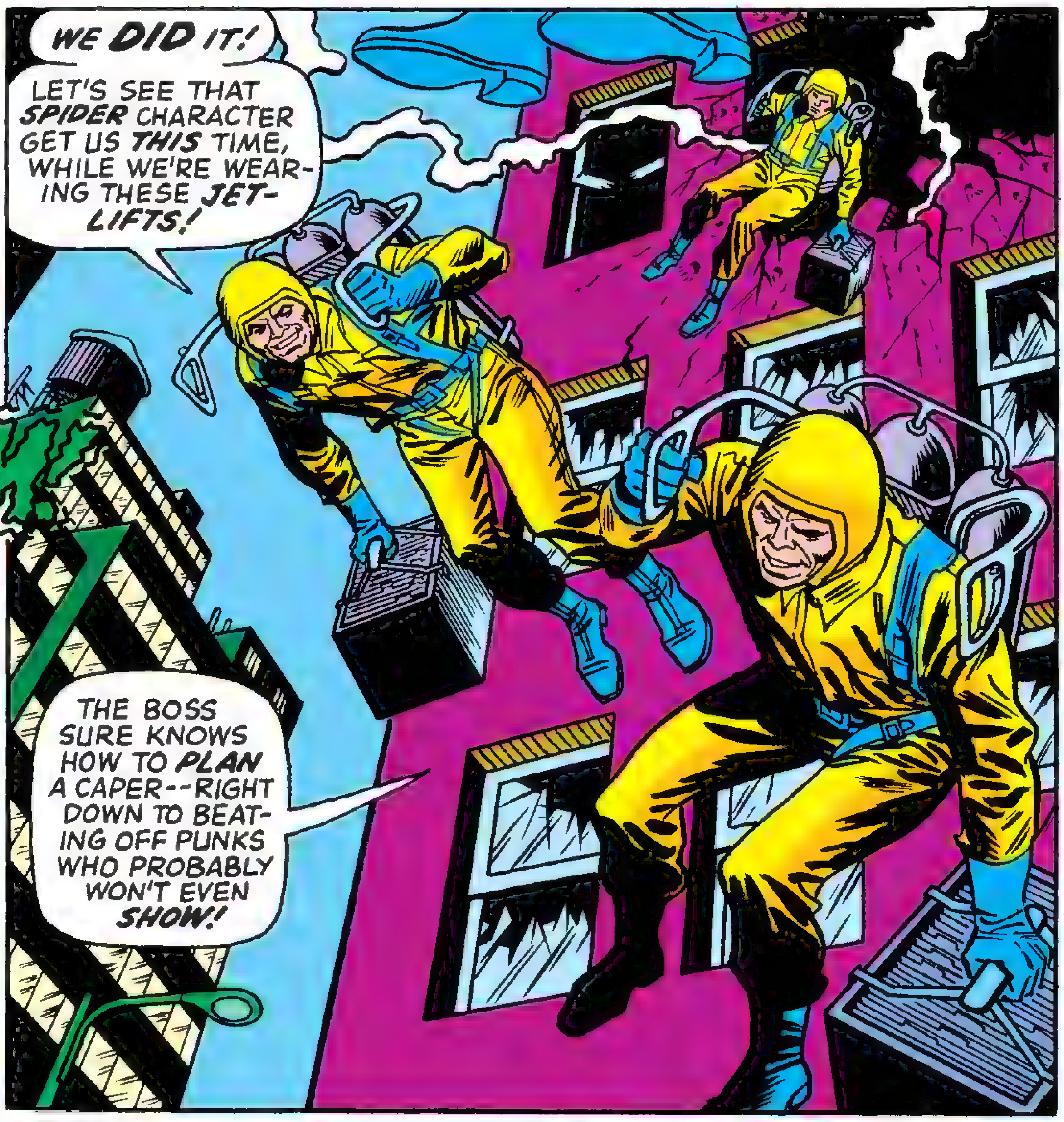

PETER? THIS IS YOUR AUNT MAY. I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU...
I WAS JUST A LITTLE LONELY... AND IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE WE TALKED...
I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU... AM I?
NO, SWEET LADY, YOU'RE NOT.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR BENEFACTOR, OLD DOCTOR OCTAVIUS.
MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WENT BACK TO QUEENS, AUNT MAY. AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T--WHOOPS.
BING BONG
'SCUSE ME, AUNT MAY. SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.
HEY, HANDSOME--HOW'S LIFE TREATING YOU?
SLAY ANY DRAGONS LATELY?
COME ON IN, MARY JANE... I WAS JUST ON THE PHONE WITH MY AUNT.
NOW THERE'S A RELATIONSHIP I WOULDN'T WANT TO BREAK UP.
LISTEN, BEAUTIFUL--I'LL CALL YOU BACK LATER, OKAY?
MARY JANE WATSON JUST WALKED IN, AND YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO IGNORE MJ.
THAT'S TELLIN' HER, TIGER.
SAY--DO YOU REALLY READ THESE MONSTERS?
WHEN I HAVE THE TIME. THESE DAYS, I DON'T HAVE MUCH.
YEAH... BUT SARTRE, CAMUS, JUNG... HOW DO YOU RELAX, PETEY?
BY WATCHING EDUCATIONAL TV?
YOU KNOW ME, MJ. MY MIDDLE NAME'S BOOKWORM.
BY THE WAY--HOWCUM YOU'RE HERE SO EARLY? I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOKE UP BEFORE NOON.
I DON'T... BUT FOR YOU, I'M MAKING THE EFFORT.
PROFESSOR WARREN IS STILL MAD ABOUT YOUR MISSING ALL HIS CLASSES...

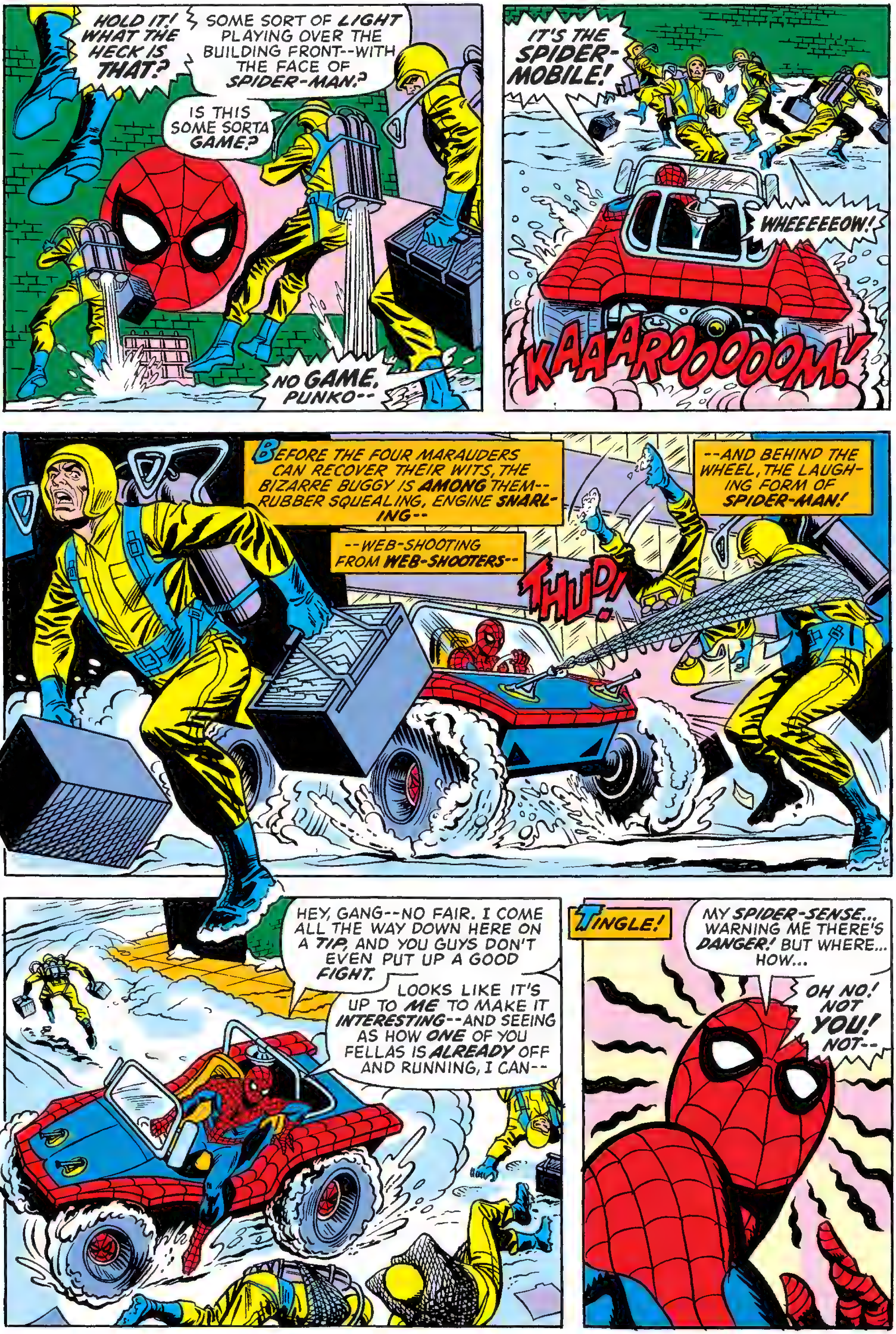

...SO I'VE APPOINTED MYSELF YOUR *OFFICIAL GUARDIAN-ANGEL*...TO SEE YOU DON'T FOUL UP COLLEGE ANY MORE THAN YOU HAVE *ALREADY.*
RED, YOU'RE ALL *HEART.*
HEY! NOW *THAT* IS WHAT I CALL *CLASS.* WHO *SAYS* YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRESS, PETEY?
ARETHA
SINGS THE BLUES
I GIVE; *WHO?*

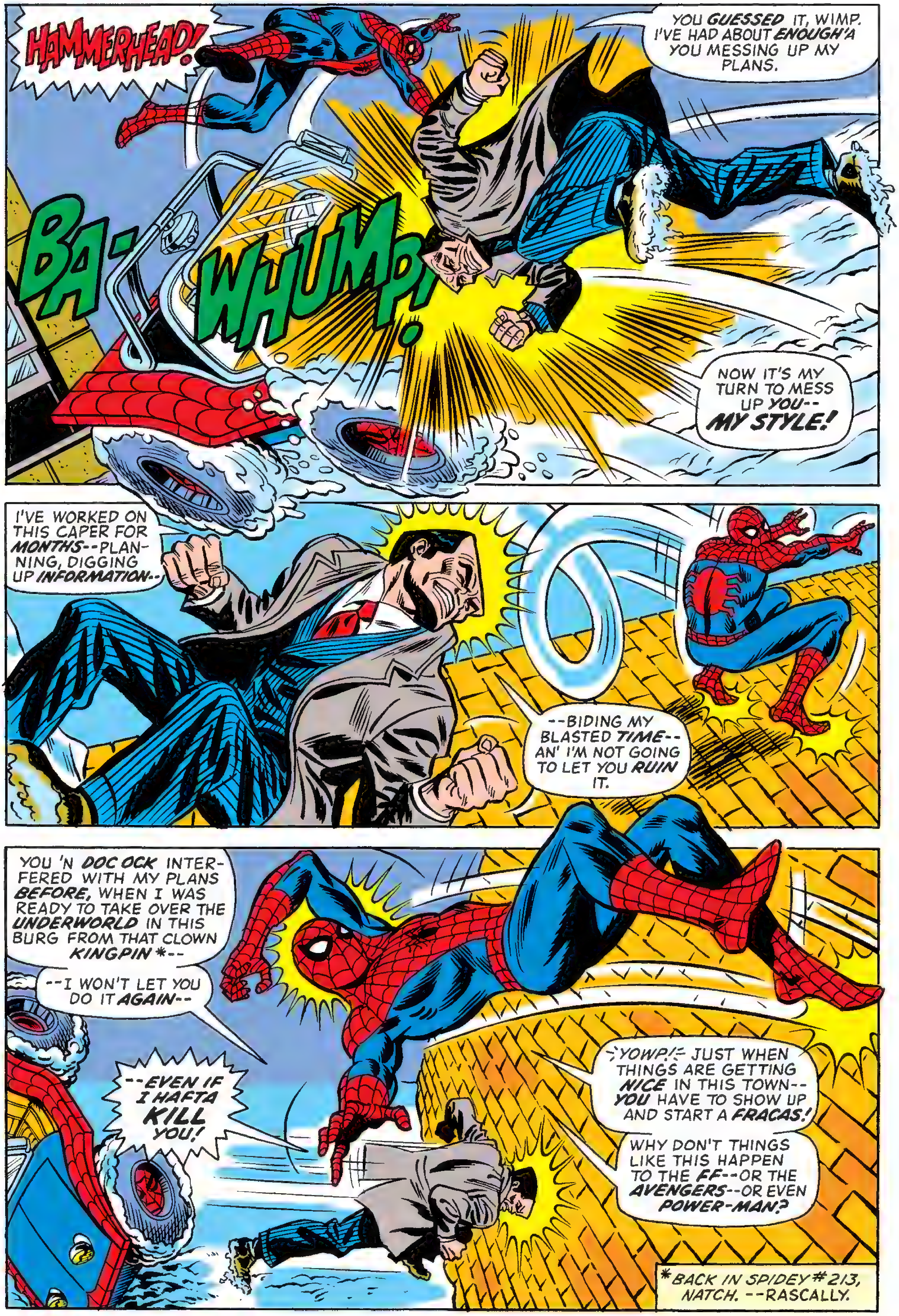

BUT, AS THE TWO FRIENDS HEAD UPTOWN TO THE **CAMPUS,** *ONE OF THEM HAS A FEW UN-SPOKEN* **RESERVATIONS...**
TERRIFIC. WITH MJ HANGING AROUND MY NECK BECOMING SPIDEY WILL BE *TWICE* AS DIFFICULT AS BEFORE...
...NOT TO *MENTION* GETTING TO THE *SPIDER-MOBILE!*
WOW! I JUST *REMEMBERED--*

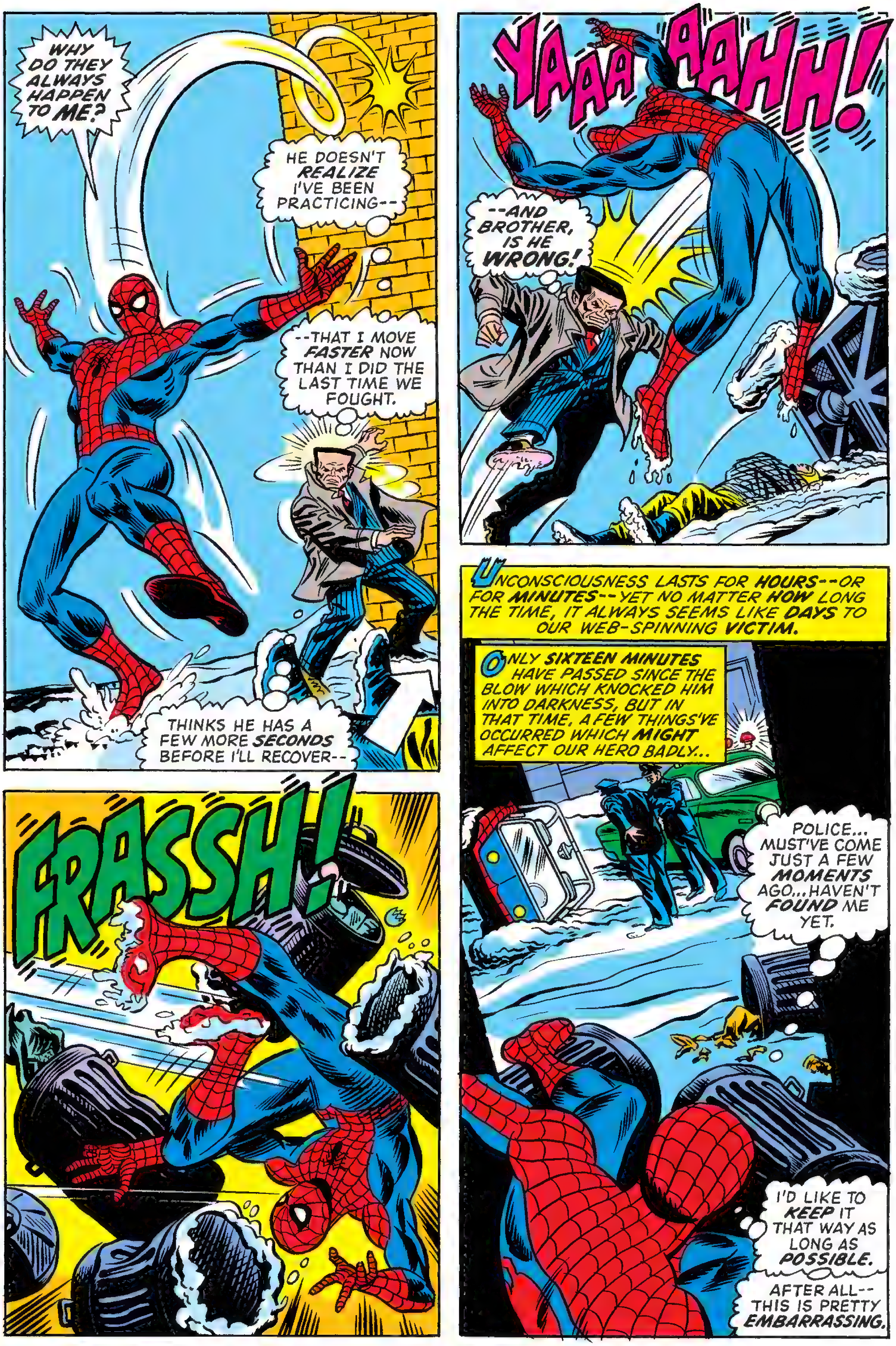

MONDAY IS *CHRISTMAS EVE...* AND FLASH THOMPSON TOLD ME BETTY BRANT AND NED LEEDS ARE THROWING A *PARTY.*
JUST WHAT WE *NEED,* HEY, PETEY?
BAR
YEAH, MARY JANE...
THAT'S JUST WHAT WE *NEED.*

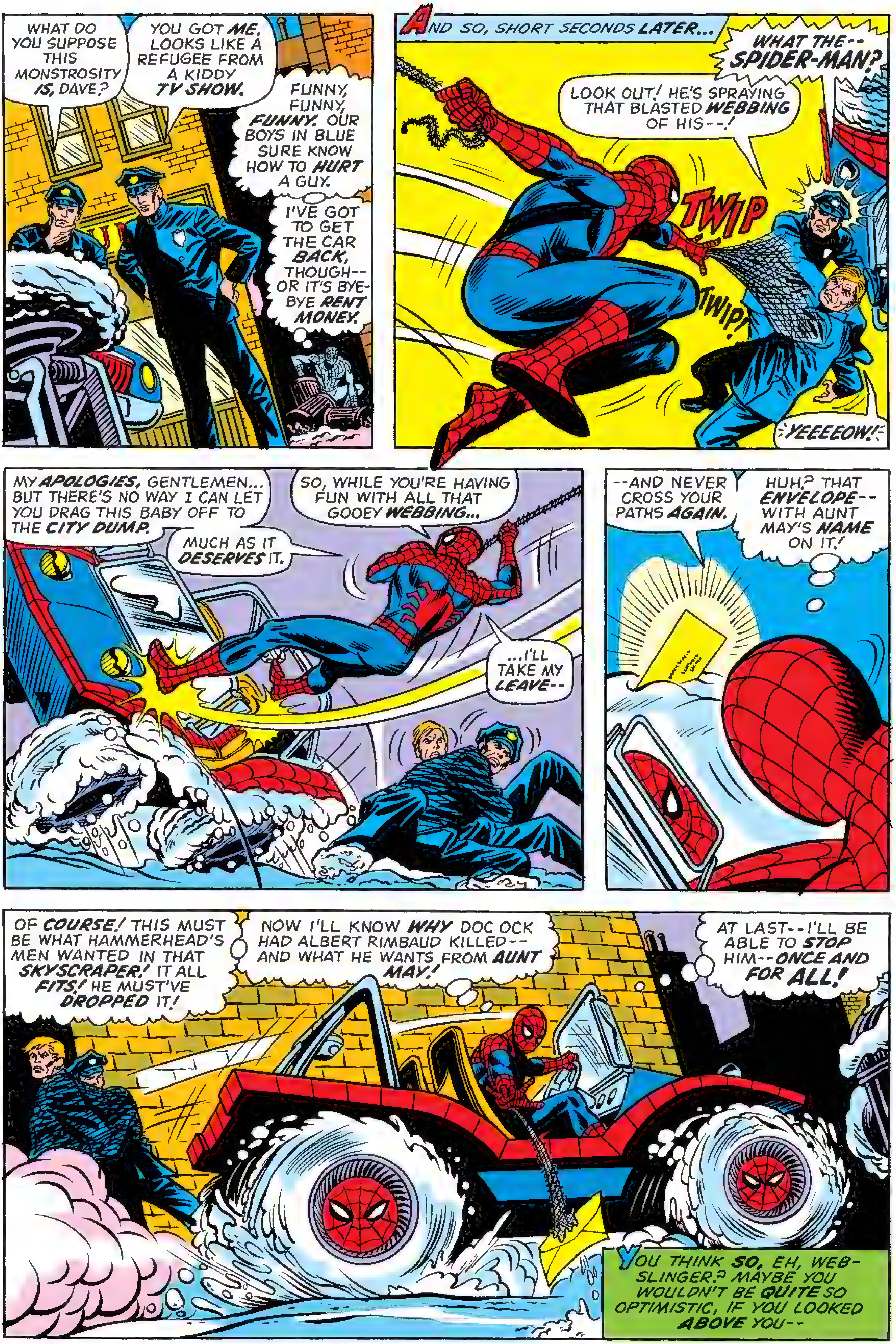

THREE DAYS PASS, AND THEN, ON THE **NIGHT** *OF THE* **FOURTH** *DAY, CALLED CHRISTMAS EVE, IN A SEC-TION OF TOWN ALREADY* **FAMILIAR** *TO US...*
THAROOM!
LEXINGTO

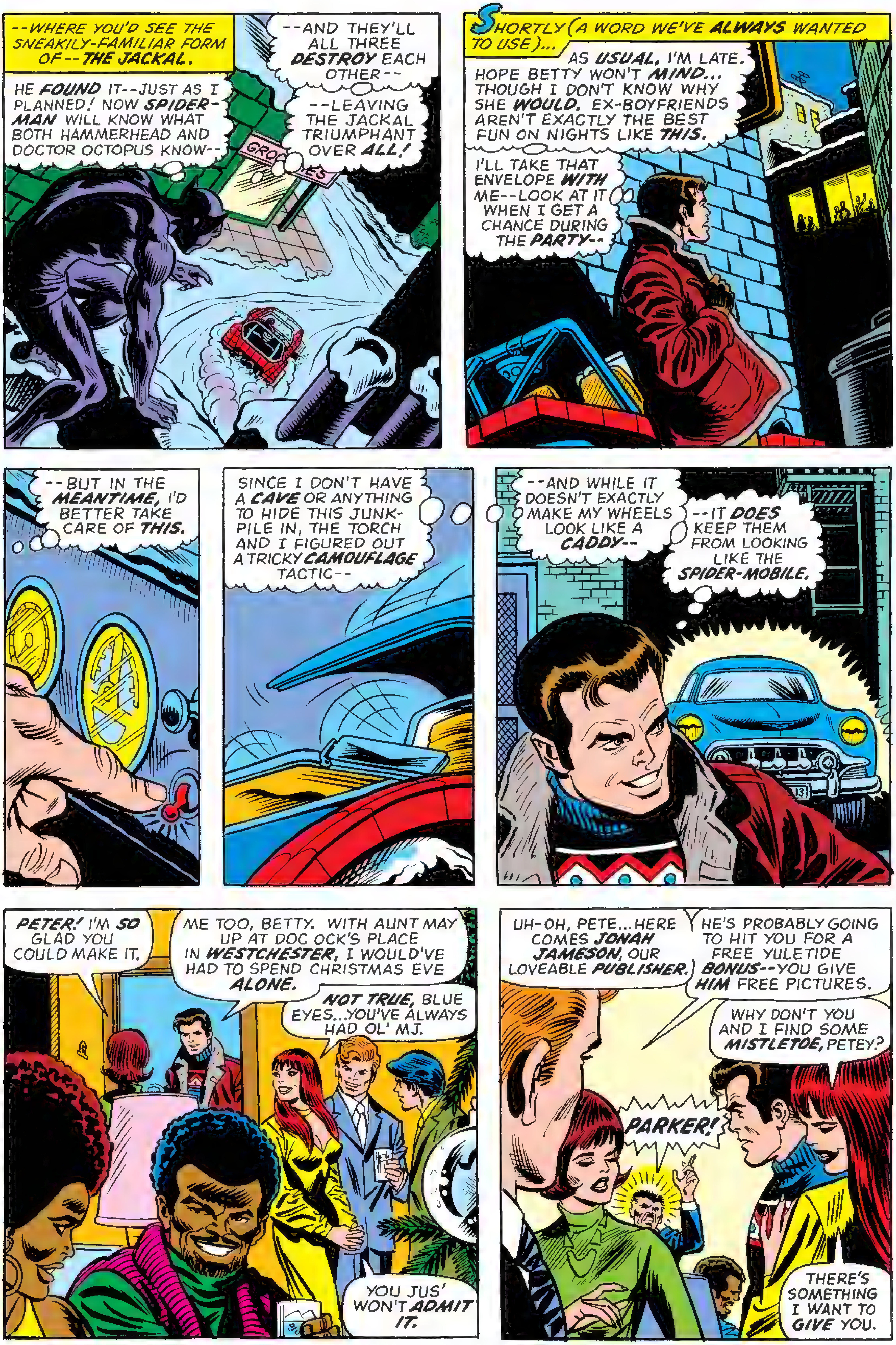

WE DID IT!
LET'S SEE THAT *SPIDER* CHARACTER GET US *THIS* TIME, WHILE WE'RE WEAR-ING THESE *JET-LIFTS!*
THE BOSS SURE KNOWS HOW TO *PLAN* A CAPER--RIGHT DOWN TO BEAT-ING OFF PUNKS WHO PROBABLY WON'T EVEN *SHOW!*

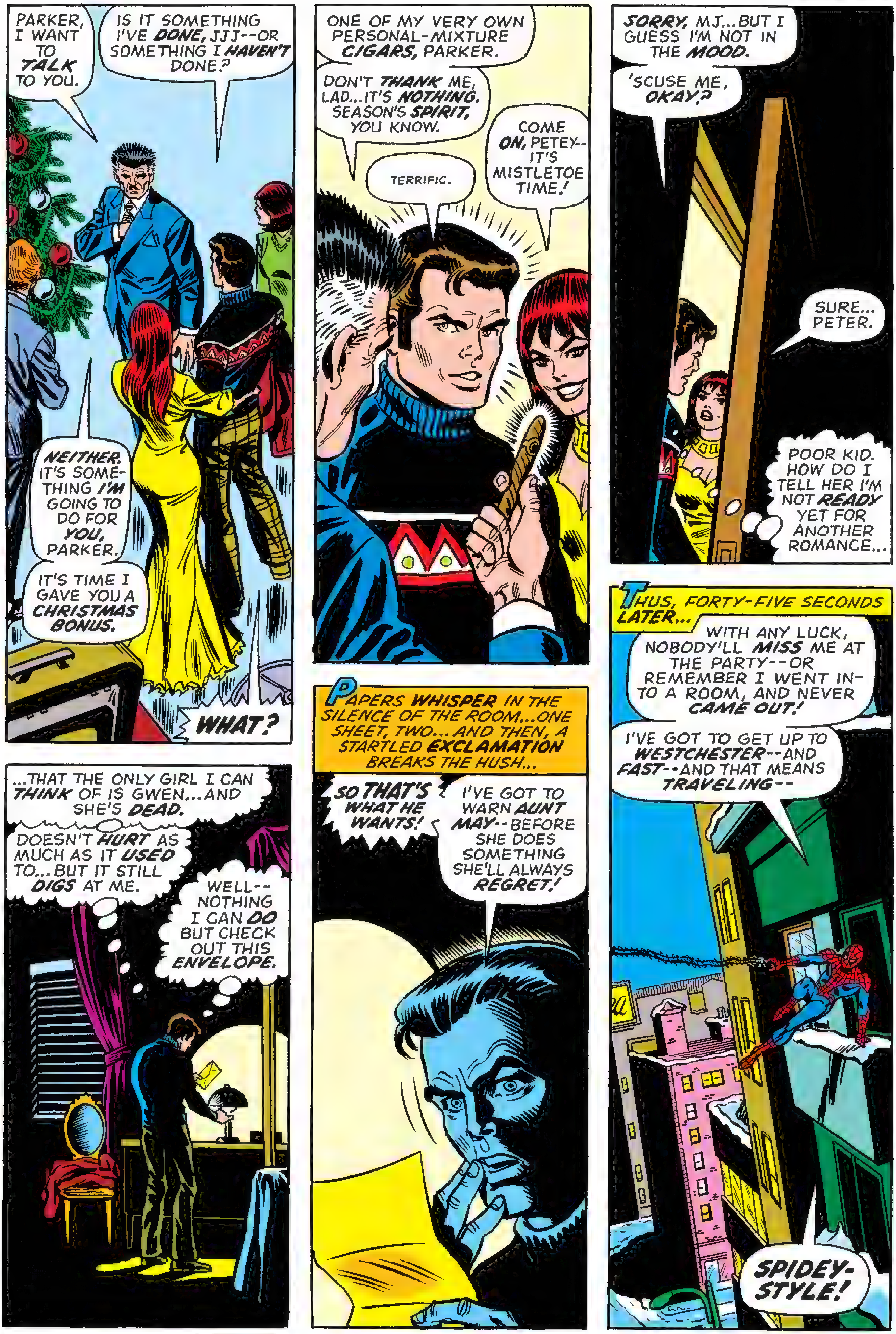

HOLD IT! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?
SOME SORT OF LIGHT PLAYING OVER THE BUILDING FRONT--WITH THE FACE OF SPIDER-MAN?
IS THIS SOME SORTA GAME?
NO GAME, PUNKO--
IT'S THE SPIDER-MOBILE!
WHEEEEEOW!
KAAAROOOOOM!
BEFORE THE FOUR MARAUDERS CAN RECOVER THEIR WITS, THE BIZARRE BUGGY IS AMONG THEM--RUBBER SQUEALING, ENGINE SNARLING--
--WEB-SHOOTING FROM WEB-SHOOTERS--
--AND BEHIND THE WHEEL, THE LAUGHING FORM OF SPIDER-MAN!
THUD!
HEY, GANG--NO FAIR. I COME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE ON A TIP, AND YOU GUYS DON'T EVEN PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME TO MAKE IT INTERESTING--AND SEEING AS HOW ONE OF YOU FELLAS IS ALREADY OFF AND RUNNING, I CAN--
TINGLE!
MY SPIDER-SENSE... WARNING ME THERE'S DANGER! BUT WHERE... HOW...
OH NO! NOT YOU! NOT--

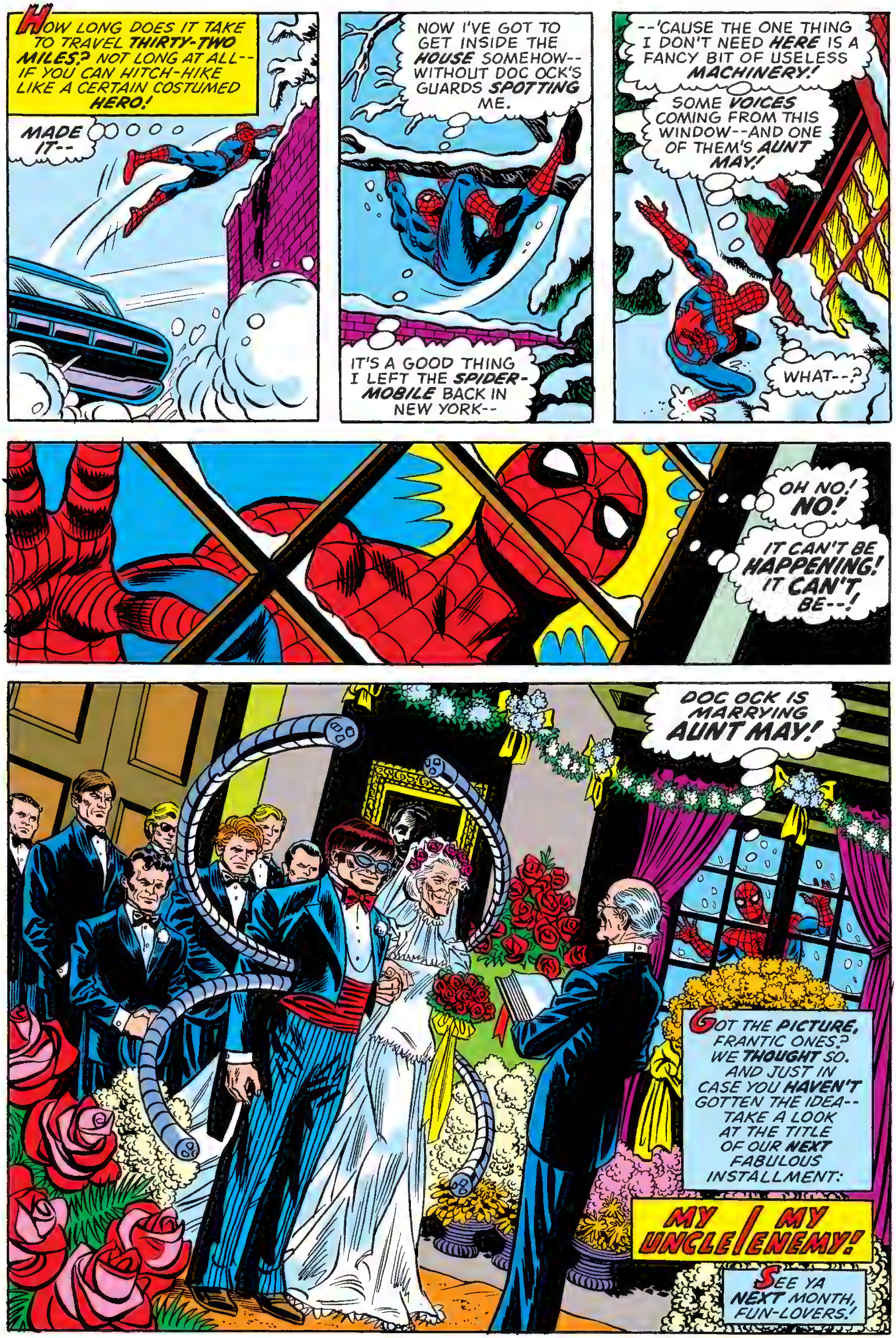

HAMMERHEAD!
BA-WHUMP!
YOU GUESSED IT, WIMP. I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH'A YOU MESSING UP MY PLANS.
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO MESS UP YOU-- MY STYLE!
I'VE WORKED ON THIS CAPER FOR MONTHS--PLANNING, DIGGING UP INFORMATION--
--BIDING MY BLASTED TIME-- AN' I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU RUIN IT.
YOU 'N DOC OCK INTERFERED WITH MY PLANS BEFORE, WHEN I WAS READY TO TAKE OVER THE UNDERWORLD IN THIS BURG FROM THAT CLOWN KINGPIN*--
--I WON'T LET YOU DO IT AGAIN--
--EVEN IF I HAFTA KILL YOU!
YOWP! JUST WHEN THINGS ARE GETTING NICE IN THIS TOWN--YOU HAVE TO SHOW UP AND START A FRACAS!
WHY DON'T THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN TO THE FF--OR THE AVENGERS--OR EVEN POWER-MAN?
*BACK IN SPIDEY #213, NATCH. --RASCALLY.

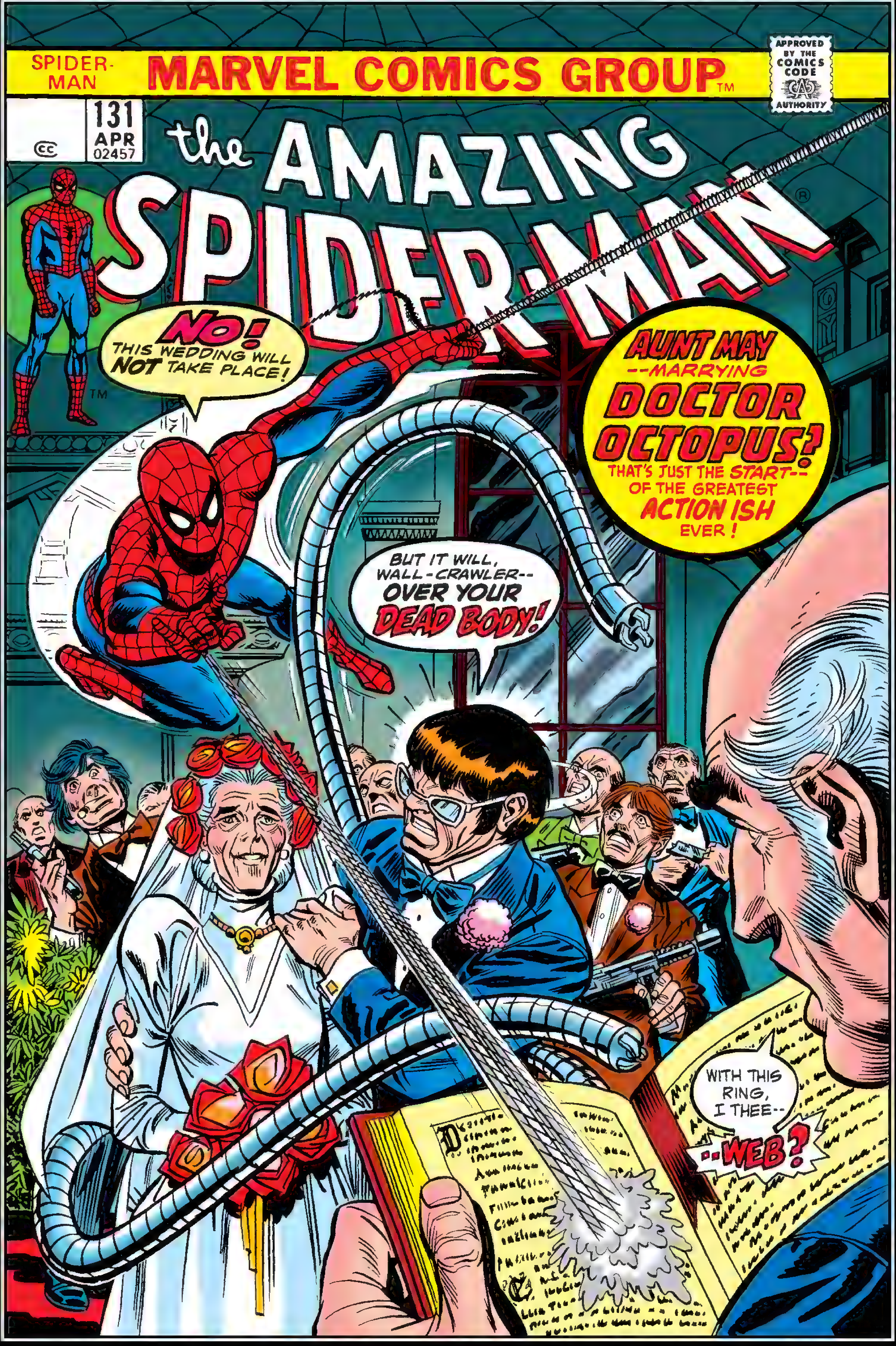

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME?
HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'VE BEEN PRACTICING--
--THAT I MOVE FASTER NOW THAN I DID THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT.
THINKS HE HAS A FEW MORE SECONDS BEFORE I'LL RECOVER--
YAAAAAHH!
--AND BROTHER, IS HE WRONG!
FRASSH!
UNCONSCIOUSNESS LASTS FOR HOURS--OR FOR MINUTES--YET NO MATTER HOW LONG THE TIME, IT ALWAYS SEEMS LIKE DAYS TO OUR WEB-SPINNING VICTIM.
ONLY SIXTEEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED SINCE THE BLOW WHICH KNOCKED HIM INTO DARKNESS, BUT IN THAT TIME, A FEW THINGS'VE OCCURRED WHICH MIGHT AFFECT OUR HERO BADLY...
POLICE... MUST'VE COME JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO... HAVEN'T FOUND ME YET.
I'D LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.
AFTER ALL-- THIS IS PRETTY EMBARRASSING.


WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS MONSTROSITY IS, DAVE?
YOU GOT ME. LOOKS LIKE A REFUGEE FROM A KIDDY TV SHOW.
FUNNY, FUNNY, FUNNY. OUR BOYS IN BLUE SURE KNOW HOW TO HURT A GUY.
I'VE GOT TO GET THE CAR BACK, THOUGH-- OR IT'S BYE-BYE RENT MONEY.
AND SO, SHORT SECONDS LATER...
WHAT THE-- SPIDER-MAN?
LOOK OUT! HE'S SPRAYING THAT BLASTED WEBBING OF HIS--!
TWIP
TWIP!
YEEEEOW!
MY APOLOGIES, GENTLEMEN... BUT THERE'S NO WAY I CAN LET YOU DRAG THIS BABY OFF TO THE CITY DUMP.
MUCH AS IT DESERVES IT.
SO, WHILE YOU'RE HAVING FUN WITH ALL THAT GOOEY WEBBING...
...I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE--
--AND NEVER CROSS YOUR PATHS AGAIN.
HUH? THAT ENVELOPE-- WITH AUNT MAY'S NAME ON IT!
OF COURSE! THIS MUST BE WHAT HAMMERHEAD'S MEN WANTED IN THAT SKYSCRAPER! IT ALL FITS! HE MUST'VE DROPPED IT!
NOW I'LL KNOW WHY DOC OCK HAD ALBERT RIMBAUD KILLED-- AND WHAT HE WANTS FROM AUNT MAY!
AT LAST--I'LL BE ABLE TO STOP HIM--ONCE AND FOR ALL!
YOU THINK SO, EH, WEB-SLINGER? MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T BE QUITE SO OPTIMISTIC, IF YOU LOOKED ABOVE YOU--


--WHERE YOU'D SEE THE SNEAKILY-FAMILIAR FORM OF--THE JACKAL.
HE FOUND IT--JUST AS I PLANNED! NOW SPIDER-MAN WILL KNOW WHAT BOTH HAMMERHEAD AND DOCTOR OCTOPUS KNOW--
--AND THEY'LL ALL THREE DESTROY EACH OTHER--
--LEAVING THE JACKAL TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL!
GROCERIES
SHORTLY (A WORD WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO USE)...
AS USUAL, I'M LATE. HOPE BETTY WON'T MIND... THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE WOULD. EX-BOYFRIENDS AREN'T EXACTLY THE BEST FUN ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS.
I'LL TAKE THAT ENVELOPE WITH ME--LOOK AT IT WHEN I GET A CHANCE DURING THE PARTY--
--BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF THIS.
SINCE I DON'T HAVE A CAVE OR ANYTHING TO HIDE THIS JUNK-PILE IN, THE TORCH AND I FIGURED OUT A TRICKY CAMOUFLAGE TACTIC--
--AND WHILE IT DOESN'T EXACTLY MAKE MY WHEELS LOOK LIKE A CADDY--
--IT DOES KEEP THEM FROM LOOKING LIKE THE SPIDER-MOBILE.
PETER! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.
ME TOO, BETTY. WITH AUNT MAY UP AT DOC OCK'S PLACE IN WESTCHESTER, I WOULD'VE HAD TO SPEND CHRISTMAS EVE ALONE.
NOT TRUE, BLUE EYES...YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD OL' M.J.
YOU JUS' WON'T ADMIT IT.
UH-OH, PETE...HERE COMES JONAH JAMESON, OUR LOVEABLE PUBLISHER.
HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO HIT YOU FOR A FREE YULETIDE BONUS--YOU GIVE HIM FREE PICTURES.
WHY DON'T YOU AND I FIND SOME MISTLETOE, PETEY?
PARKER!
THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO GIVE YOU.


PARKER, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
IS IT SOMETHING I'VE DONE, JJJ--OR SOMETHING I HAVEN'T DONE?
NEITHER. IT'S SOMETHING I'M GOING TO DO FOR YOU, PARKER.
IT'S TIME I GAVE YOU A CHRISTMAS BONUS.
WHAT?
ONE OF MY VERY OWN PERSONAL-MIXTURE CIGARS, PARKER.
DON'T THANK ME, LAD...IT'S NOTHING. SEASON'S SPIRIT, YOU KNOW.
TERRIFIC.
COME ON, PETEY--IT'S MISTLETOE TIME!
SORRY, MJ...BUT I GUESS I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
'SCUSE ME, OKAY?
SURE... PETER.
POOR KID. HOW DO I TELL HER I'M NOT READY YET FOR ANOTHER ROMANCE...
...THAT THE ONLY GIRL I CAN THINK OF IS GWEN...AND SHE'S DEAD.
DOESN'T HURT AS MUCH AS IT USED TO...BUT IT STILL DIGS AT ME.
WELL--NOTHING I CAN DO BUT CHECK OUT THIS ENVELOPE.
PAPERS WHISPER IN THE SILENCE OF THE ROOM...ONE SHEET, TWO...AND THEN, A STARTLED EXCLAMATION BREAKS THE HUSH...
SO THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS!
I'VE GOT TO WARN AUNT MAY--BEFORE SHE DOES SOMETHING SHE'LL ALWAYS REGRET!
THUS, FORTY-FIVE SECONDS LATER...
WITH ANY LUCK, NOBODY'LL MISS ME AT THE PARTY--OR REMEMBER I WENT INTO A ROOM, AND NEVER CAME OUT!
I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO WESTCHESTER--AND FAST--AND THAT MEANS TRAVELING--
SPIDEY-STYLE!

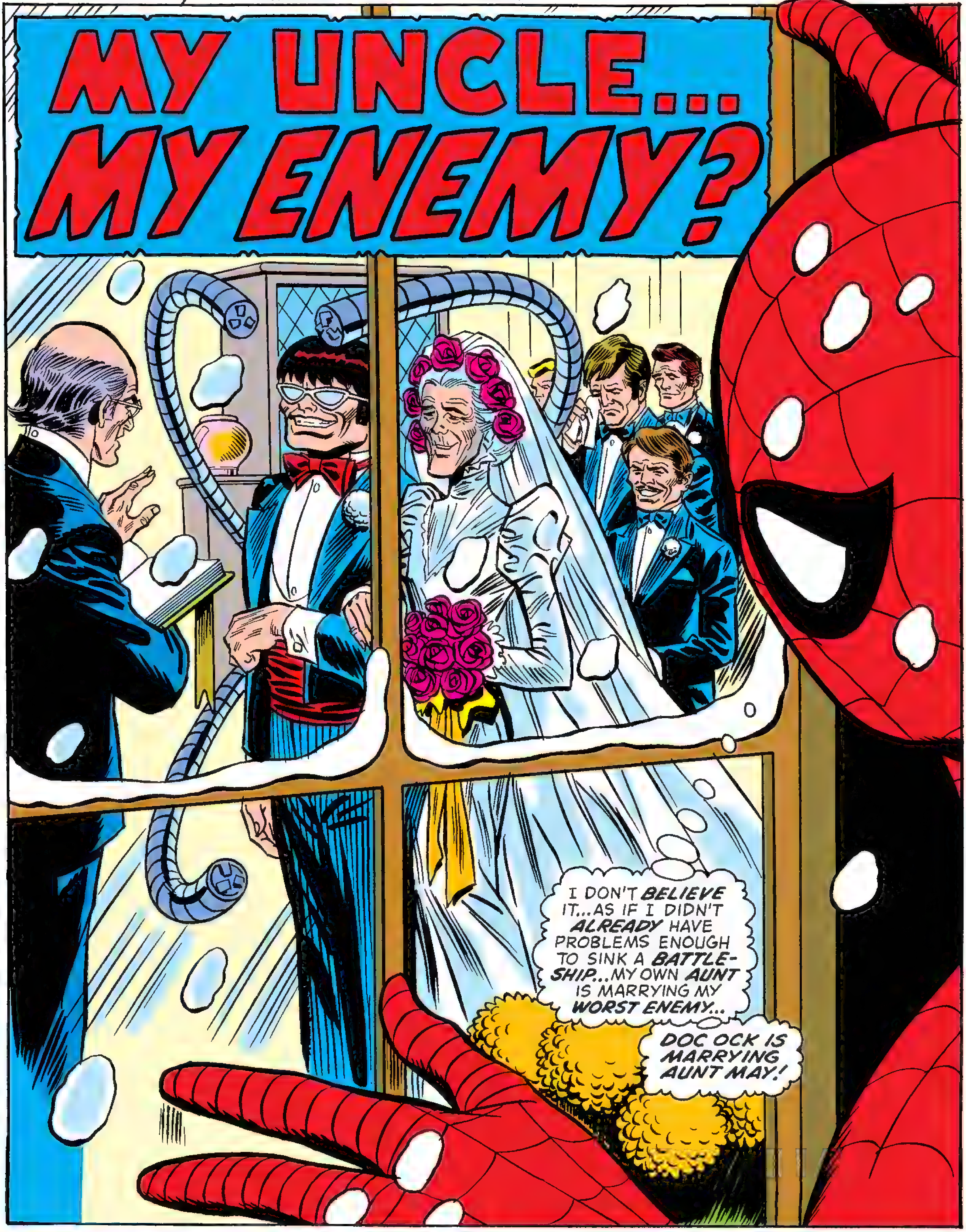

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO TRAVEL THIRTY-TWO MILES? NOT LONG AT ALL--IF YOU CAN HITCH-HIKE LIKE A CERTAIN COSTUMED HERO!
MADE IT--
NOW I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE THE HOUSE SOMEHOW--WITHOUT DOC OCK'S GUARDS SPOTTING ME.
IT'S A GOOD THING I LEFT THE SPIDER-MOBILE BACK IN NEW YORK--
--'CAUSE THE ONE THING I DON'T NEED HERE IS A FANCY BIT OF USELESS MACHINERY!
SOME VOICES COMING FROM THIS WINDOW--AND ONE OF THEM'S AUNT MAY!
WHAT--?
OH NO! NO!
IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T BE--!
DOC OCK IS MARRYING AUNT MAY!
GOT THE PICTURE, FRANTIC ONES? WE THOUGHT SO. AND JUST IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE IDEA--TAKE A LOOK AT THE TITLE OF OUR NEXT FABULOUS INSTALLMENT:
MY UNCLE / MY ENEMY!
SEE YA NEXT MONTH, FUN-LOVERS!

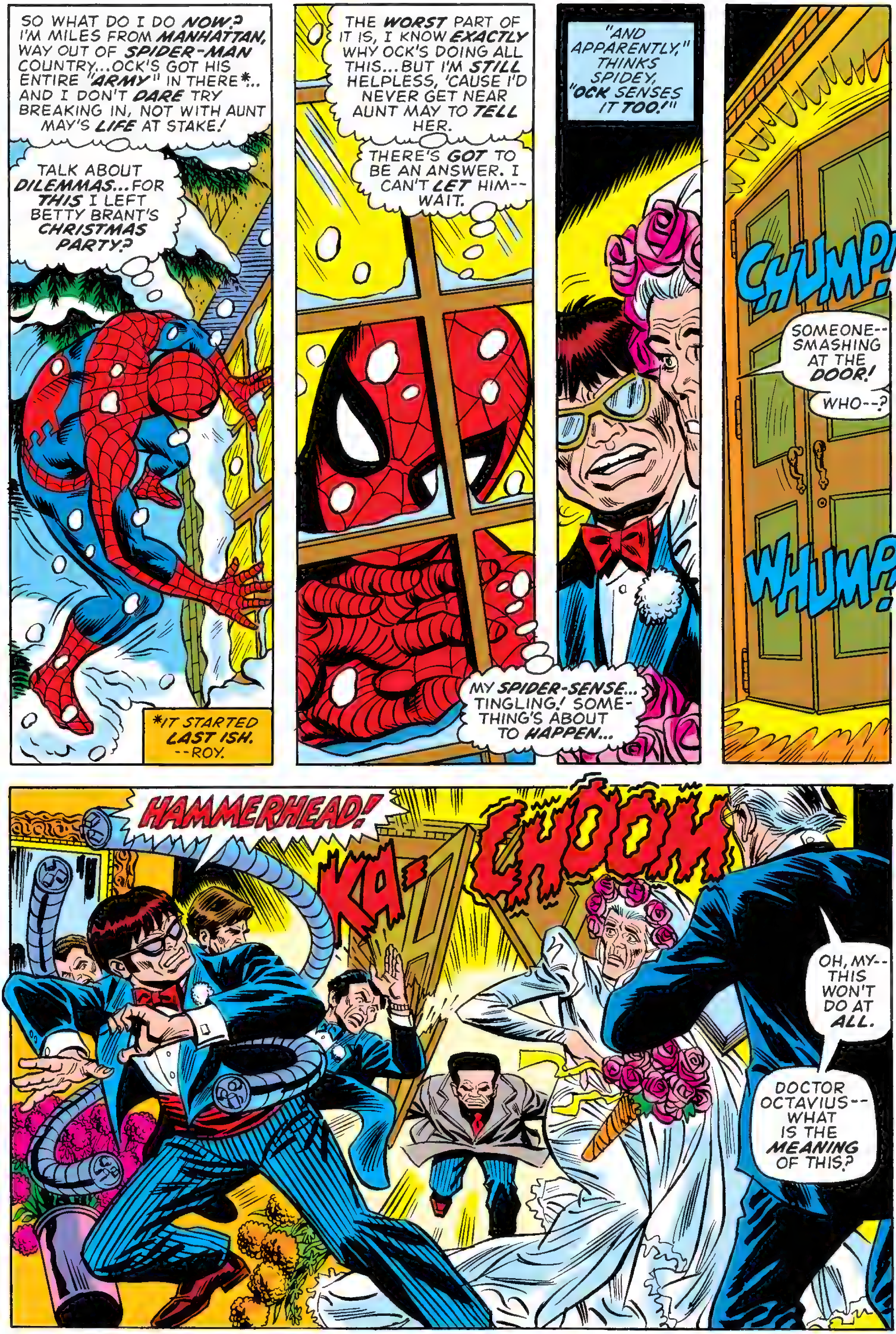

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
131 APR 02457
CC
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
TM
NO! THIS WEDDING WILL NOT TAKE PLACE!
AUNT MAY --MARRYING DOCTOR OCTOPUS? THAT'S JUST THE START-- OF THE GREATEST ACTION ISH EVER!
BUT IT WILL, WALL-CRAWLER-- OVER YOUR DEAD BODY!
WITH THIS RING, I THEE--
--WEB?

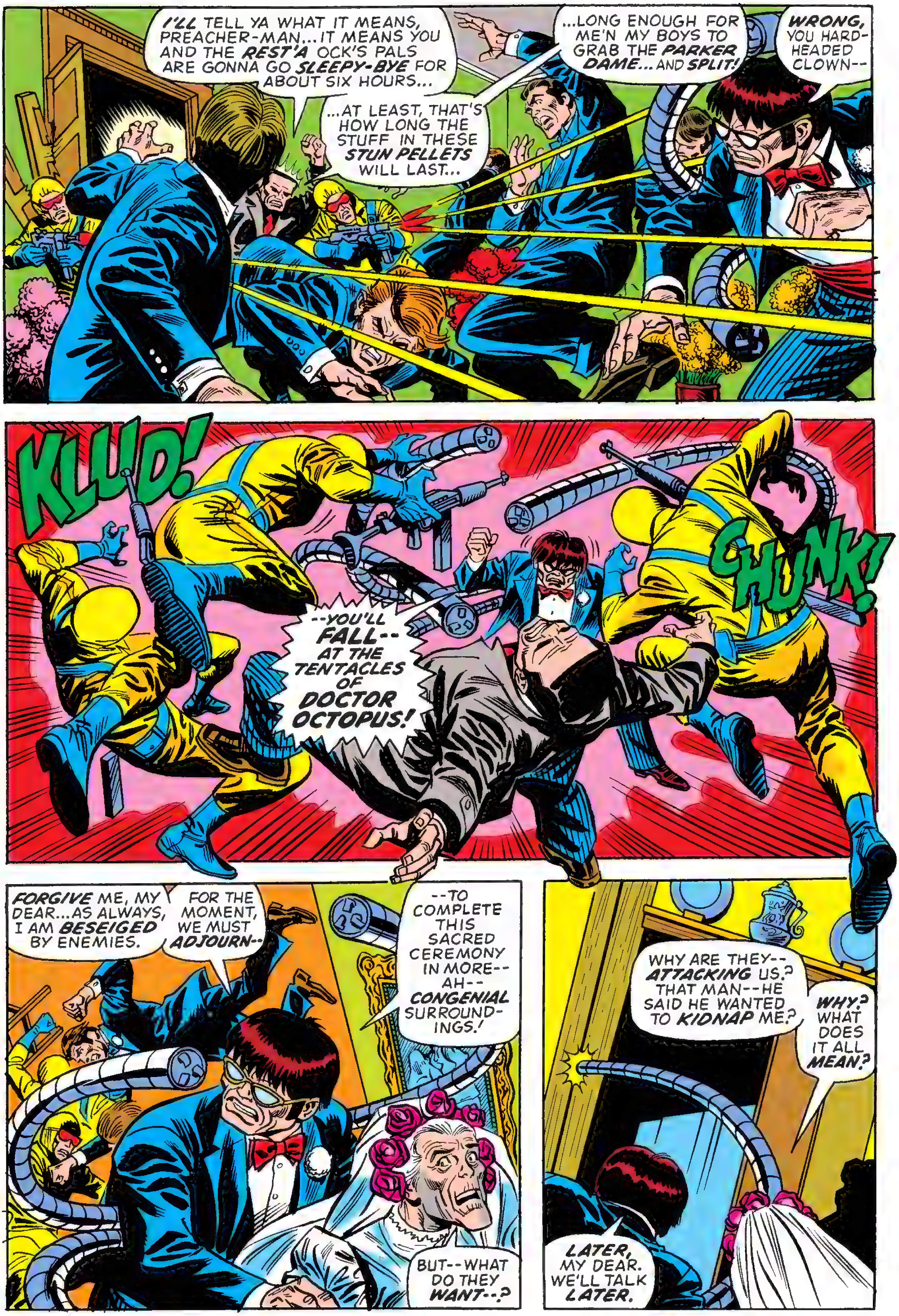
STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

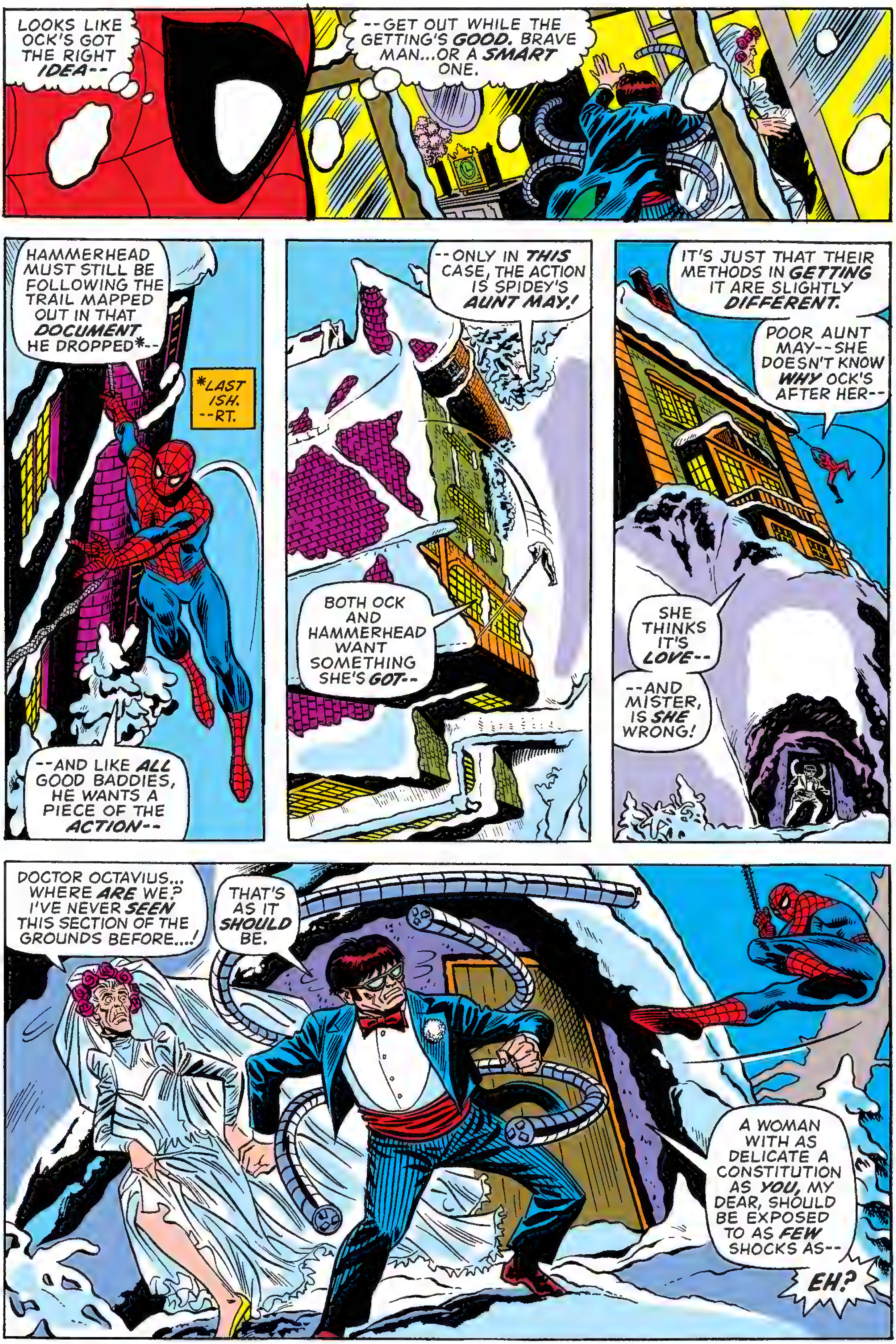
THIS NEW YEAR'S BONANZA IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY: GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER * ROSS ANDRU * FRANK GIACOIA & D. HUNT, INKERS * ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER; P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

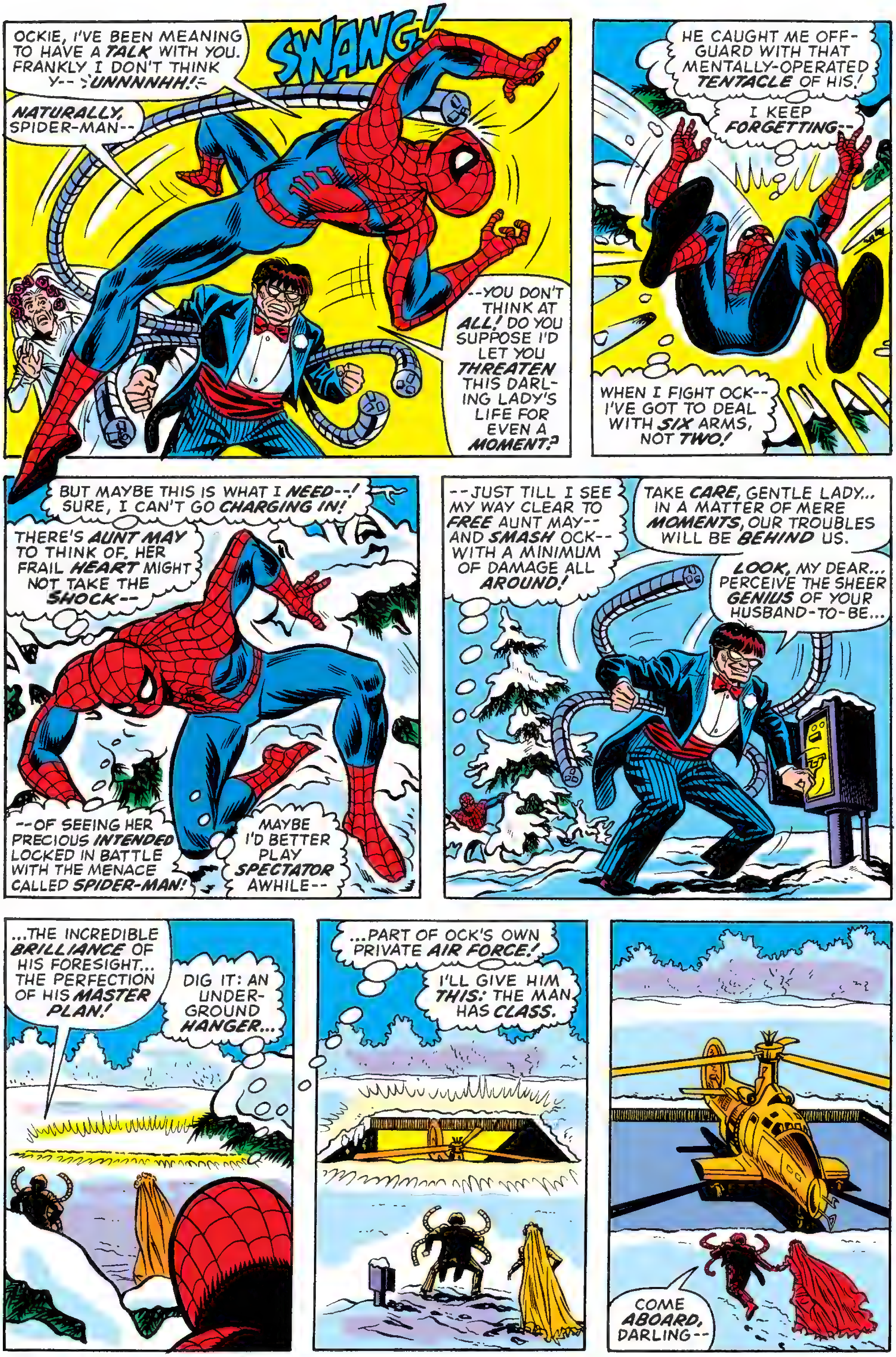
MY UNCLE... MY ENEMY?

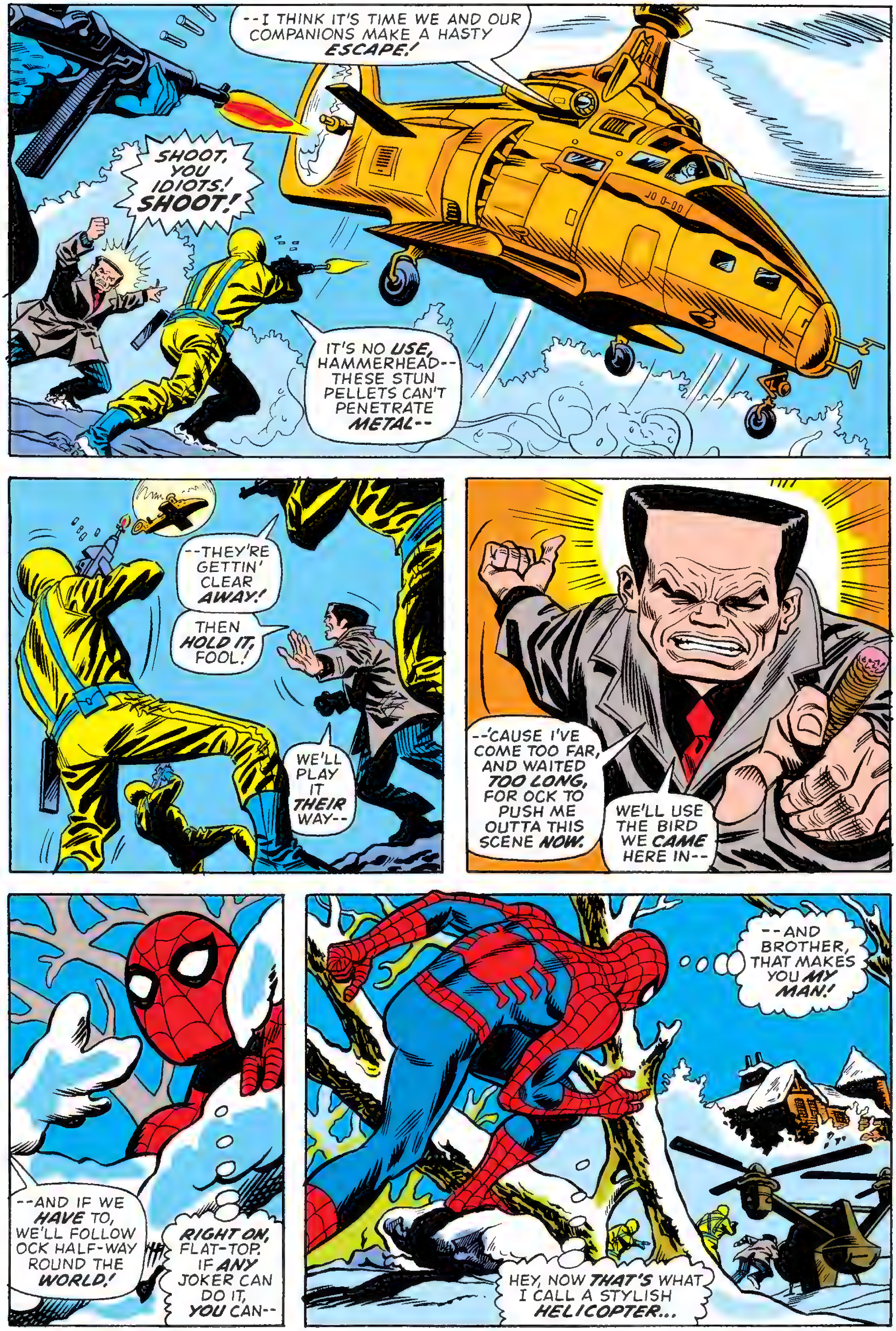

I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT...AS IF I DIDN'T *ALREADY* HAVE PROBLEMS ENOUGH TO SINK A *BATTLESHIP*...MY OWN *AUNT* IS MARRYING MY *WORST ENEMY*...
DOC OCK IS MARRYING AUNT MAY!

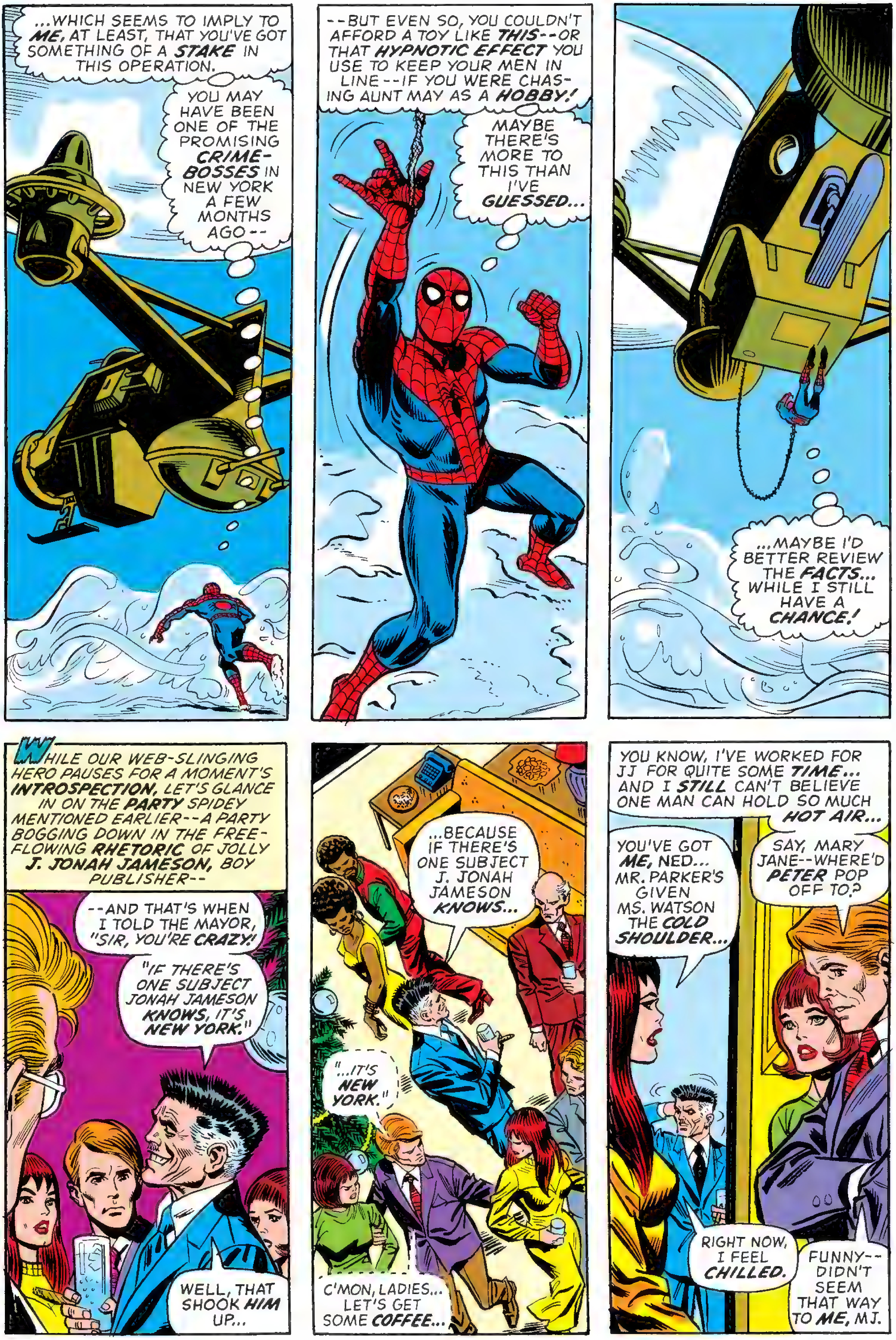

SO WHAT DO I DO **NOW?** I'M MILES FROM **MANHATTAN,** WAY OUT OF **SPIDER-MAN** COUNTRY...OCK'S GOT HIS ENTIRE **"ARMY"** IN THERE*... AND I DON'T **DARE** TRY BREAKING IN, NOT WITH AUNT MAY'S **LIFE** AT STAKE!
TALK ABOUT **DILEMMAS...**FOR **THIS** I LEFT BETTY BRANT'S **CHRISTMAS PARTY?**
*IT STARTED **LAST ISH.** --ROY.
THE **WORST** PART OF IT IS, I KNOW **EXACTLY** WHY OCK'S DOING ALL THIS...BUT I'M **STILL** HELPLESS, 'CAUSE I'D NEVER GET NEAR AUNT MAY TO **TELL** HER.
THERE'S **GOT** TO BE AN ANSWER. I CAN'T **LET** HIM--WAIT.
MY **SPIDER-SENSE...** TINGLING! SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO **HAPPEN...**
"AND APPARENTLY," THINKS SPIDEY, **"OCK SENSES IT TOO!"**
CHUMP!
SOMEONE--SMASHING AT THE **DOOR!**
WHO--?
WHUMP!
HAMMERHEAD!
KA-CHOOM
OH, MY--THIS WON'T DO AT **ALL.**
DOCTOR OCTAVIUS--WHAT IS THE **MEANING** OF THIS?

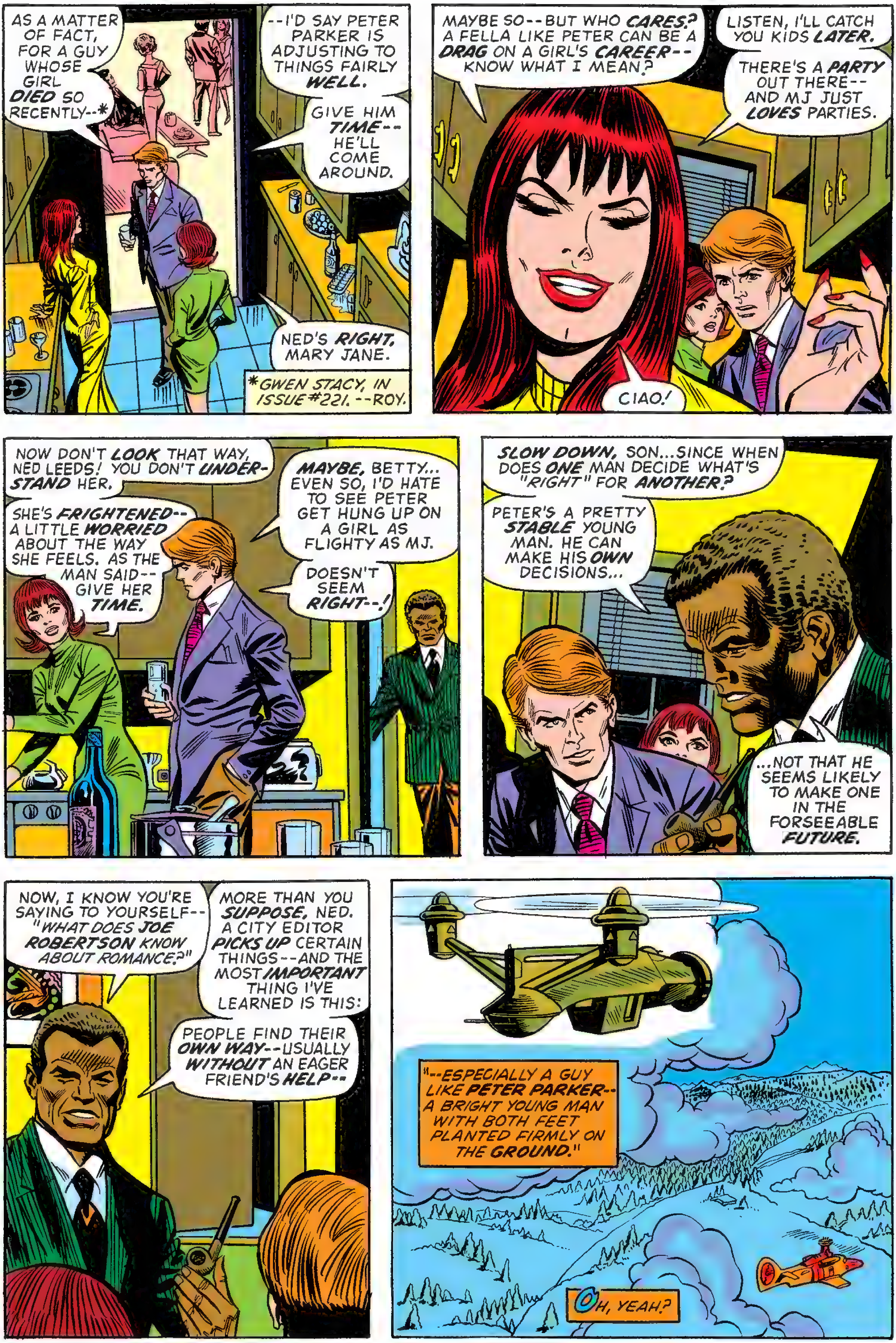

I'LL TELL YA WHAT IT MEANS, PREACHER-MAN... IT MEANS YOU AND THE REST'A OCK'S PALS ARE GONNA GO SLEEPY-BYE FOR ABOUT SIX HOURS...
...AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW LONG THE STUFF IN THESE STUN PELLETS WILL LAST...
...LONG ENOUGH FOR ME'N MY BOYS TO GRAB THE PARKER DAME... AND SPLIT!
WRONG, YOU HARD-HEADED CLOWN--
KLUD!
CHUNK!
--YOU'LL FALL-- AT THE TENTACLES OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS!
FORGIVE ME, MY DEAR... AS ALWAYS, I AM BESEIGED BY ENEMIES.
FOR THE MOMENT, WE MUST ADJOURN--
--TO COMPLETE THIS SACRED CEREMONY IN MORE-- AH-- CONGENIAL SURROUNDINGS!
BUT--WHAT DO THEY WANT--?
WHY ARE THEY-- ATTACKING US? THAT MAN--HE SAID HE WANTED TO KIDNAP ME?
WHY? WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
LATER, MY DEAR. WE'LL TALK LATER.

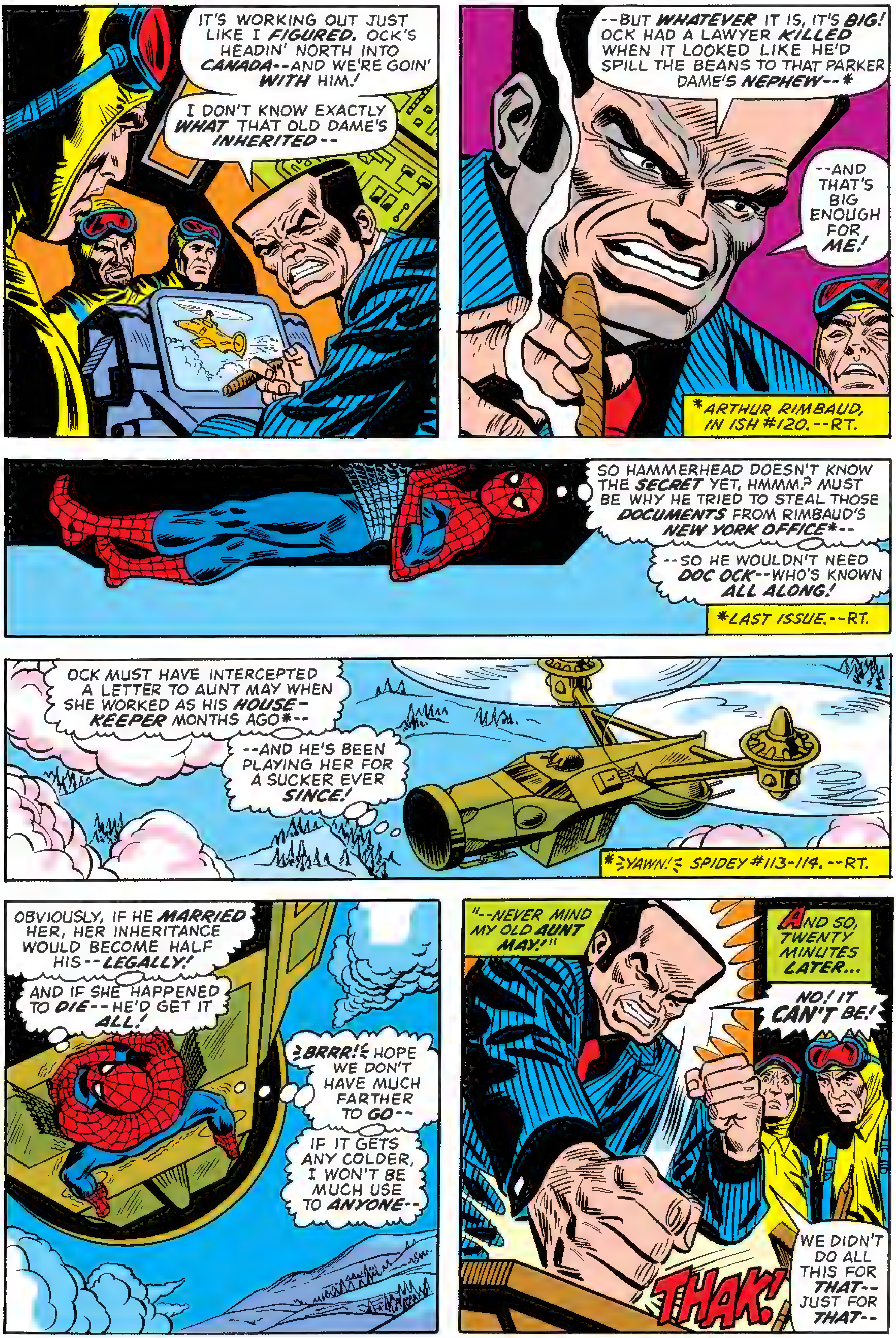

LOOKS LIKE OCK'S GOT THE RIGHT *IDEA*--
--GET OUT WHILE THE GETTING'S **GOOD.** BRAVE MAN...OR A ***SMART*** ONE.
HAMMERHEAD MUST STILL BE FOLLOWING THE TRAIL MAPPED OUT IN THAT ***DOCUMENT*** HE DROPPED*--
*LAST ISH. --RT.
--AND LIKE ***ALL*** GOOD BADDIES, HE WANTS A PIECE OF THE ***ACTION***--
--ONLY IN ***THIS*** CASE, THE ACTION IS SPIDEY'S ***AUNT MAY!***
BOTH OCK AND HAMMERHEAD WANT SOMETHING SHE'S ***GOT***--
IT'S JUST THAT THEIR METHODS IN ***GETTING*** IT ARE SLIGHTLY ***DIFFERENT.***
POOR AUNT MAY--SHE DOESN'T KNOW ***WHY*** OCK'S AFTER HER--
SHE THINKS IT'S ***LOVE***--
--AND MISTER, IS ***SHE*** WRONG!
DOCTOR OCTAVIUS... WHERE ***ARE*** WE? I'VE NEVER ***SEEN*** THIS SECTION OF THE GROUNDS BEFORE...!
THAT'S AS IT ***SHOULD*** BE.
A WOMAN WITH AS DELICATE A CONSTITUTION AS ***YOU,*** MY DEAR, SHOULD BE EXPOSED TO AS ***FEW*** SHOCKS AS--
EH?

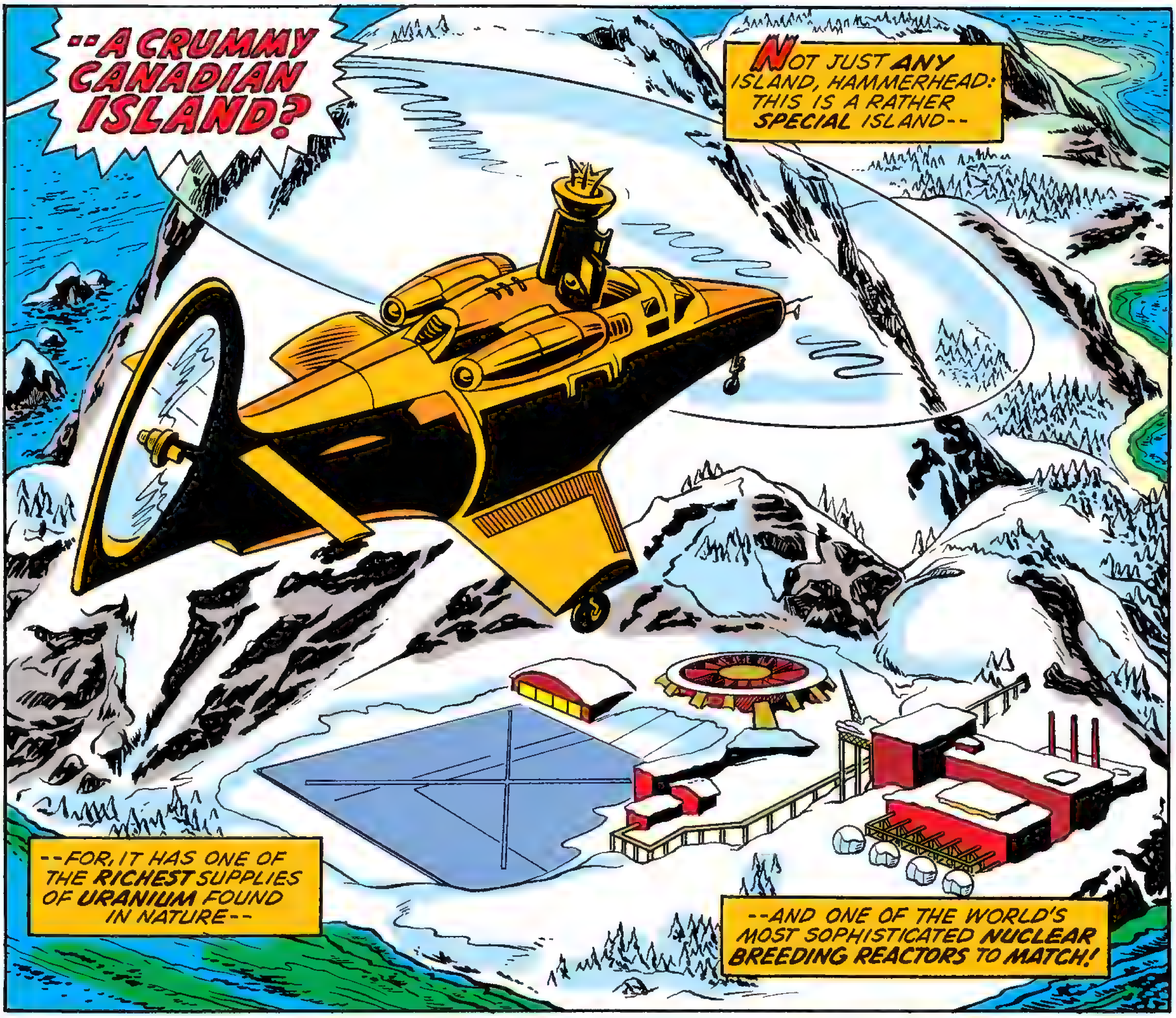

OCKIE, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO HAVE A **TALK** WITH YOU. FRANKLY I DON'T THINK Y-- **UNNNNHH!**
SWANG!
NATURALLY, SPIDER-MAN--
--YOU DON'T THINK AT **ALL!** DO YOU SUPPOSE I'D LET YOU **THREATEN** THIS DARLING LADY'S LIFE FOR EVEN A **MOMENT?**
HE CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD WITH THAT MENTALLY-OPERATED **TENTACLE** OF HIS!
I KEEP **FORGETTING**--
WHEN I FIGHT OCK-- I'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH **SIX** ARMS, NOT **TWO!**
BUT MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I **NEED**--! SURE, I CAN'T GO **CHARGING IN!**
THERE'S **AUNT MAY** TO THINK OF. HER FRAIL **HEART** MIGHT NOT TAKE THE **SHOCK**--
--OF SEEING HER PRECIOUS **INTENDED** LOCKED IN BATTLE WITH THE MENACE CALLED **SPIDER-MAN!**
MAYBE I'D BETTER PLAY **SPECTATOR** AWHILE--
--JUST TILL I SEE MY WAY CLEAR TO **FREE** AUNT MAY-- AND **SMASH** OCK-- WITH A MINIMUM OF DAMAGE ALL **AROUND!**
TAKE **CARE**, GENTLE LADY... IN A MATTER OF MERE **MOMENTS**, OUR TROUBLES WILL BE **BEHIND** US.
LOOK, MY DEAR... PERCEIVE THE SHEER **GENIUS** OF YOUR HUSBAND-TO-BE...
...THE INCREDIBLE **BRILLIANCE** OF HIS FORESIGHT... THE PERFECTION OF HIS **MASTER PLAN!**
DIG IT: AN UNDERGROUND **HANGER**...
...PART OF OCK'S OWN PRIVATE **AIR FORCE!**
I'LL GIVE HIM **THIS:** THE MAN HAS **CLASS.**
COME **ABOARD,** DARLING--

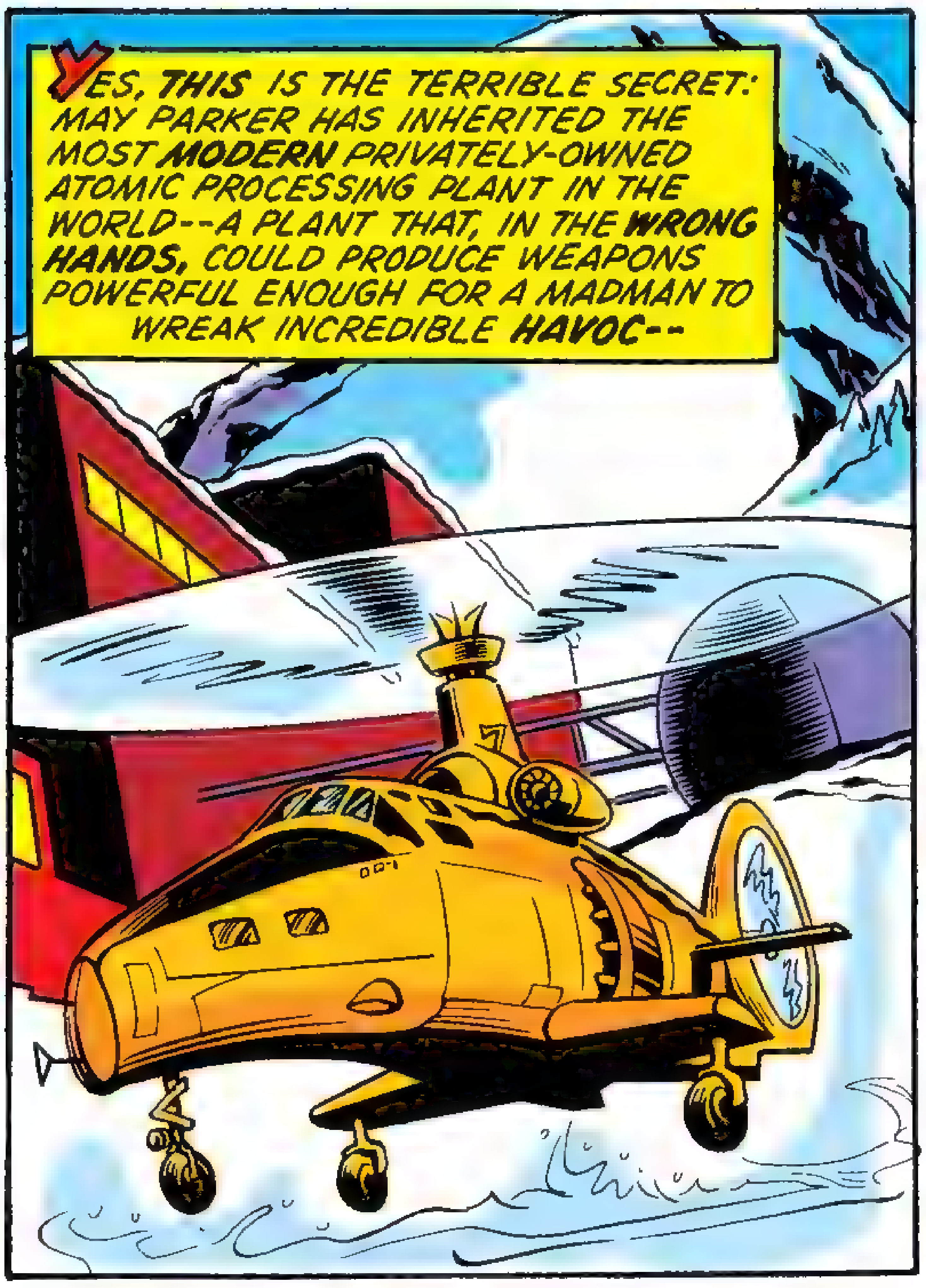

--I THINK IT'S TIME WE AND OUR COMPANIONS MAKE A HASTY ESCAPE!
SHOOT, YOU IDIOTS! SHOOT!
IT'S NO USE, HAMMERHEAD-- THESE STUN PELLETS CAN'T PENETRATE METAL--
--THEY'RE GETTIN' CLEAR AWAY!
THEN HOLD IT, FOOL!
WE'LL PLAY IT THEIR WAY--
--'CAUSE I'VE COME TOO FAR, AND WAITED TOO LONG, FOR OCK TO PUSH ME OUTTA THIS SCENE NOW.
WE'LL USE THE BIRD WE CAME HERE IN--
--AND IF WE HAVE TO, WE'LL FOLLOW OCK HALF-WAY ROUND THE WORLD!
RIGHT ON, FLAT-TOP. IF ANY JOKER CAN DO IT, YOU CAN--
--AND BROTHER, THAT MAKES YOU MY MAN!
HEY, NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A STYLISH HELICOPTER...

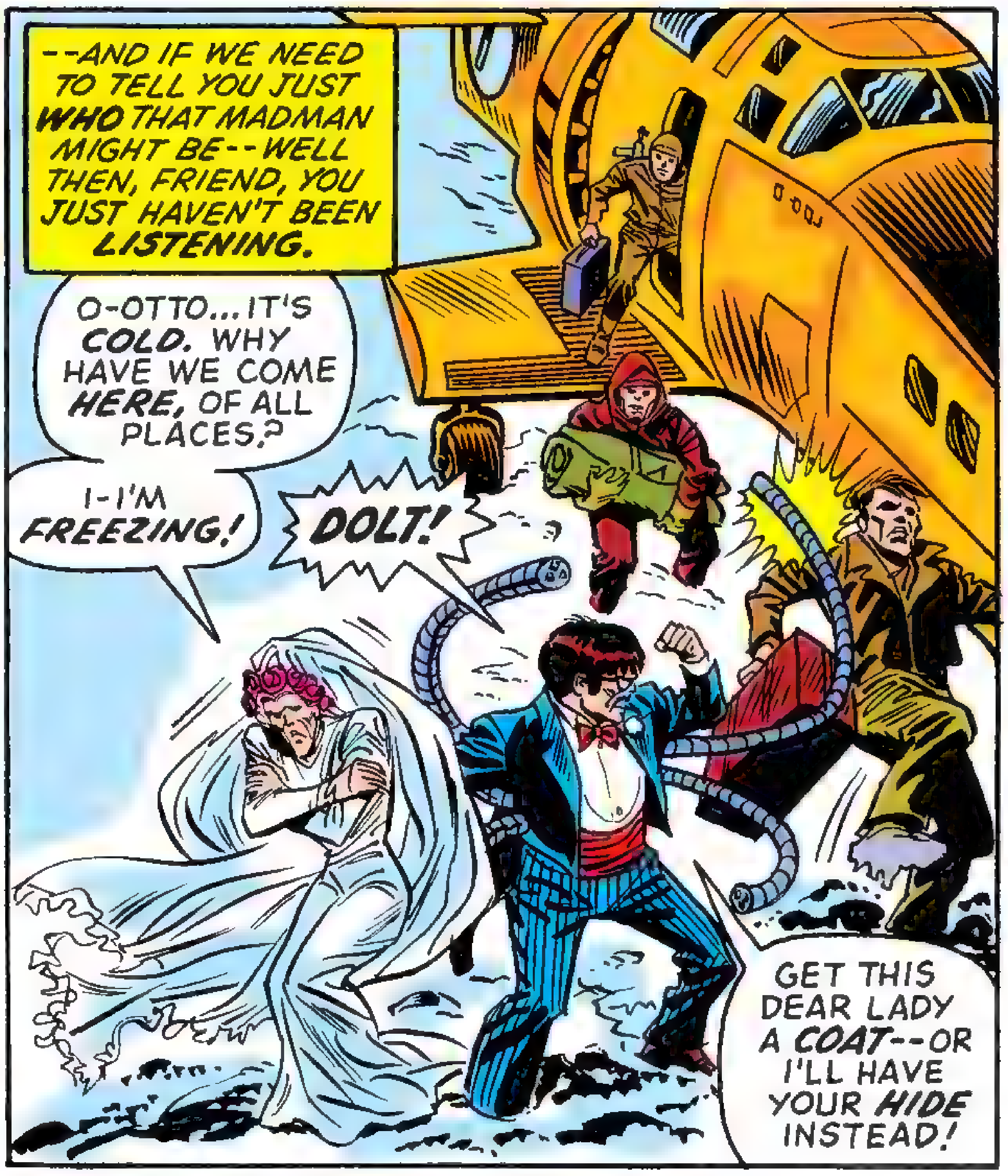

...WHICH SEEMS TO IMPLY TO *ME,* AT LEAST, THAT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING OF A *STAKE* IN THIS OPERATION.
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE PROMISING *CRIME-BOSSES* IN NEW YORK A FEW MONTHS AGO--
--BUT EVEN SO, YOU COULDN'T AFFORD A TOY LIKE *THIS*--OR THAT *HYPNOTIC EFFECT* YOU USE TO KEEP YOUR MEN IN LINE--IF YOU WERE CHASING AUNT MAY AS A *HOBBY!*
MAYBE THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN I'VE *GUESSED...*
...MAYBE I'D BETTER REVIEW THE *FACTS...* WHILE I STILL HAVE A *CHANCE!*
WHILE OUR WEB-SLINGING HERO PAUSES FOR A MOMENT'S *INTROSPECTION,* LET'S GLANCE IN ON THE *PARTY* SPIDEY MENTIONED EARLIER--A PARTY BOGGING DOWN IN THE FREE-FLOWING *RHETORIC* OF JOLLY *J. JONAH JAMESON,* BOY PUBLISHER--
--AND THAT'S WHEN I TOLD THE MAYOR, "SIR, YOU'RE *CRAZY!*
"IF THERE'S ONE SUBJECT JONAH JAMESON *KNOWS,* IT'S *NEW YORK."*
WELL, THAT SHOOK *HIM* UP...
...BECAUSE IF THERE'S ONE SUBJECT J. JONAH JAMESON *KNOWS...*
"...IT'S *NEW YORK."*
C'MON, LADIES... LET'S GET SOME *COFFEE...*
YOU KNOW, I'VE WORKED FOR JJ FOR QUITE SOME *TIME...* AND I *STILL* CAN'T BELIEVE ONE MAN CAN HOLD SO MUCH *HOT AIR...*
YOU'VE GOT *ME,* NED... MR. PARKER'S GIVEN MS. WATSON THE *COLD SHOULDER...*
SAY, MARY JANE--WHERE'D *PETER* POP OFF TO?
RIGHT NOW, I FEEL *CHILLED.*
FUNNY--DIDN'T SEEM THAT WAY TO *ME,* MJ.

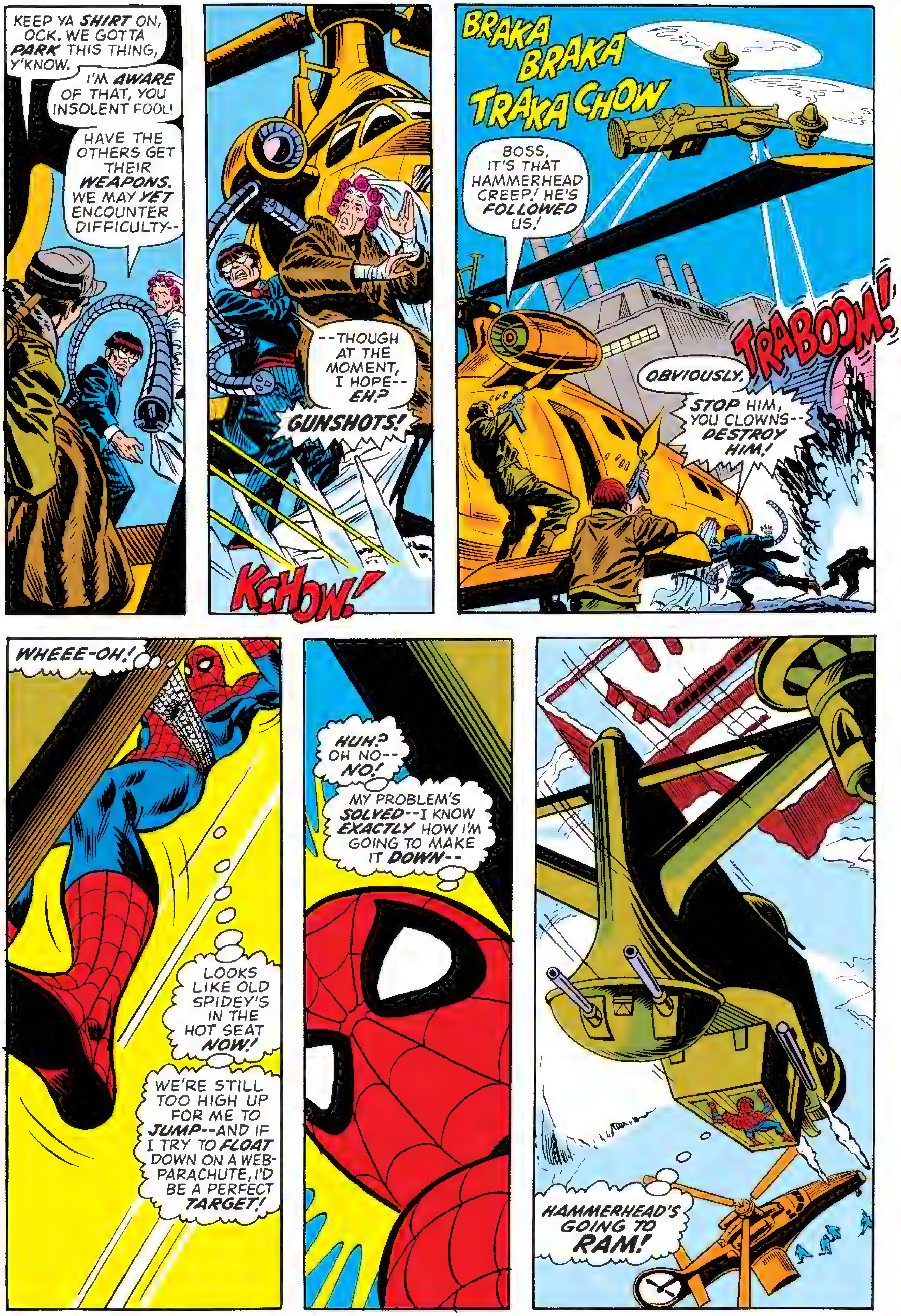

AS A MATTER OF FACT, FOR A GUY WHOSE GIRL *DIED* SO RECENTLY--*
--I'D SAY PETER PARKER IS ADJUSTING TO THINGS FAIRLY *WELL*.
GIVE HIM *TIME*-- HE'LL COME AROUND.
NED'S *RIGHT*, MARY JANE.
*GWEN STACY, IN ISSUE #221. --ROY.
MAYBE SO--BUT WHO *CARES?* A FELLA LIKE PETER CAN BE A *DRAG* ON A GIRL'S *CAREER*-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
LISTEN, I'LL CATCH YOU KIDS *LATER*.
THERE'S A *PARTY* OUT THERE-- AND MJ JUST *LOVES* PARTIES.
CIAO!
NOW DON'T *LOOK* THAT WAY, NED LEEDS! YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND* HER.
SHE'S *FRIGHTENED*-- A LITTLE *WORRIED* ABOUT THE WAY SHE FEELS. AS THE MAN SAID-- GIVE HER *TIME*.
MAYBE, BETTY... EVEN SO, I'D HATE TO SEE PETER GET HUNG UP ON A GIRL AS FLIGHTY AS MJ.
DOESN'T SEEM *RIGHT*--!
SLOW DOWN, SON...SINCE WHEN DOES *ONE* MAN DECIDE WHAT'S "*RIGHT*" FOR *ANOTHER?*
PETER'S A PRETTY *STABLE* YOUNG MAN. HE CAN MAKE HIS *OWN* DECISIONS...
...NOT THAT HE SEEMS LIKELY TO MAKE ONE IN THE FORSEEABLE *FUTURE*.
NOW, I KNOW YOU'RE SAYING TO YOURSELF-- "*WHAT DOES JOE ROBERTSON KNOW ABOUT ROMANCE?*"
MORE THAN YOU *SUPPOSE*, NED. A CITY EDITOR *PICKS UP* CERTAIN THINGS--AND THE MOST *IMPORTANT* THING I'VE LEARNED IS THIS:
PEOPLE FIND THEIR *OWN WAY*--USUALLY *WITHOUT* AN EAGER FRIEND'S *HELP*--
"--*ESPECIALLY A GUY LIKE PETER PARKER-- A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN WITH BOTH FEET PLANTED FIRMLY ON THE GROUND*."
OH, YEAH?

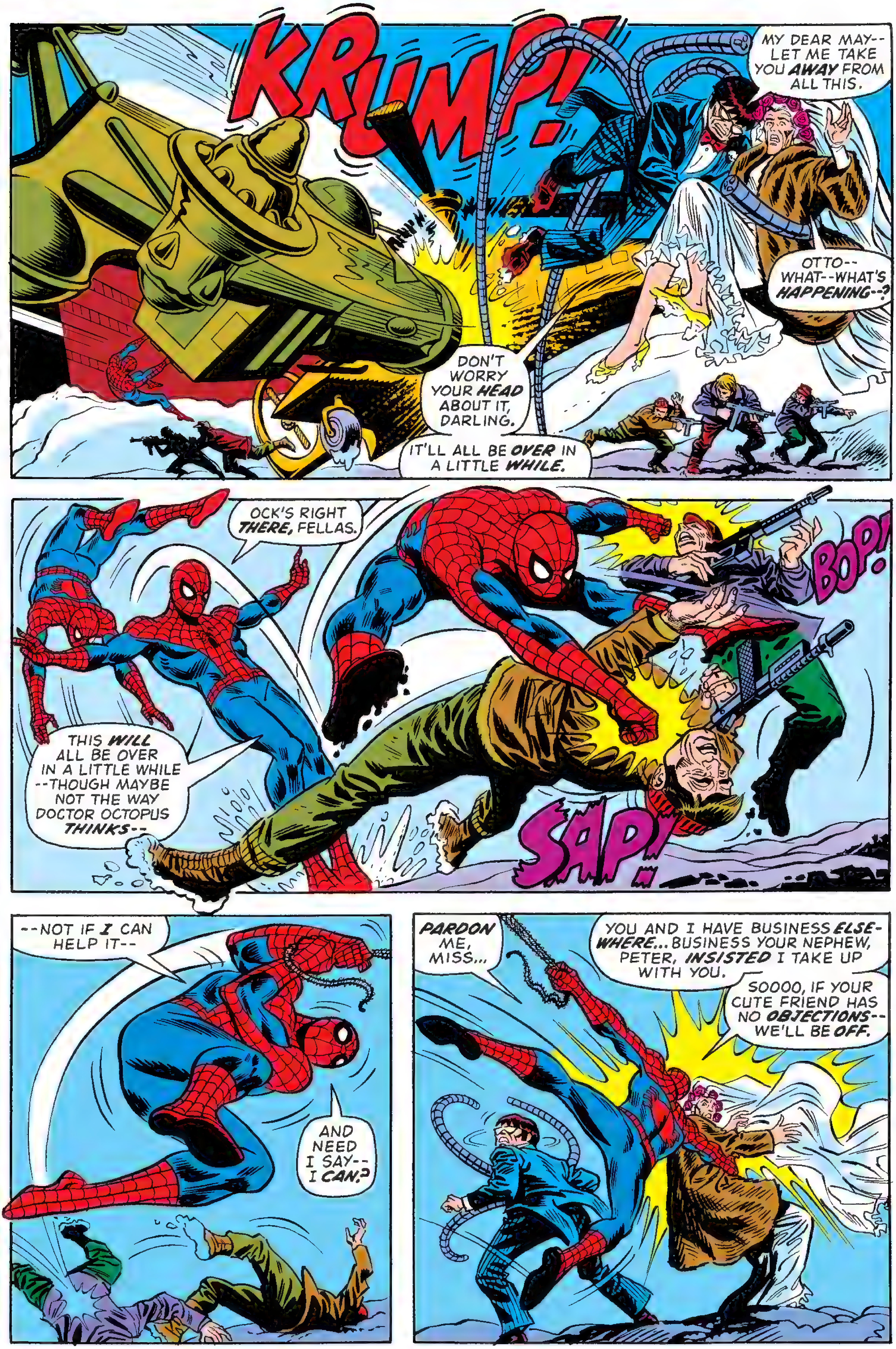

IT'S WORKING OUT JUST LIKE I *FIGURED.* OCK'S HEADIN' NORTH INTO *CANADA*--AND WE'RE GOIN' *WITH* HIM!
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY *WHAT* THAT OLD DAME'S *INHERITED*--
--BUT *WHATEVER* IT IS, IT'S *BIG!* OCK HAD A LAWYER *KILLED* WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D SPILL THE BEANS TO THAT PARKER DAME'S *NEPHEW*--*
--AND THAT'S BIG ENOUGH FOR *ME!*
*ARTHUR RIMBAUD, IN ISH #120.--RT.
SO HAMMERHEAD DOESN'T KNOW THE *SECRET* YET, HMMM? MUST BE WHY HE TRIED TO STEAL THOSE *DOCUMENTS* FROM RIMBAUD'S *NEW YORK OFFICE**--
--SO HE WOULDN'T NEED *DOC OCK*--WHO'S KNOWN *ALL ALONG!*
**LAST ISSUE.*--RT.
OCK MUST HAVE INTERCEPTED A LETTER TO AUNT MAY WHEN SHE WORKED AS HIS *HOUSE-KEEPER* MONTHS AGO*--
--AND HE'S BEEN PLAYING HER FOR A SUCKER EVER *SINCE!*
**YAWN!* SPIDEY #113-114.--RT.
OBVIOUSLY, IF HE *MARRIED* HER, HER INHERITANCE WOULD BECOME HALF HIS--*LEGALLY!*
AND IF SHE HAPPENED TO *DIE*--HE'D GET IT *ALL!*
BRRR! HOPE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH FARTHER TO *GO*--
IF IT GETS ANY COLDER, I WON'T BE MUCH USE TO *ANYONE*--
"--NEVER MIND MY OLD AUNT MAY!"
AND SO, TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
THAK!
WE DIDN'T DO ALL THIS FOR *THAT*--JUST FOR *THAT*--

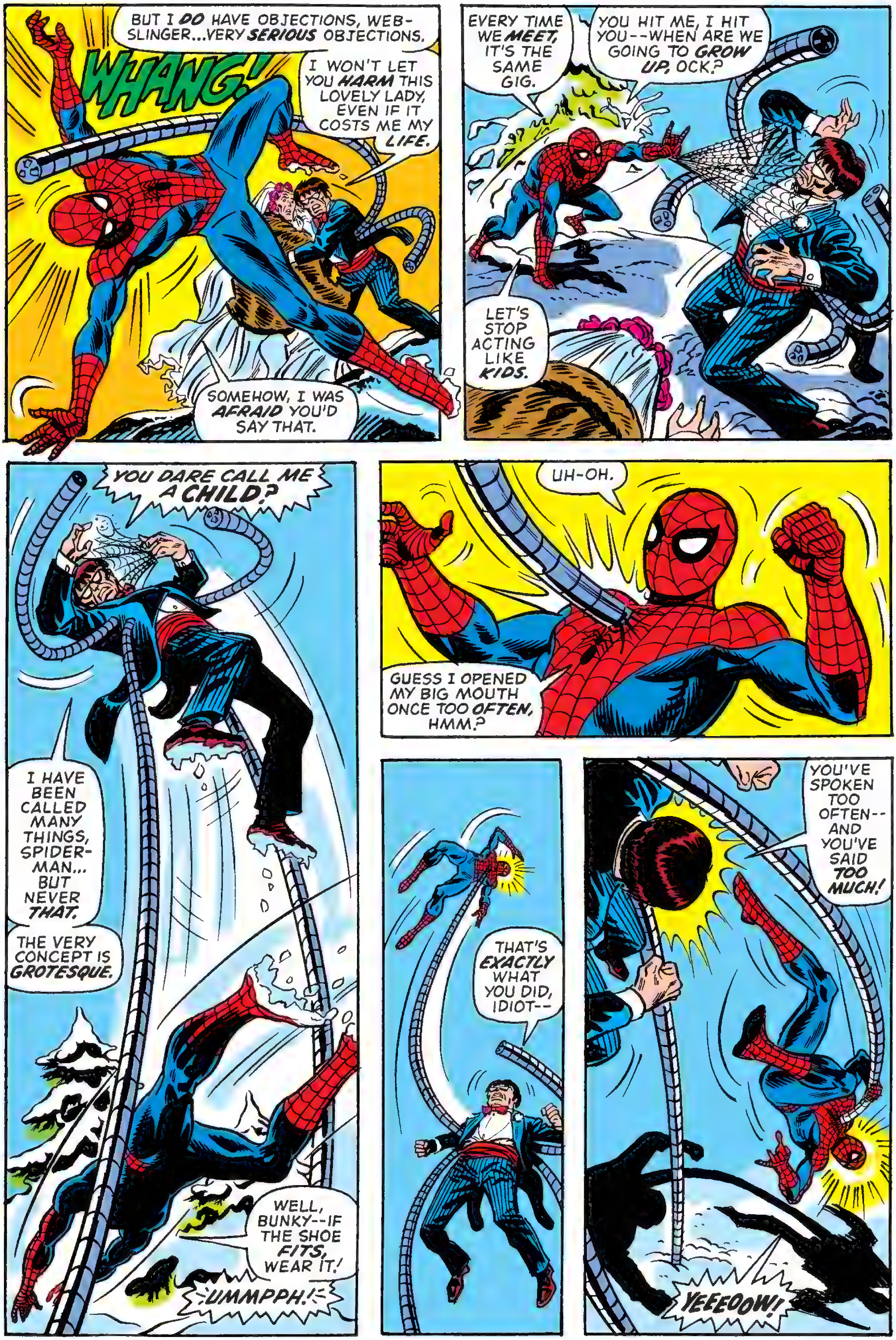

--A CRUMMY CANADIAN ISLAND?
NOT JUST ANY ISLAND, HAMMERHEAD: THIS IS A RATHER SPECIAL ISLAND--
--FOR, IT HAS ONE OF THE RICHEST SUPPLIES OF URANIUM FOUND IN NATURE--
--AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST SOPHISTICATED NUCLEAR BREEDING REACTORS TO MATCH!

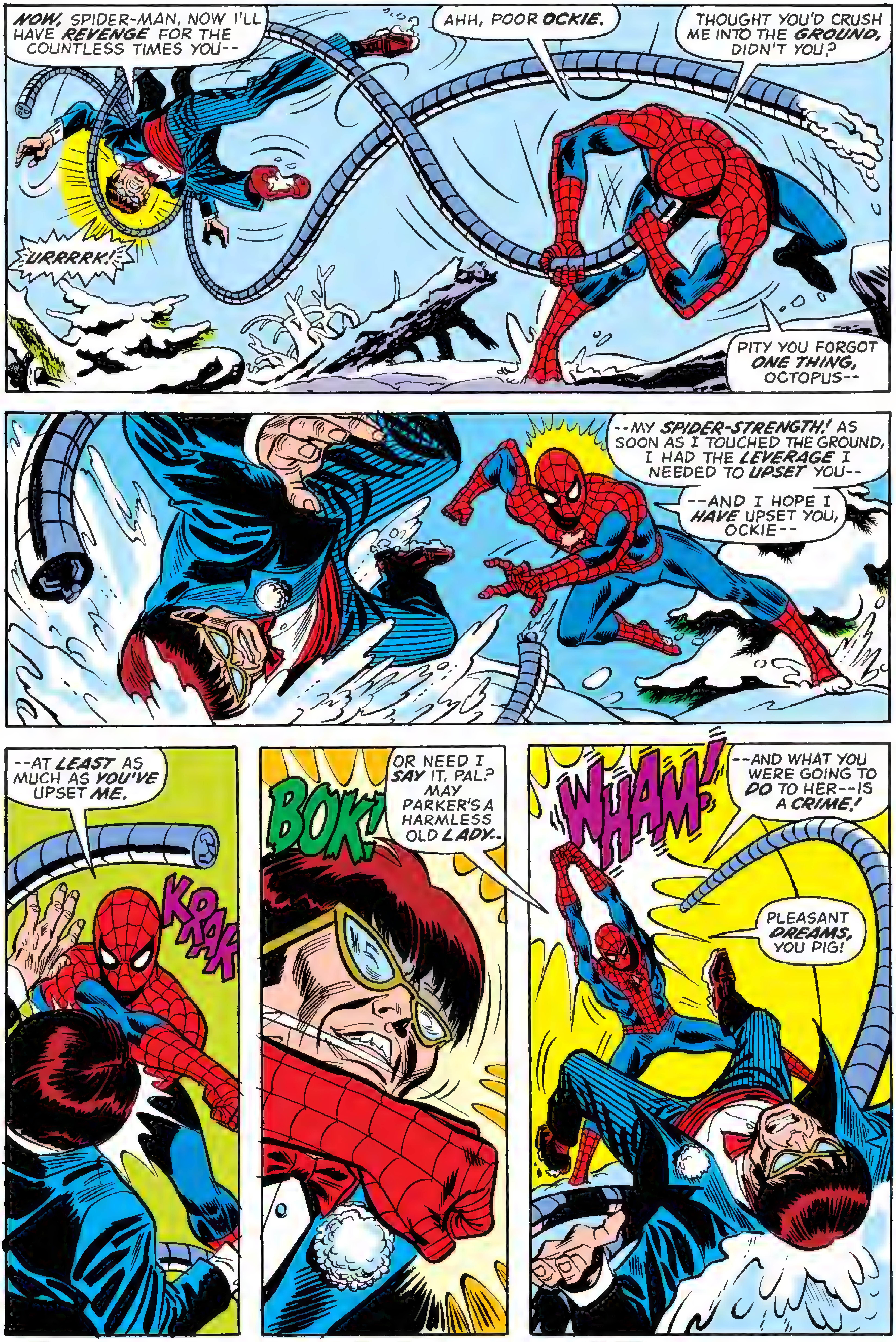

YES, THIS IS THE TERRIBLE SECRET: MAY PARKER HAS INHERITED THE MOST MODERN PRIVATELY-OWNED ATOMIC PROCESSING PLANT IN THE WORLD--A PLANT THAT, IN THE WRONG HANDS, COULD PRODUCE WEAPONS POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR A MADMAN TO WREAK INCREDIBLE HAVOC--

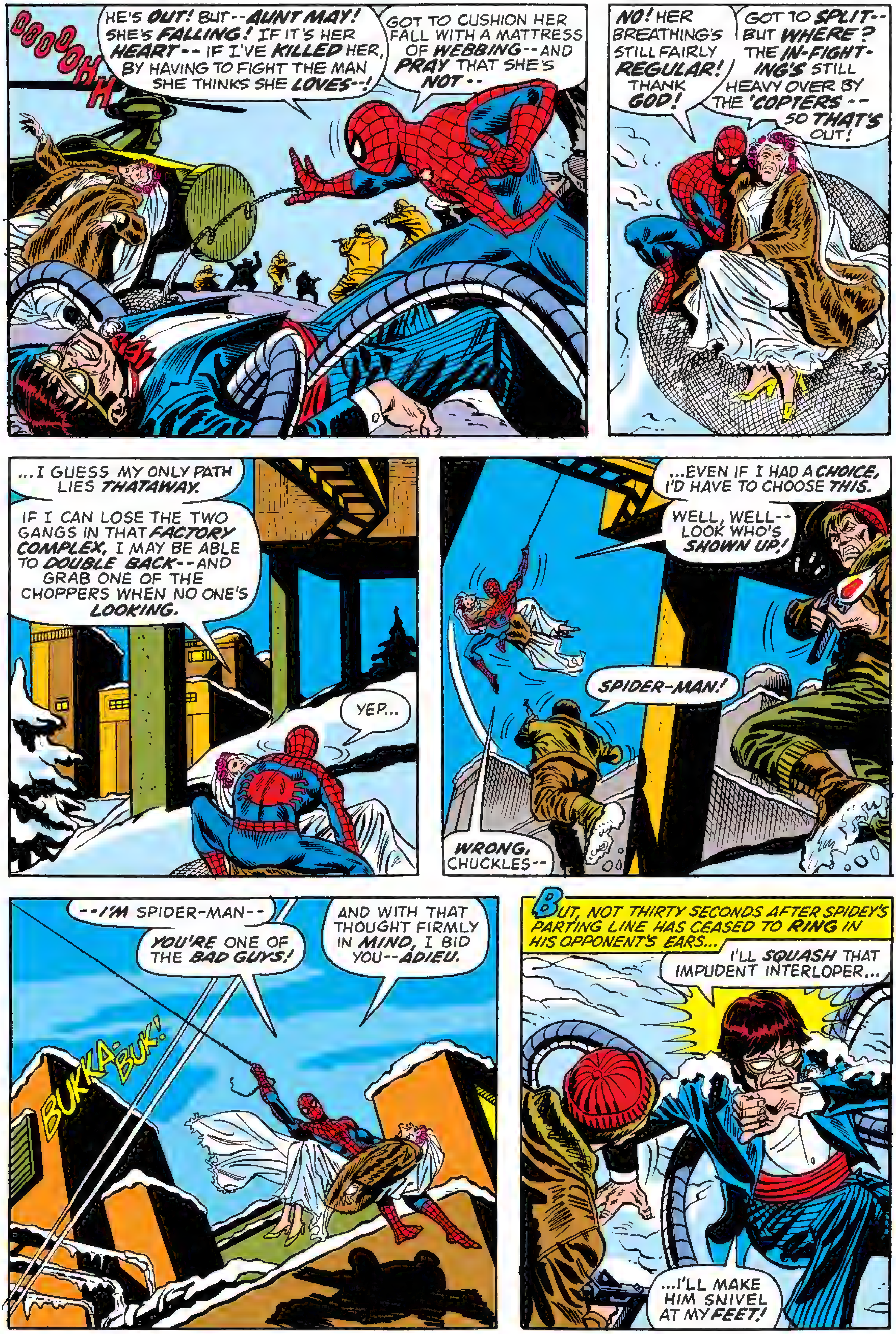

--AND IF WE NEED TO TELL YOU JUST WHO THAT MADMAN MIGHT BE--WELL THEN, FRIEND, YOU JUST HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING.
O-OTTO... IT'S COLD. WHY HAVE WE COME HERE, OF ALL PLACES?
I-I'M FREEZING!
DOLT!
GET THIS DEAR LADY A COAT--OR I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE INSTEAD!

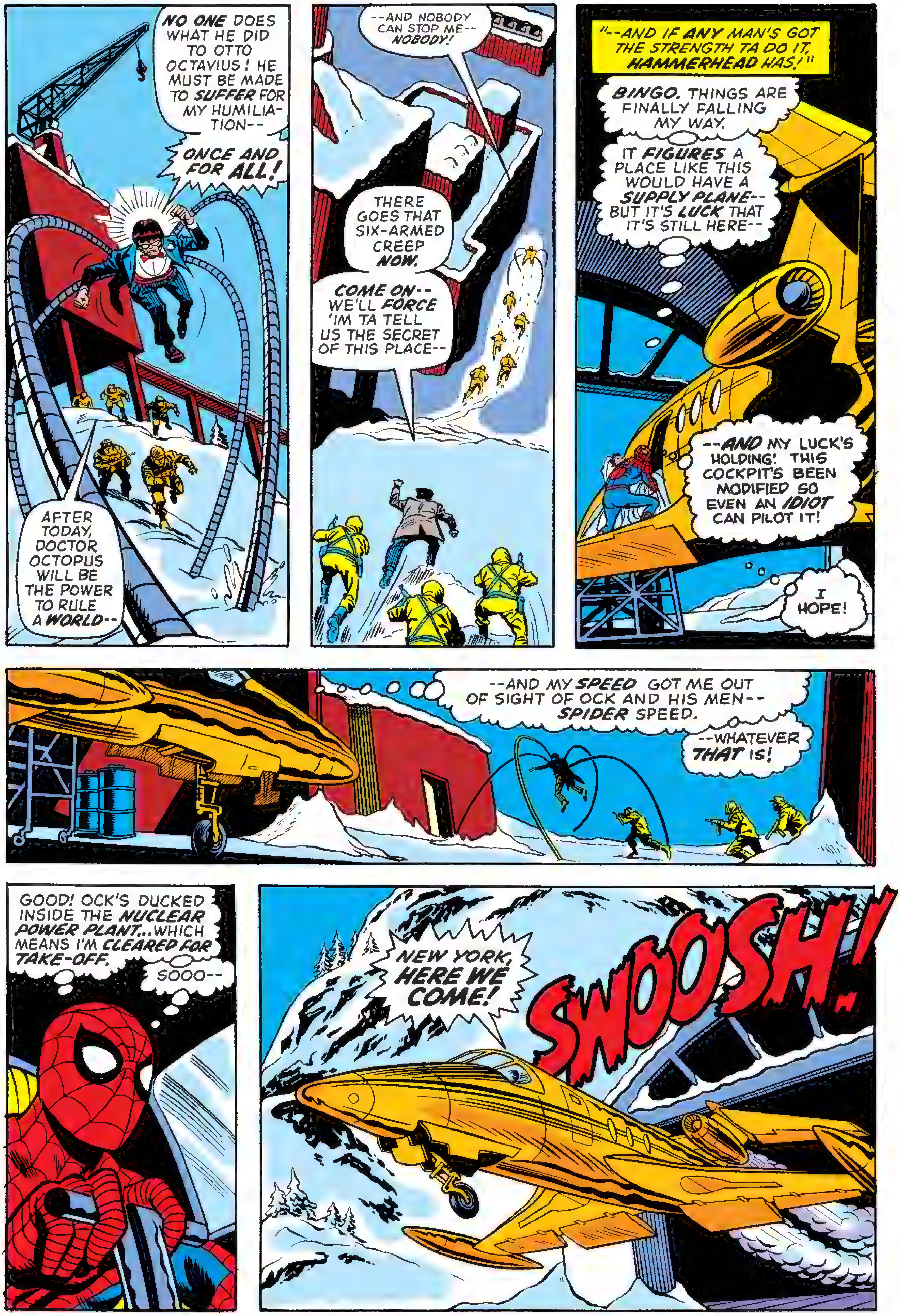

KEEP YA **SHIRT** ON, OCK. WE GOTTA **PARK** THIS THING, Y'KNOW.
I'M **AWARE** OF THAT, YOU INSOLENT FOOL!
HAVE THE OTHERS GET THEIR **WEAPONS.** WE MAY **YET** ENCOUNTER DIFFICULTY--
--THOUGH AT THE MOMENT, I HOPE-- **EH?**
GUNSHOTS!
KCHOW!
BRAKA BRAKA TRAKA CHOW
BOSS, IT'S THAT HAMMERHEAD CREEP! HE'S **FOLLOWED** US!
OBVIOUSLY.
TRABOOM!
STOP HIM, YOU CLOWNS-- **DESTROY HIM!**
WHEEE-OH!
LOOKS LIKE OLD SPIDEY'S IN THE HOT SEAT **NOW!**
WE'RE STILL TOO HIGH UP FOR ME TO **JUMP**--AND IF I TRY TO **FLOAT** DOWN ON A WEB-PARACHUTE, I'D BE A PERFECT **TARGET!**
HUH? OH NO-- **NO!**
MY PROBLEM'S **SOLVED**--I KNOW **EXACTLY** HOW I'M GOING TO MAKE IT **DOWN**--
HAMMERHEAD'S GOING TO RAM!

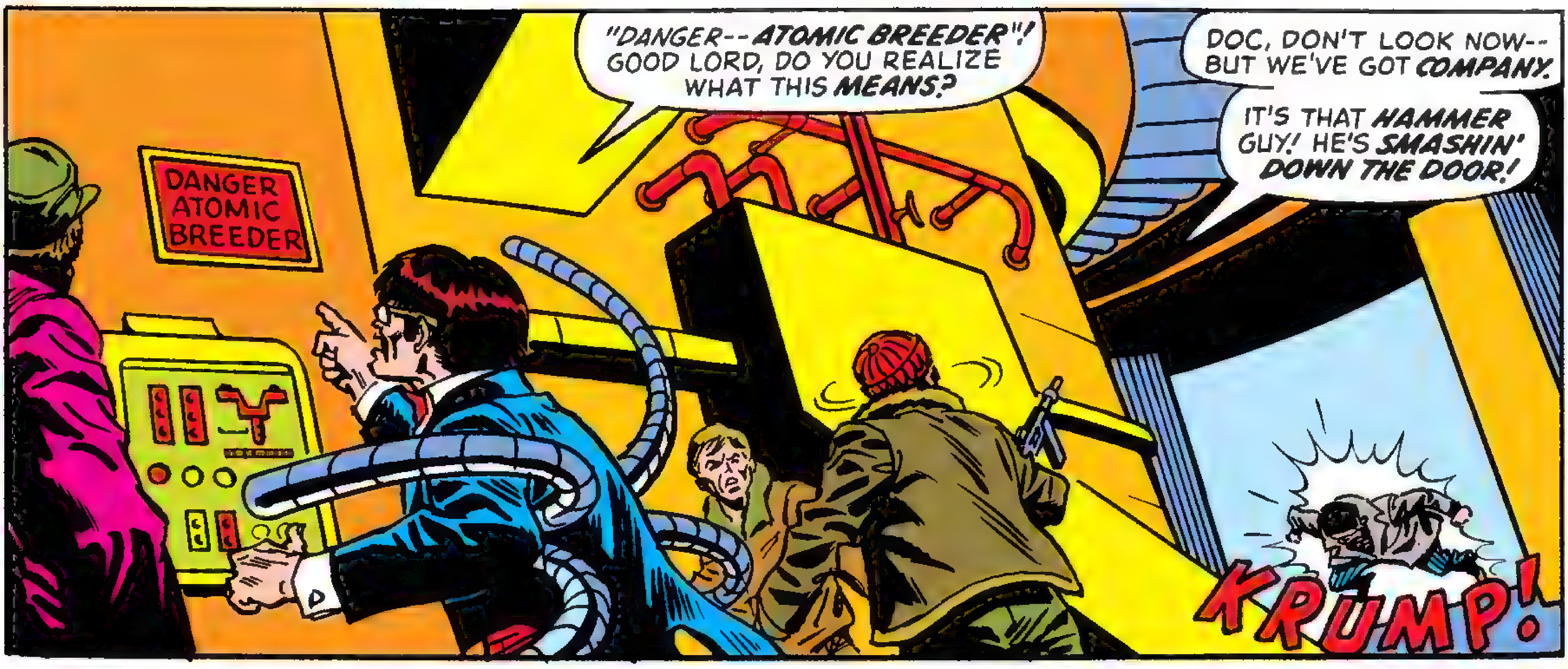

KRUMP!
MY DEAR MAY-- LET ME TAKE YOU *AWAY* FROM ALL THIS.
OTTO-- WHAT--WHAT'S *HAPPENING*--?
DON'T WORRY YOUR *HEAD* ABOUT IT, DARLING.
IT'LL ALL BE *OVER* IN A LITTLE *WHILE.*
OCK'S RIGHT *THERE,* FELLAS.
THIS *WILL* ALL BE OVER IN A LITTLE WHILE --THOUGH MAYBE NOT THE WAY DOCTOR OCTOPUS *THINKS*--
BOP!
SAP!
--NOT IF *I* CAN HELP IT--
AND NEED I SAY-- I *CAN?*
PARDON ME, MISS...
YOU AND I HAVE BUSINESS *ELSEWHERE*... BUSINESS YOUR NEPHEW, PETER, *INSISTED* I TAKE UP WITH YOU.
SOOOO, IF YOUR CUTE FRIEND HAS NO *OBJECTIONS*-- WE'LL BE *OFF.*

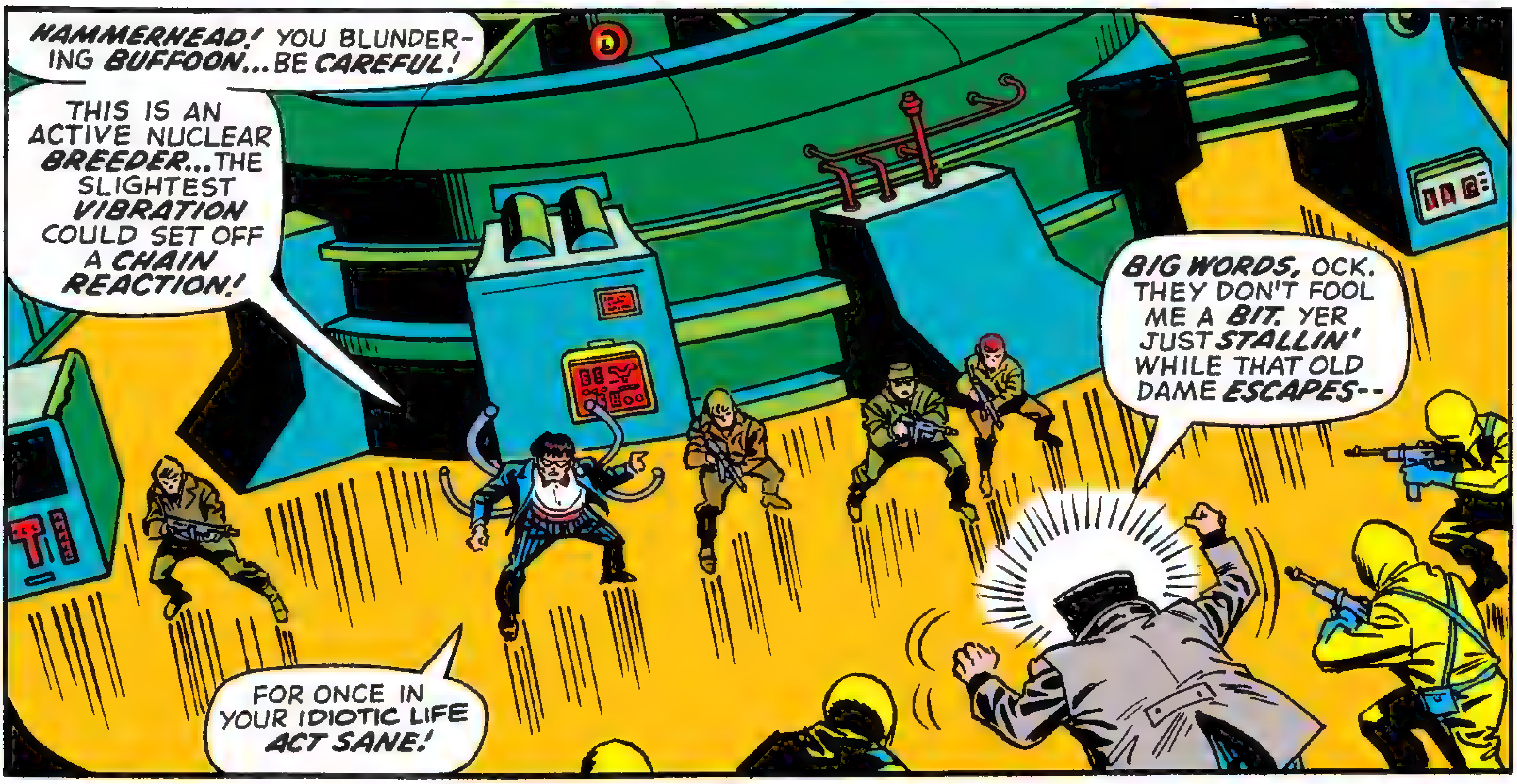

BUT I DO HAVE OBJECTIONS, WEB-SLINGER...VERY SERIOUS OBJECTIONS.
WHANG!
I WON'T LET YOU HARM THIS LOVELY LADY, EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY LIFE.
SOMEHOW, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT.
EVERY TIME WE MEET, IT'S THE SAME GIG.
YOU HIT ME, I HIT YOU--WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GROW UP, OCK?
LET'S STOP ACTING LIKE KIDS.
YOU DARE CALL ME A CHILD?
I HAVE BEEN CALLED MANY THINGS, SPIDER-MAN... BUT NEVER THAT.
THE VERY CONCEPT IS GROTESQUE.
WELL, BUNKY--IF THE SHOE FITS, WEAR IT!
UMMPPH!
UH-OH.
GUESS I OPENED MY BIG MOUTH ONCE TOO OFTEN, HMM?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID, IDIOT--
YOU'VE SPOKEN TOO OFTEN--AND YOU'VE SAID TOO MUCH!
YEEEOOW!

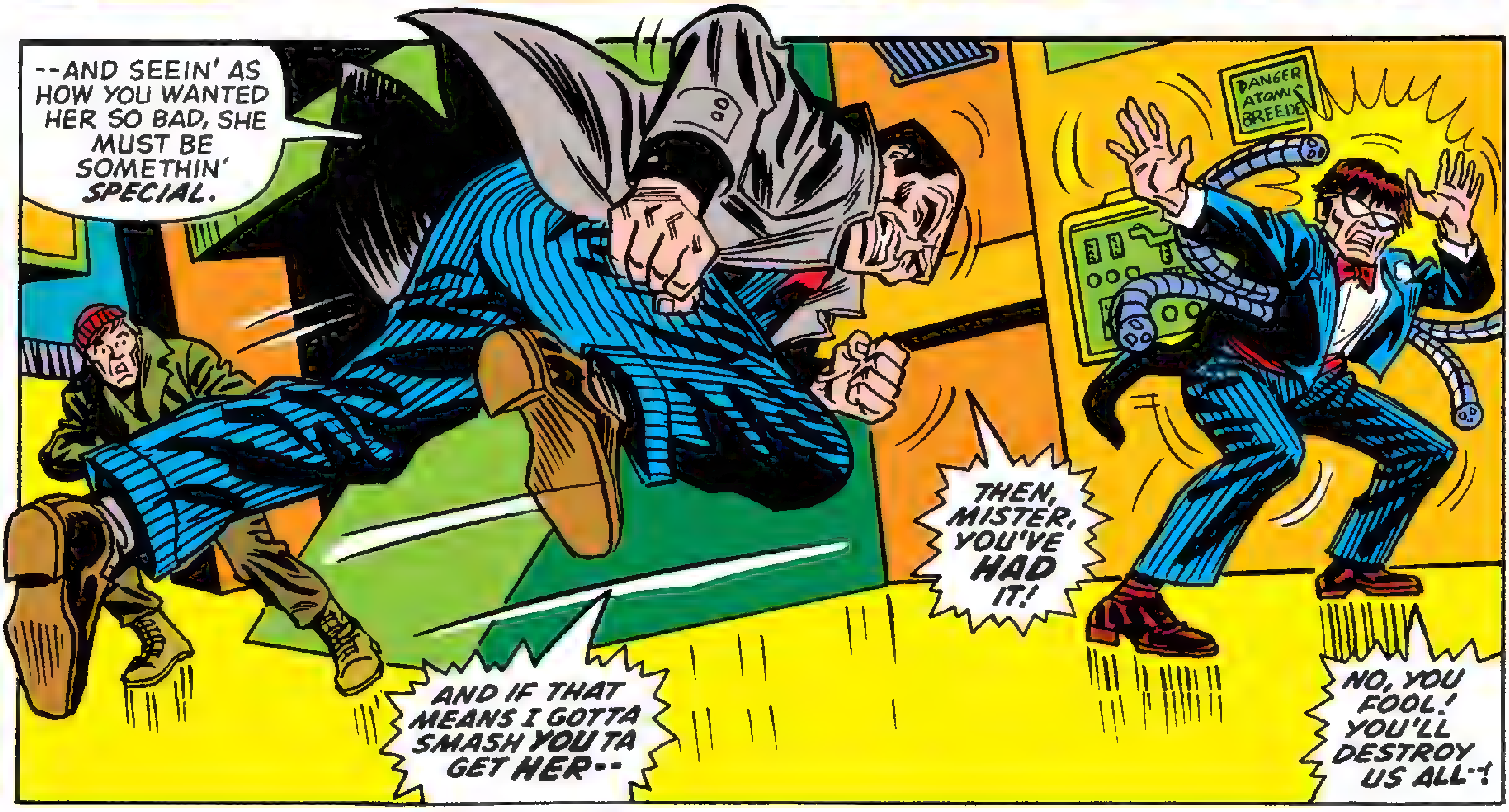

NOW, SPIDER-MAN, NOW I'LL HAVE REVENGE FOR THE COUNTLESS TIMES YOU--
URRRRK!
AHH, POOR OCKIE.
THOUGHT YOU'D CRUSH ME INTO THE GROUND, DIDN'T YOU?
PITY YOU FORGOT ONE THING, OCTOPUS--
--MY SPIDER-STRENGTH! AS SOON AS I TOUCHED THE GROUND, I HAD THE LEVERAGE I NEEDED TO UPSET YOU--
--AND I HOPE I HAVE UPSET YOU, OCKIE--
--AT LEAST AS MUCH AS YOU'VE UPSET ME.
KRAK
BOK!
OR NEED I SAY IT, PAL? MAY PARKER'S A HARMLESS OLD LADY..
WHAM!
--AND WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO TO HER--IS A CRIME!
PLEASANT DREAMS, YOU PIG!

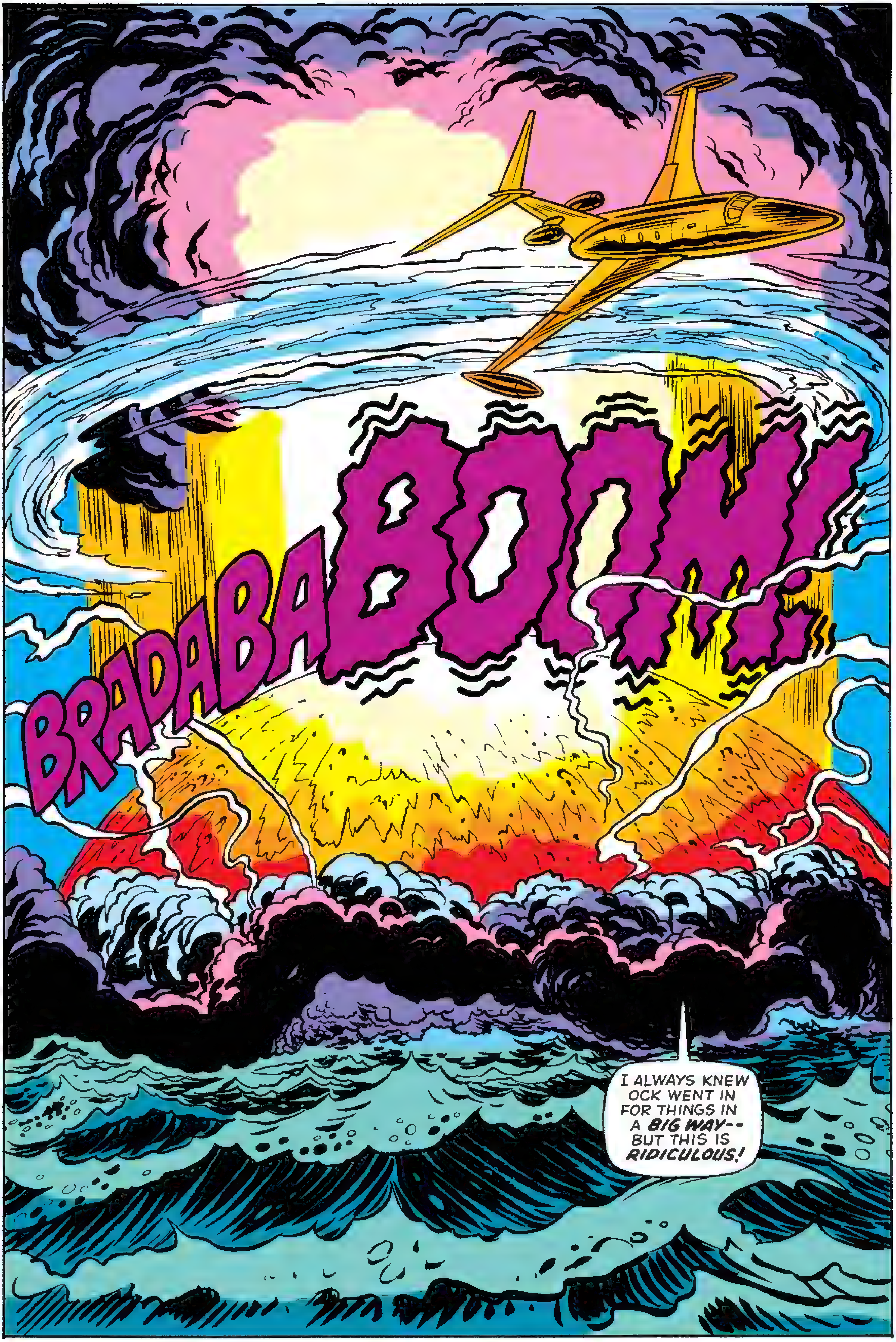

OOOOOHH
HE'S OUT! BUT--AUNT MAY! SHE'S FALLING! IF IT'S HER HEART-- IF I'VE KILLED HER, BY HAVING TO FIGHT THE MAN SHE THINKS SHE LOVES--!
GOT TO CUSHION HER FALL WITH A MATTRESS OF WEBBING--AND PRAY THAT SHE'S NOT--
NO! HER BREATHING'S STILL FAIRLY REGULAR! THANK GOD!
GOT TO SPLIT--BUT WHERE? THE IN-FIGHTING'S STILL HEAVY OVER BY THE 'COPTERS--SO THAT'S OUT!
...I GUESS MY ONLY PATH LIES THATAWAY.
IF I CAN LOSE THE TWO GANGS IN THAT FACTORY COMPLEX, I MAY BE ABLE TO DOUBLE BACK--AND GRAB ONE OF THE CHOPPERS WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING.
YEP...
...EVEN IF I HAD A CHOICE, I'D HAVE TO CHOOSE THIS.
WELL, WELL--LOOK WHO'S SHOWN UP!
SPIDER-MAN!
WRONG, CHUCKLES--
--I'M SPIDER-MAN--
YOU'RE ONE OF THE BAD GUYS!
AND WITH THAT THOUGHT FIRMLY IN MIND, I BID YOU--ADIEU.
BUKKA-BUK!
BUT, NOT THIRTY SECONDS AFTER SPIDEY'S PARTING LINE HAS CEASED TO RING IN HIS OPPONENT'S EARS...
I'LL SQUASH THAT IMPUDENT INTERLOPER...
...I'LL MAKE HIM SNIVEL AT MY FEET!

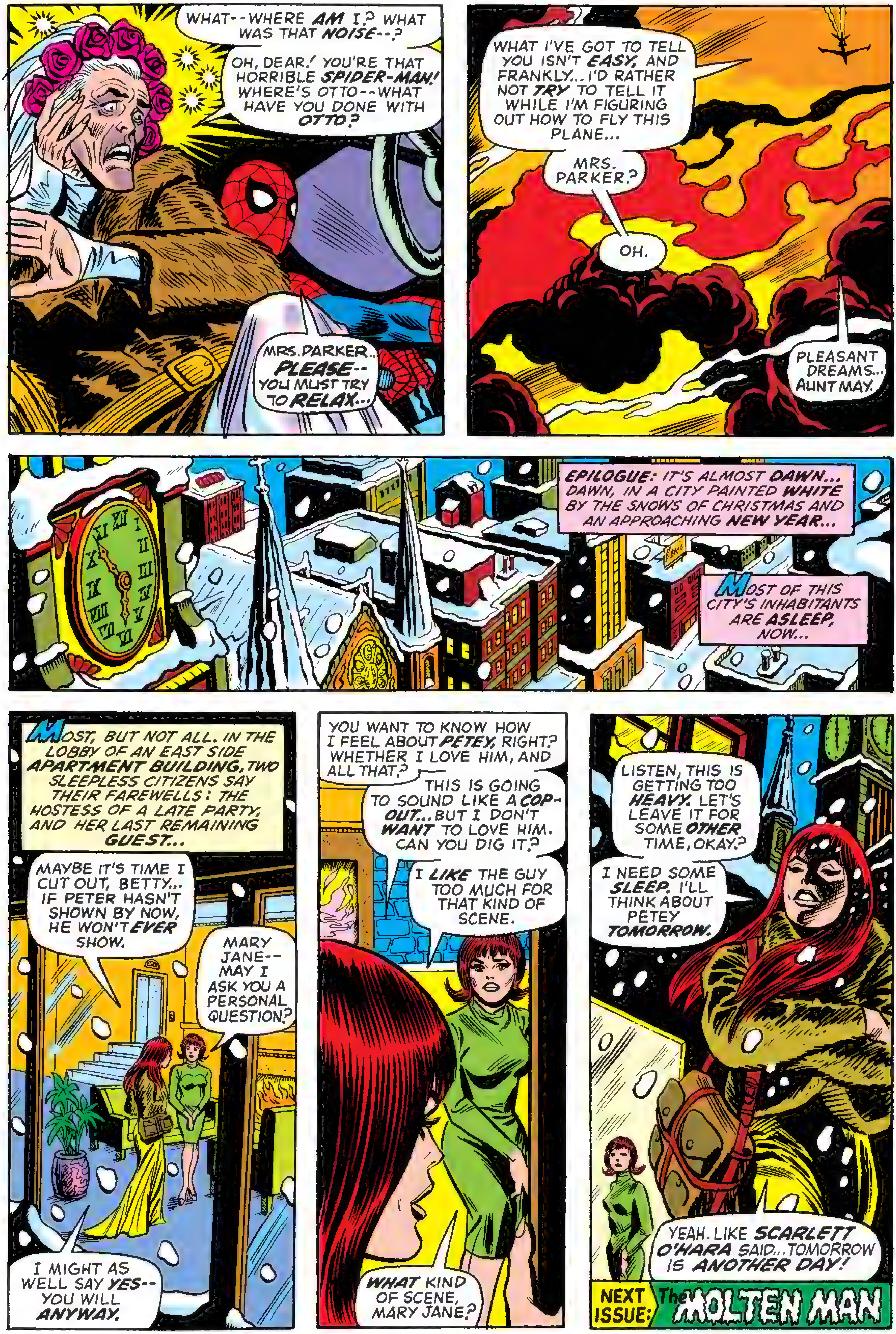

NO ONE DOES WHAT HE DID TO OTTO OCTAVIUS! HE MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER FOR MY HUMILIATION--
ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AFTER TODAY, DOCTOR OCTOPUS WILL BE THE POWER TO RULE A WORLD--
--AND NOBODY CAN STOP ME-- NOBODY!
THERE GOES THAT SIX-ARMED CREEP NOW.
COME ON-- WE'LL FORCE 'IM TA TELL US THE SECRET OF THIS PLACE--
"--AND IF ANY MAN'S GOT THE STRENGTH TA DO IT, HAMMERHEAD HAS!"
BINGO. THINGS ARE FINALLY FALLING MY WAY.
IT FIGURES A PLACE LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE A SUPPLY PLANE-- BUT IT'S LUCK THAT IT'S STILL HERE--
--AND MY LUCK'S HOLDING! THIS COCKPIT'S BEEN MODIFIED SO EVEN AN IDIOT CAN PILOT IT!
I HOPE!
--AND MY SPEED GOT ME OUT OF SIGHT OF OCK AND HIS MEN-- SPIDER SPEED.
--WHATEVER THAT IS!
GOOD! OCK'S DUCKED INSIDE THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT... WHICH MEANS I'M CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF.
SOOO--
NEW YORK, HERE WE COME!
SNOOSH!


DANGER ATOMIC BREEDER
"DANGER--ATOMIC BREEDER"! GOOD LORD, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
DOC, DON'T LOOK NOW-- BUT WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
IT'S THAT HAMMER GUY! HE'S SMASHIN' DOWN THE DOOR!
KRUMP!

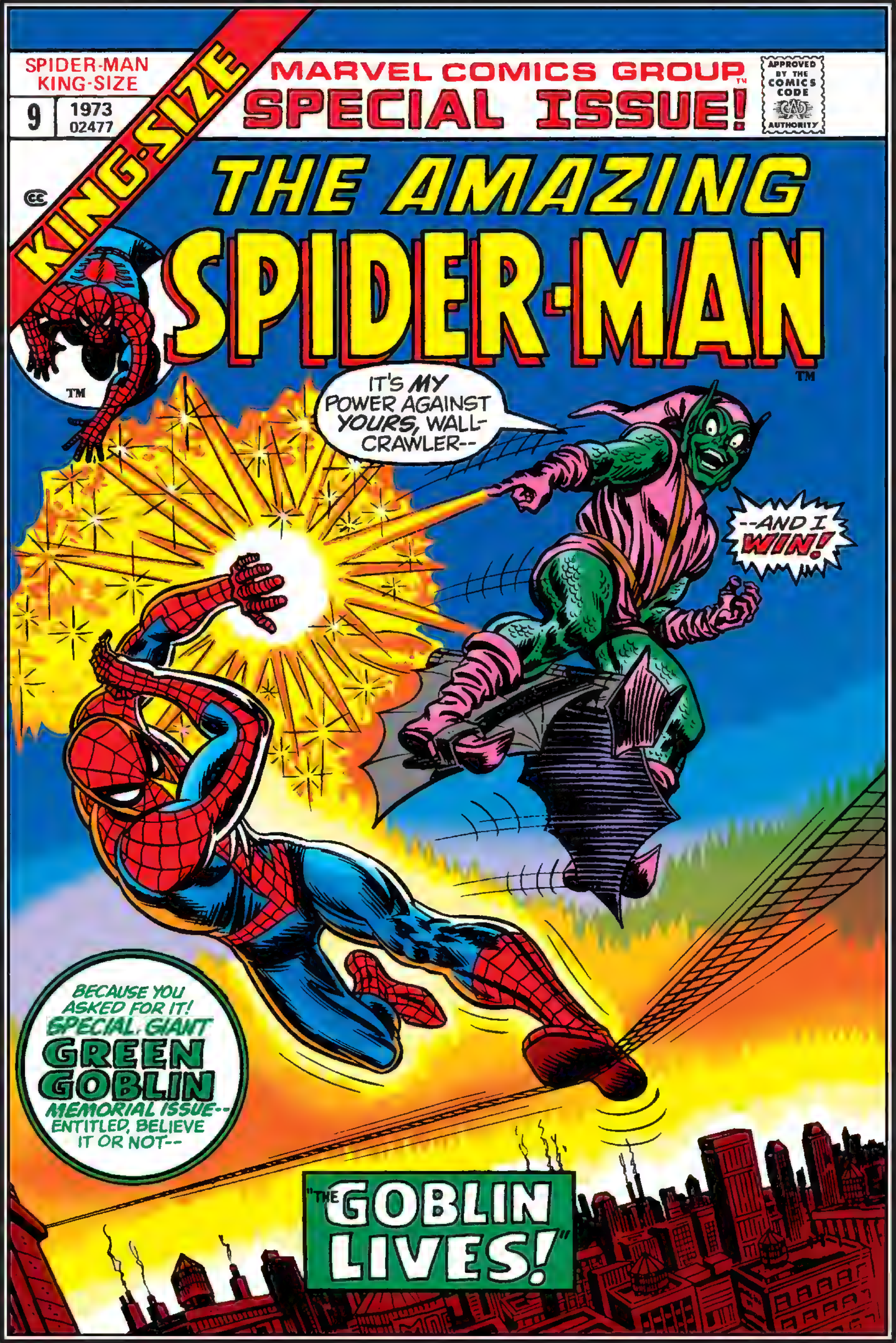

HAMMERHEAD! YOU BLUNDERING BUFFOON...BE CAREFUL!
THIS IS AN ACTIVE NUCLEAR BREEDER...THE SLIGHTEST VIBRATION COULD SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION!
BIG WORDS, OCK. THEY DON'T FOOL ME A BIT. YER JUST STALLIN' WHILE THAT OLD DAME ESCAPES--
FOR ONCE IN YOUR IDIOTIC LIFE ACT SANE!


--AND SEEIN' AS HOW YOU WANTED HER SO BAD, SHE MUST BE SOMETHIN' SPECIAL.
DANGER ATOMIC BREEDER
THEN, MISTER, YOU'VE HAD IT!
AND IF THAT MEANS I GOTTA SMASH YOU TA GET HER--
NO, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL DESTROY US ALL--!

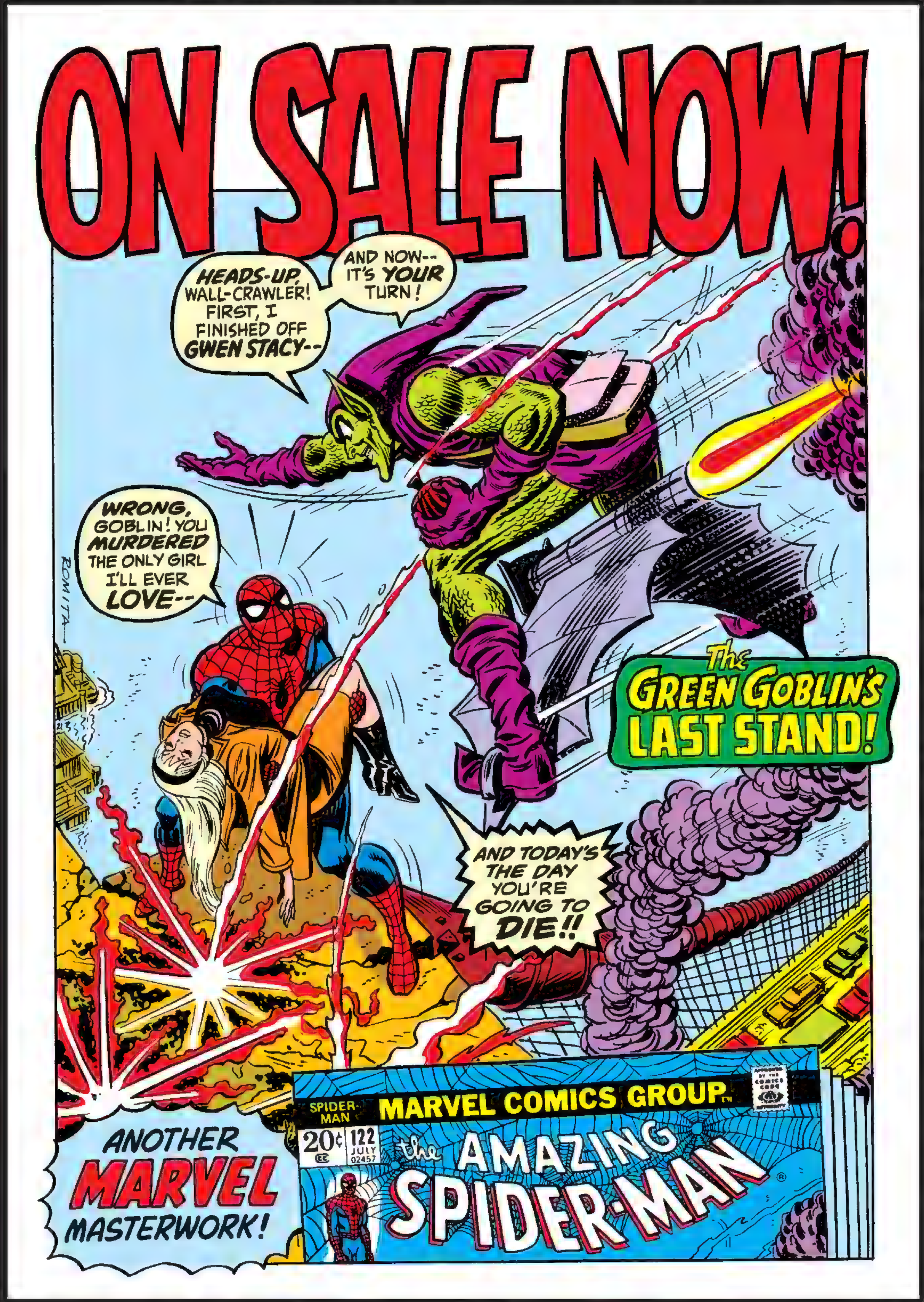

BRADABABOOM!
I ALWAYS KNEW OCK WENT IN FOR THINGS IN A *BIG WAY*-- BUT THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*


WHAT--WHERE AM I? WHAT WAS THAT NOISE--?
OH, DEAR! YOU'RE THAT HORRIBLE SPIDER-MAN! WHERE'S OTTO--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OTTO?
MRS. PARKER.. PLEASE-- YOU MUST TRY TO RELAX...
WHAT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU ISN'T EASY, AND FRANKLY... I'D RATHER NOT TRY TO TELL IT WHILE I'M FIGURING OUT HOW TO FLY THIS PLANE...
MRS. PARKER?
OH.
PLEASANT DREAMS... AUNT MAY.
EPILOGUE: IT'S ALMOST DAWN... DAWN, IN A CITY PAINTED WHITE BY THE SNOWS OF CHRISTMAS AND AN APPROACHING NEW YEAR...
MOST OF THIS CITY'S INHABITANTS ARE ASLEEP, NOW...
MOST, BUT NOT ALL. IN THE LOBBY OF AN EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING, TWO SLEEPLESS CITIZENS SAY THEIR FAREWELLS: THE HOSTESS OF A LATE PARTY, AND HER LAST REMAINING GUEST...
MAYBE IT'S TIME I CUT OUT, BETTY... IF PETER HASN'T SHOWN BY NOW, HE WON'T EVER SHOW.
MARY JANE-- MAY I ASK YOU A PERSONAL QUESTION?
I MIGHT AS WELL SAY YES-- YOU WILL ANYWAY.
YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT PETEY, RIGHT? WHETHER I LOVE HIM, AND ALL THAT?
THIS IS GOING TO SOUND LIKE A COP-OUT... BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOVE HIM. CAN YOU DIG IT?
I LIKE THE GUY TOO MUCH FOR THAT KIND OF SCENE.
WHAT KIND OF SCENE, MARY JANE?
LISTEN, THIS IS GETTING TOO HEAVY. LET'S LEAVE IT FOR SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY?
I NEED SOME SLEEP. I'LL THINK ABOUT PETEY TOMORROW.
YEAH. LIKE SCARLETT O'HARA SAID... TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY!
NEXT ISSUE: The MOLTEN MAN

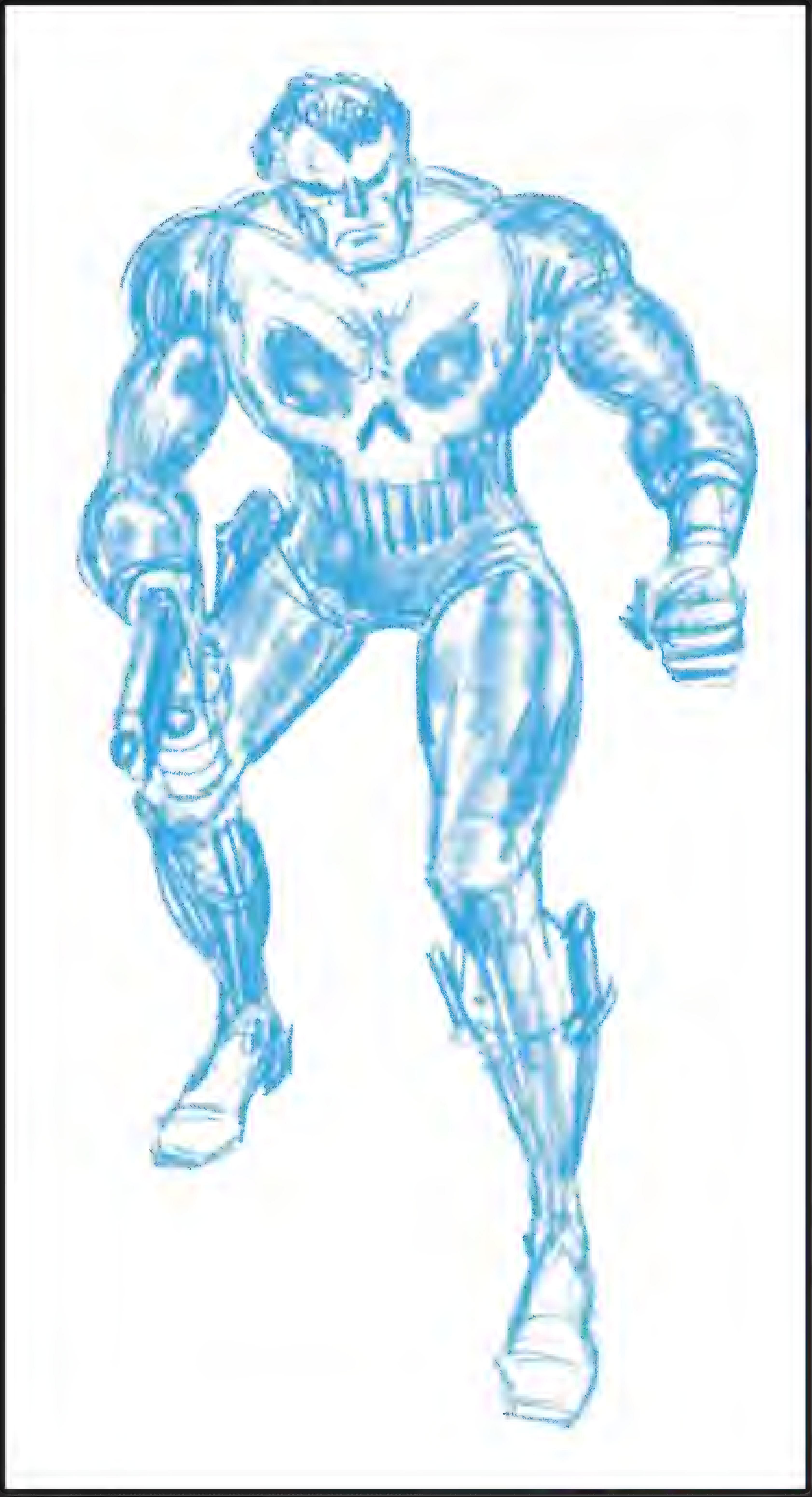
Cover from *The Amazing Spider-Man Annual* #9
(reprinting the magazine *The Spectacular Spider-Man* #2)


SPIDER-MAN KING-SIZE
9
1973
02477
KING-SIZE
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
SPECIAL ISSUE!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
IT'S MY POWER AGAINST YOURS, WALL-CRAWLER--
--AND I WIN!
BECAUSE YOU ASKED FOR IT! SPECIAL GIANT GREEN GOBLIN MEMORIAL ISSUE--ENTITLED, BELIEVE IT OR NOT--
"THE GOBLIN LIVES!"

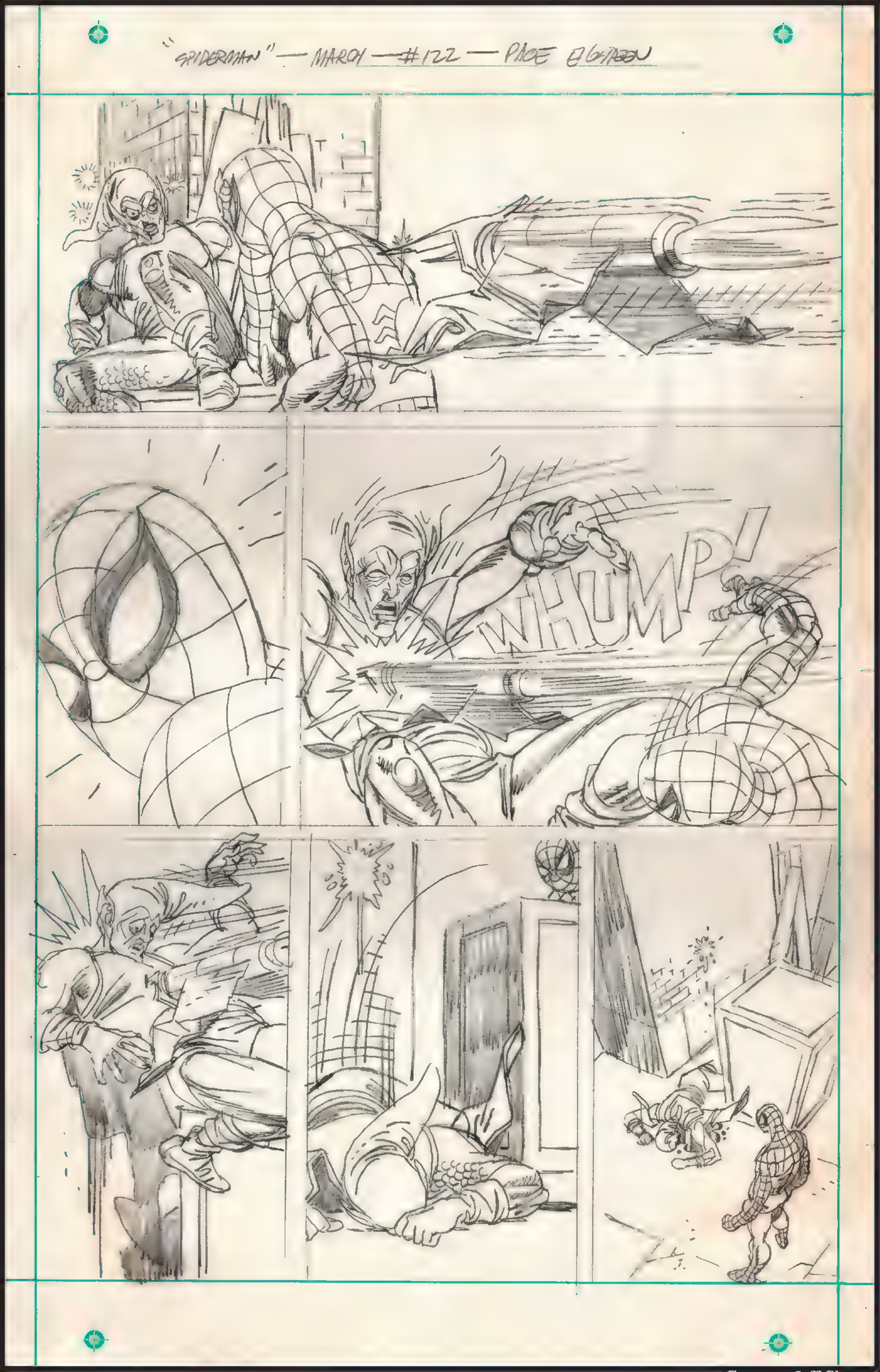
Marvel house ad from July 1973 titles advertising the epic
showdown between Spider-Man and the Green Goblin


ON SALE NOW!
HEADS-UP, WALL-CRAWLER! FIRST, I FINISHED OFF GWEN STACY--
AND NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN!
WRONG, GOBLIN! YOU MURDERED THE ONLY GIRL I'LL EVER LOVE--
ROMITA
The GREEN GOBLIN'S LAST STAND!
AND TODAY'S THE DAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!!
ANOTHER MARVEL MASTERWORK!
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢
122
JULY
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

The Punisher character design sketch
by John Romita

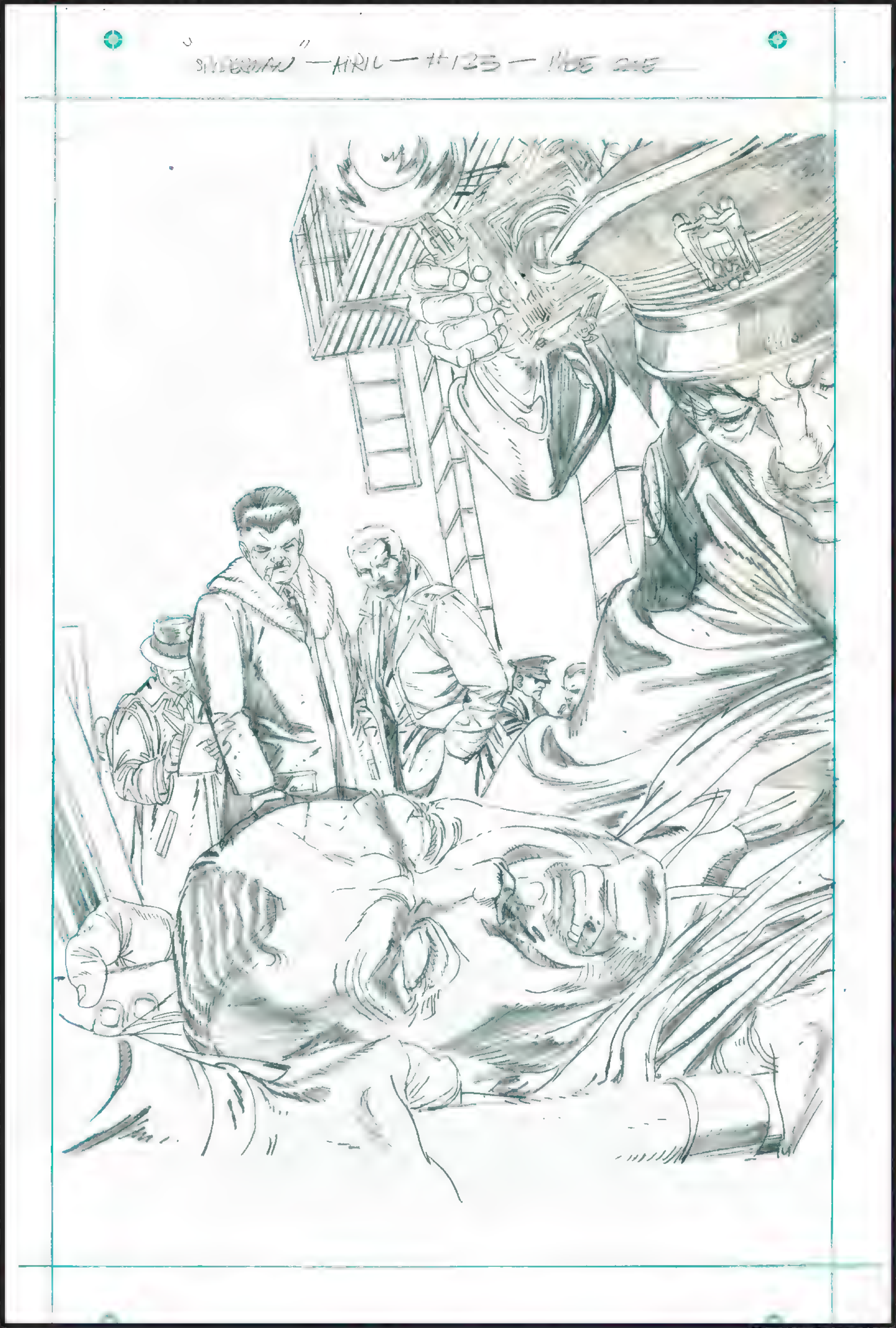


The Amazing Spider-Man #122, page 18 pencils, by Gil Kane. The top and bottom tiers were revised to clarify that Spidey was ducking the Green Goblin's glider.


"SPIDERMAN" — MARCH — #122 — PAGE EIGHTEEN
WHUMP!

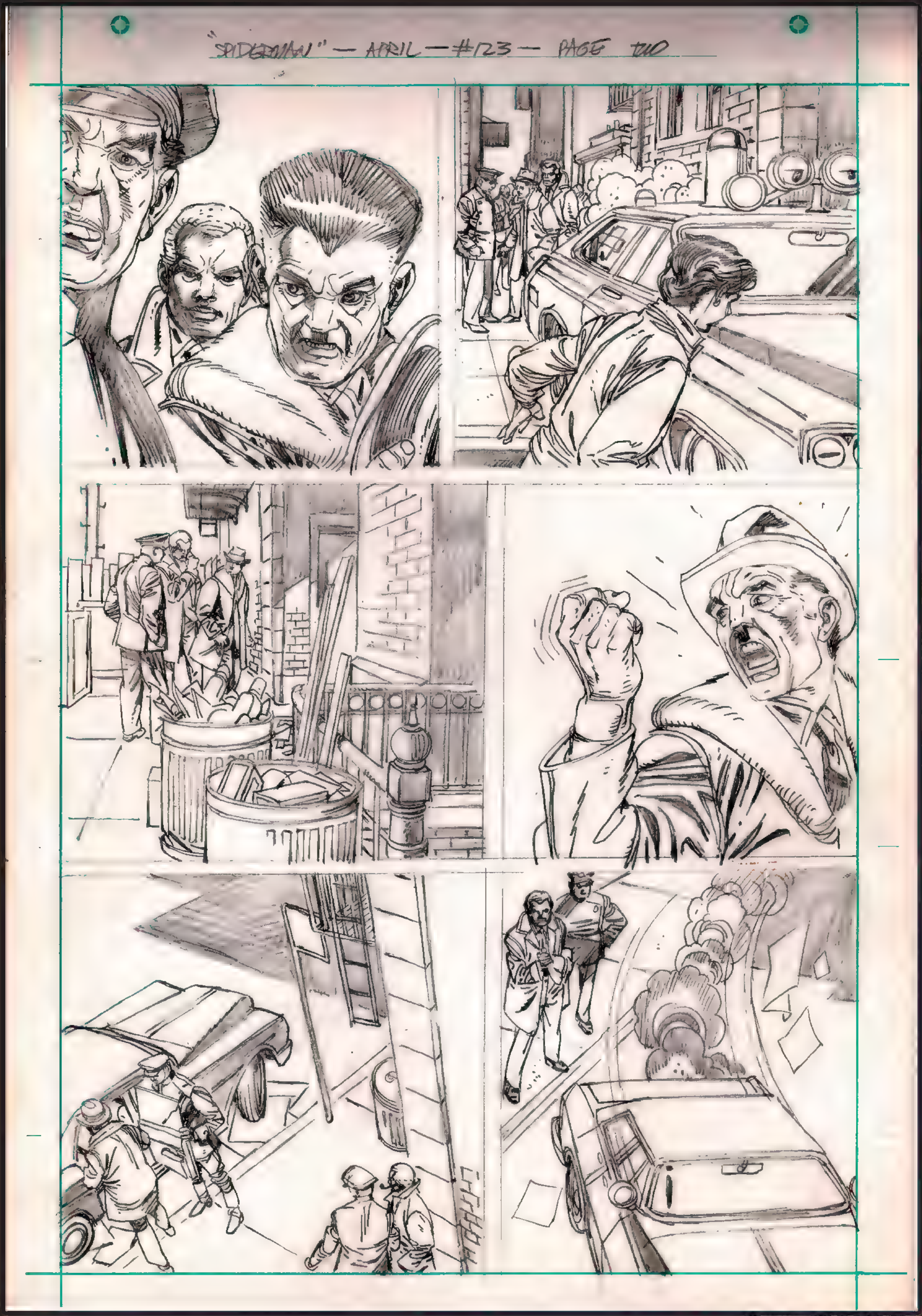
Courtesy Jeff Sharpe

Gil Kane's pencils to *The Amazing Spider-Man* #123 were lost by the postal service. As a result, John Romita had to ink the artwork off of photocopies, making revisions along the way. Better late than never—for posterity, if not production—the pages eventually surfaced and are presented courtesy the goodwill of comic art collectors.


"SPIDERMAN" — APRIL — #123 — PAGE ONE

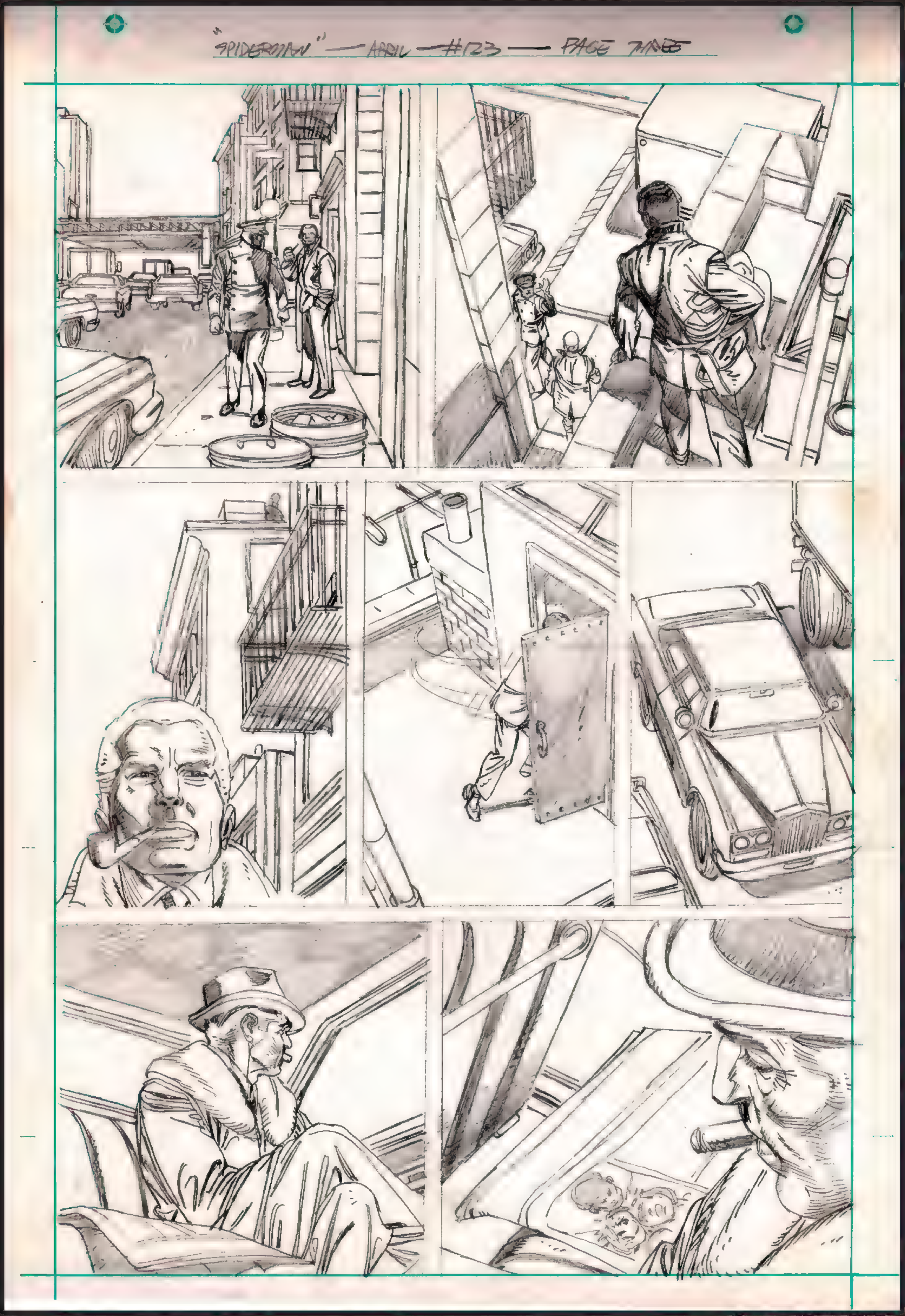
Courtesy Ted Latner

The Amazing Spider-Man #123, page 2 pencils
by Gil Kane


"SPIDERMAN" — APRIL — #123 — PAGE TWO

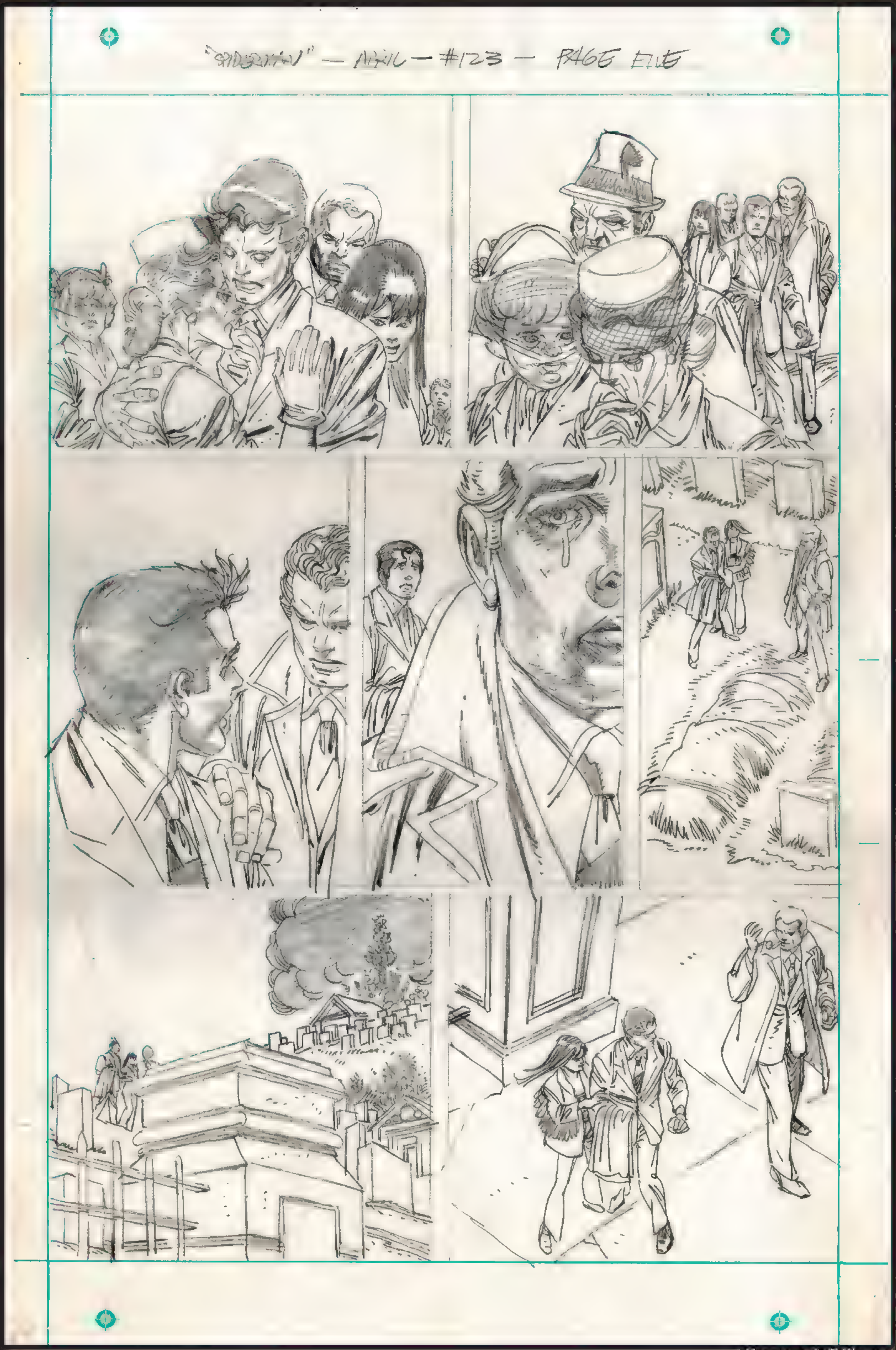
Courtesy Michel Maillot

The Amazing Spider-Man #123, page 3 pencils
by Gil Kane


"SPIDERMAN" — APRIL — #123 — PAGE THREE

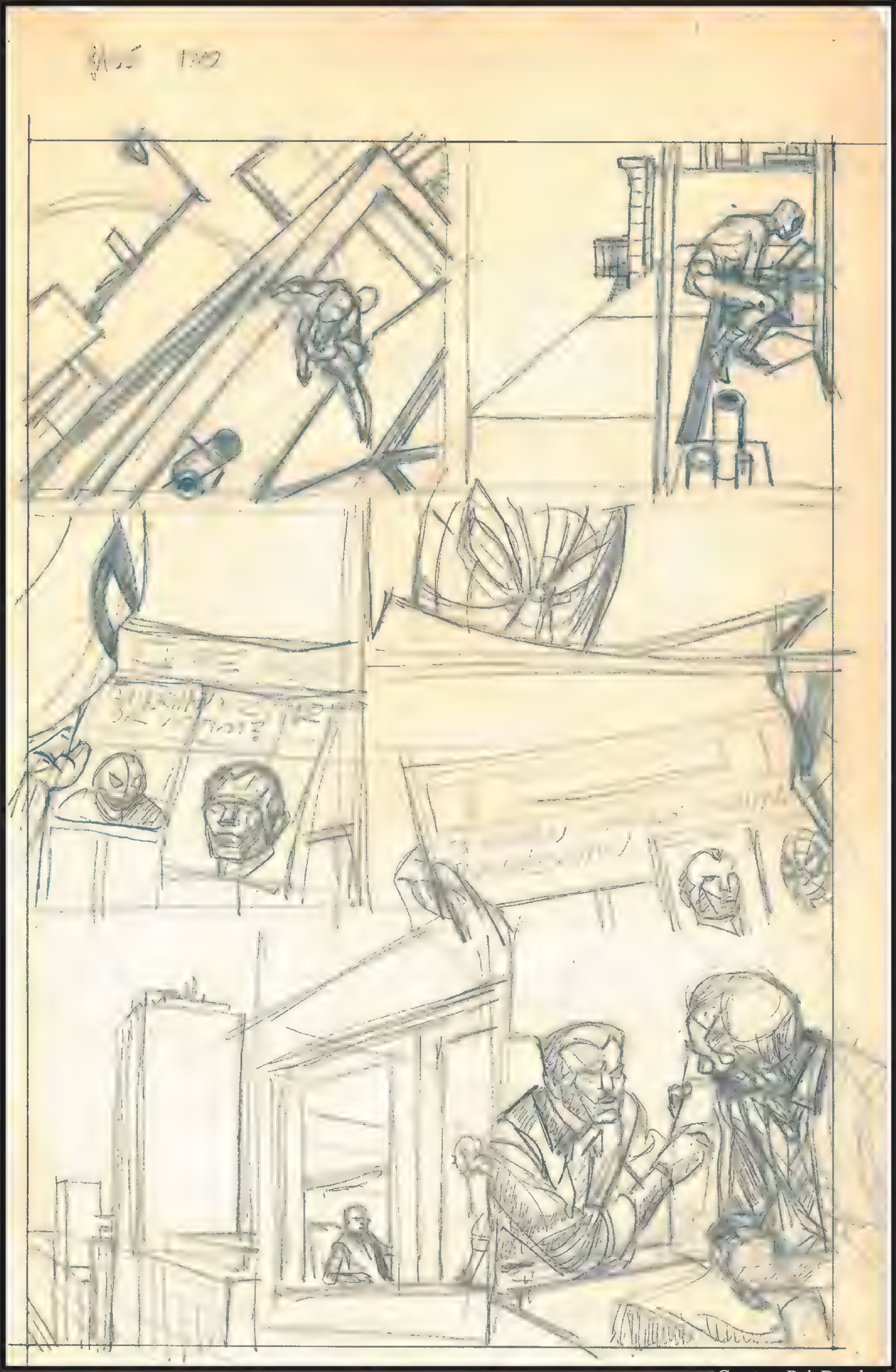
Courtesy Michel Maillot

The Amazing Spider-Man #123, page 5 pencils
by Gil Kane


"SPIDERMAN" — APRIL — #123 — PAGE FIVE

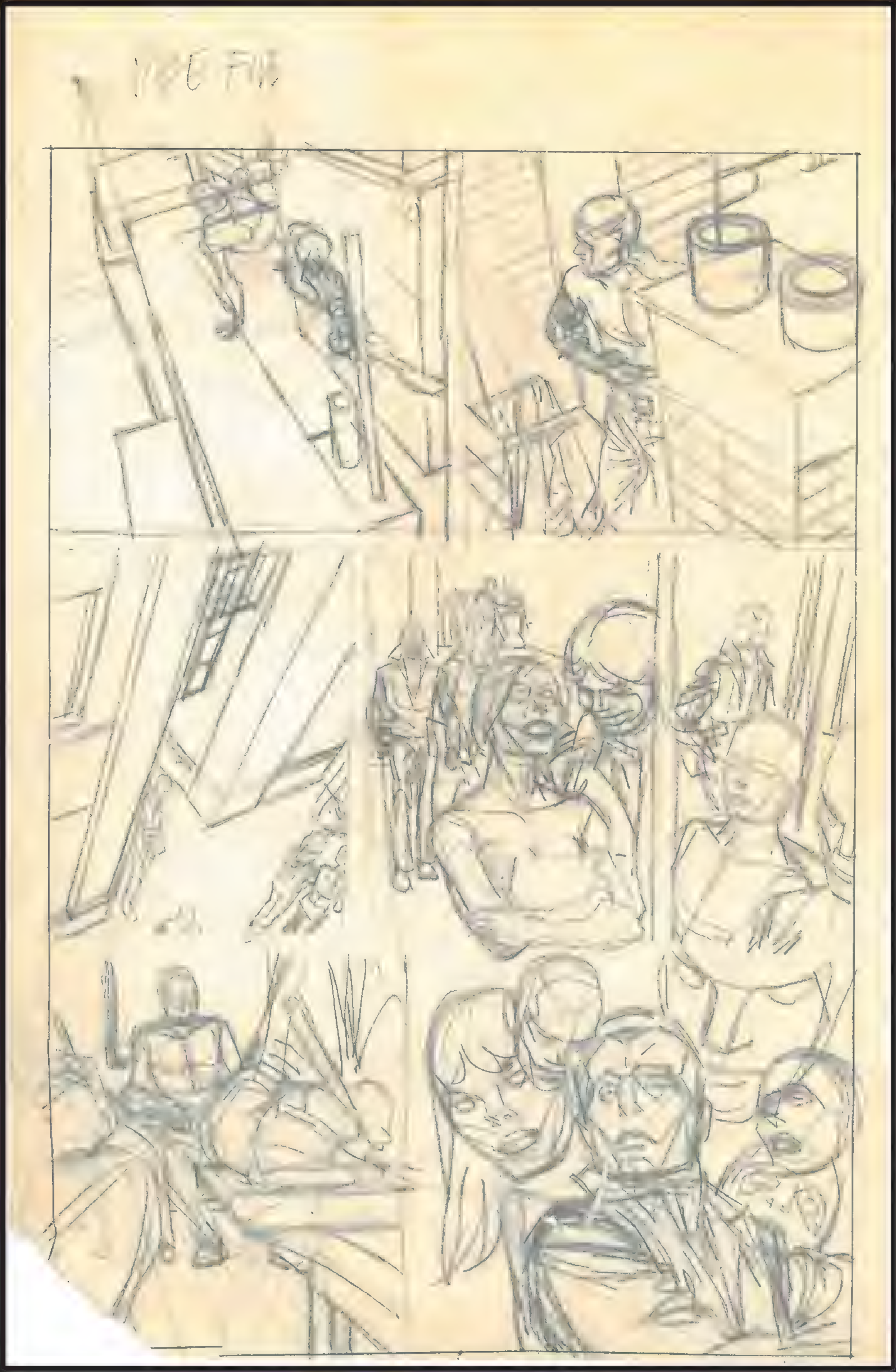
Courtesy Jeff Sharpe

The Amazing Spider-Man #124, page 2 layout
by Gil Kane

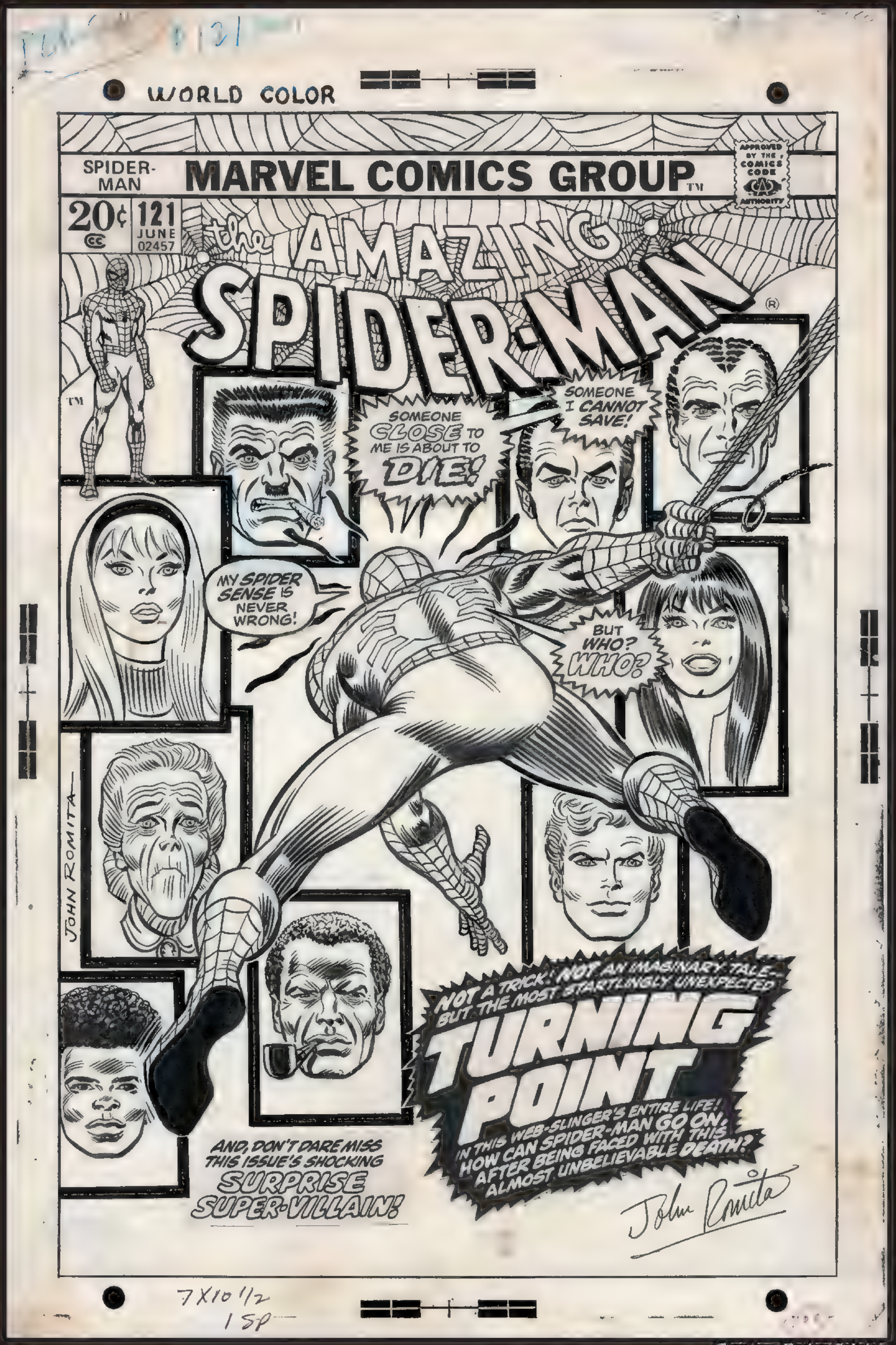


Courtesy Rob Donahue

The Amazing Spider-Man #124, page 5 layout
by Gil Kane

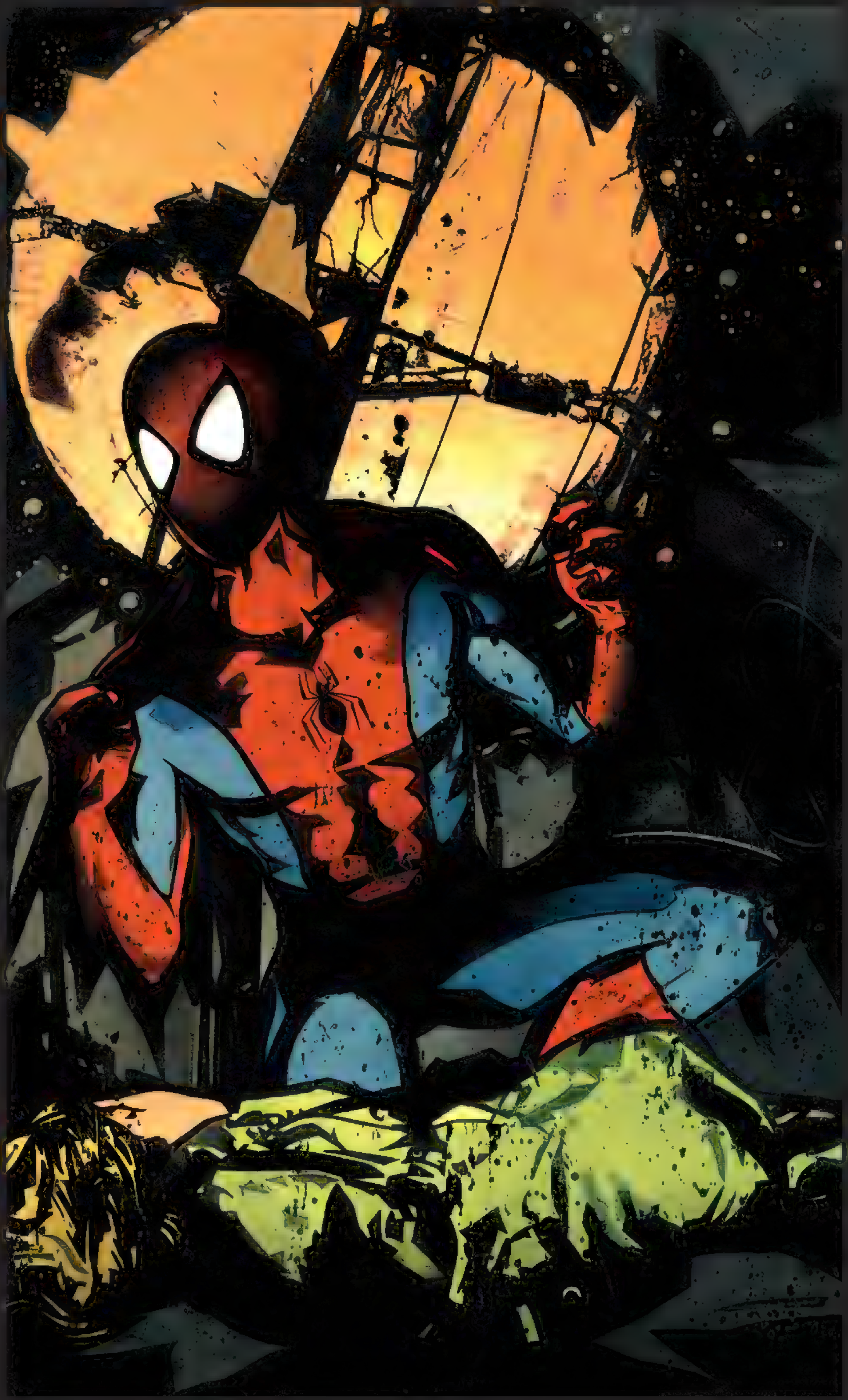


The Amazing Spider-Man #121 cover original art
by John Romita

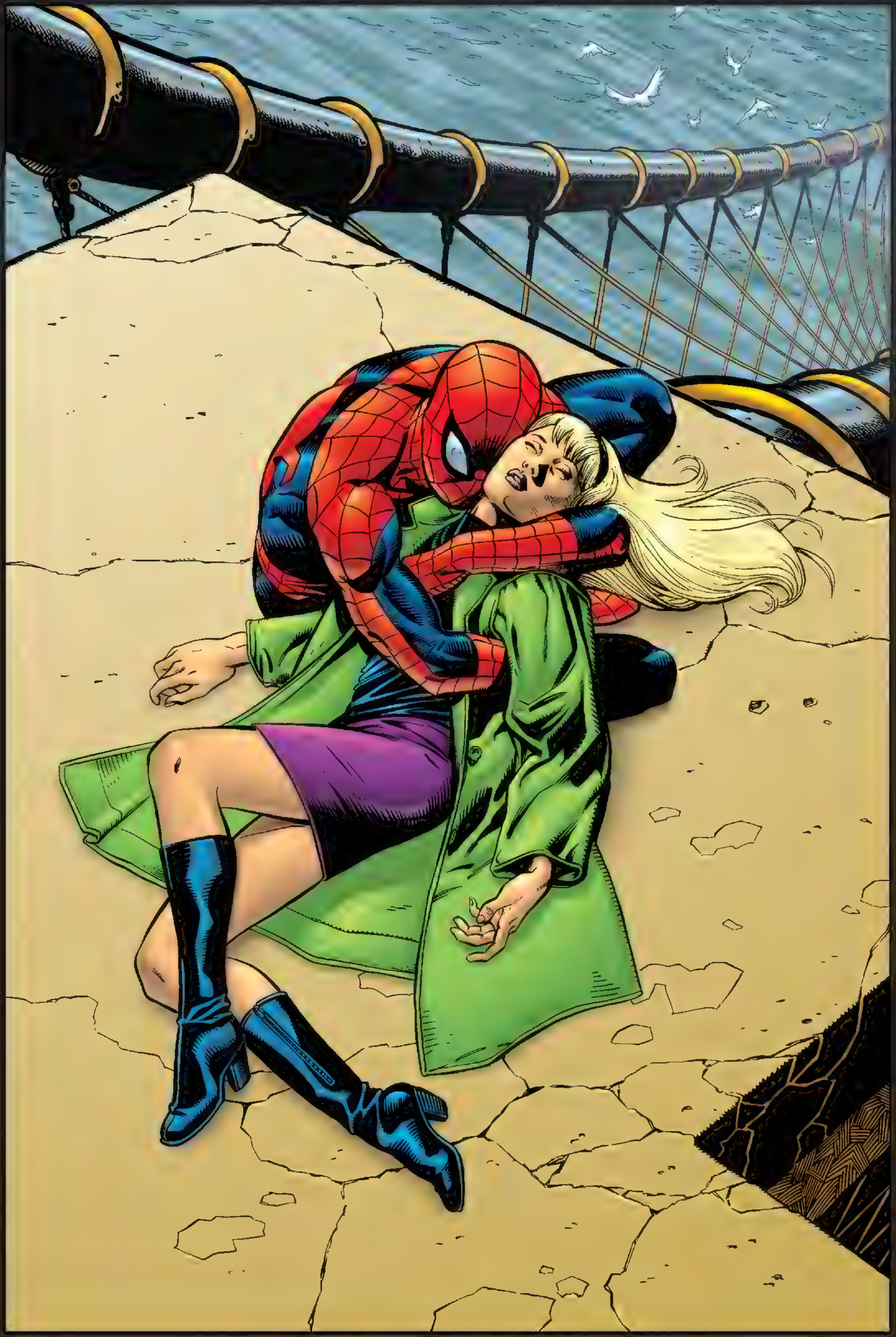

#121
WORLD COLOR
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢
121
JUNE
02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME IS ABOUT TO DIE!
SOMEONE I CANNOT SAVE!
MY SPIDER SENSE IS NEVER WRONG!
BUT WHO? WHO?
NOT A TRICK! NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE-- BUT THE MOST STARTLINGLY UNEXPECTED
TURNING POINT
IN THIS WEB-SLINGER'S ENTIRE LIFE! HOW CAN SPIDER-MAN GO ON, AFTER BEING FACED WITH THIS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DEATH?
AND, DON'T DARE MISS THIS ISSUE'S SHOCKING SURPRISE SUPER-VILLAIN!
JOHN ROMITA
John Romita
7X10 1/2
1 SP

Courtesy Enrico Salvini

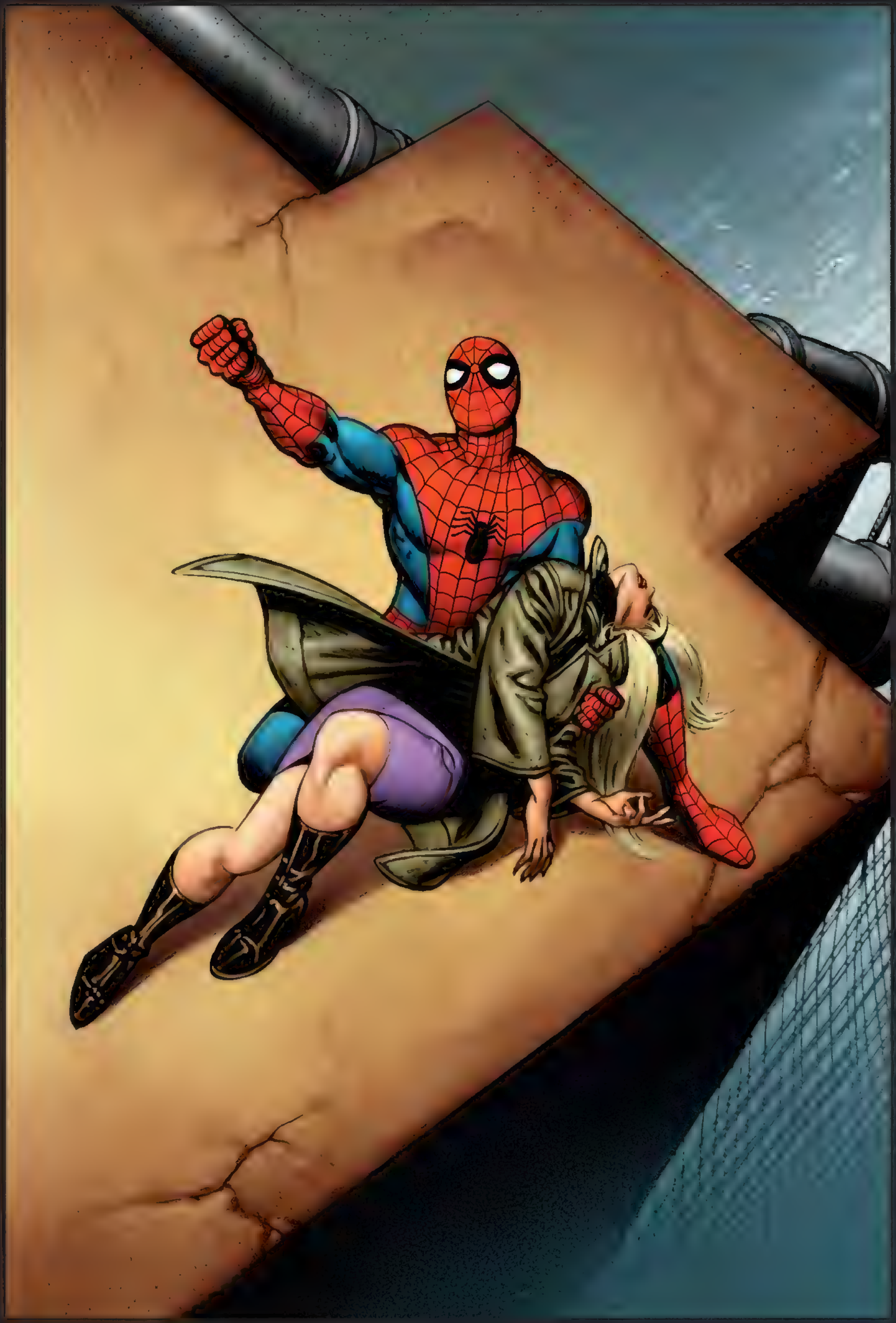
The Amazing Spider-Man: The Death of Gwen Stacy TPB (1999) cover
by John Van Fleet



The Amazing Spider-Man: The Death of Gwen Stacy TPB (2001) cover
by J.G. Jones



Spider-Man: Death of the Stacys - Marvel Premiere Classic HC (2007) cover
by Gil Kane & Richard Isanove



BIOGRAPHIES

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, sixteen-year-old Gerry Conway was a teenager peddling short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books, and by 1976, Conway had worked his way up to the position of Marvel's Editor-in-Chief. In between, he logged a mindbogglingly prolific schedule as writer for both companies; for purposes of brevity, it might be easier to list the titles he did not write!

After establishing a pedigree with those *House of Secrets* and *Tower of Shadows* short stories, Gerry quickly latched on to a regular gig as writer of *Daredevil, Sub-Mariner, Iron Man,* and both entries in the *Amazing Adventures* anthology (Black Widow and the Inhumans.) He also began long associations with *Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor,* picking up with the flagship Spider-Man title after Roy Thomas had left to begin his own stint as Marvel EIC, and taking the baton on *Thor* from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both books for nearly fifty issues each, and in the process wrote some memorable tales, including one of the all-time classic Spider-Man stories, "The Death of Gwen Stacy." Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Gerry took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning line of horror comics, co-creating *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing,* as well as writing the first issue of the long-running *Tomb of Dracula.*

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel, which he held for much of the year before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. the Amazing Spider-Man.* Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy and the Legion of Super-Heroes, World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman.* He also co-created Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman,* and continued his long-term run on *Justice League of America,* a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the fabled JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues consecutively. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three extant Spider-Man titles: *Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man.*

During this period of time, Conway was slowly asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer.* By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had exploded, and he left comics to pursue his new vocation, writing for shows like *Matlock, Father Dowling Mysteries, Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*. His last work in comics was in 1993, writing the Topps Kirbyverse one-shot *Night Glider.*

Currently, Conway is still active in writing and producing for television, and resides in California with his wife and their child.

GIL KANE

A gentleman and true master of the medium, Gil Kane gained elite status as a comic artist through the course of a storied career. The signature smooth and sinuous anatomy of his characters, vertiginous camera angles, and dynamic action present in every page gave Kane's work a language all its own. A language that reflected what to him were twin components of any drawing: grace and power, both irreducible elements of his style.

Gil Kane was born to parents who were Jewish émigrés, in this case from Latvia. Born in 1926 as Eli Katz, his family moved to Brooklyn, NY, three years later. He studied art in high school but left school when he sensed an opportunity was in the offing with MLJ Comics (later Archie Comics), the publisher of *The Shield.* He would also do spot work for the other studios, but with WWII roaring, the young man enlisted in the army and served in the Pacific theater.

Upon his return, he permanently adopted the pseudonym Gil Kane, and got back to the business of creating comics. By the late '50s, when the Silver Age super-hero revival was slowly inching out of quiescence, Kane truly began to make his mark, and in so doing, created what many feel to be the definitive take on the Green Lantern in the pages of *Showcase*. To fill in time in his work schedule, he made a pitch to DC Comics to revive the Golden Age character Doll Man, this time updated with the name The Atom, and here, too, he struck gold.

But it wasn't only DC he worked for, as he would also be turning in pages for Marvel Comics, becoming the first artist to have work bearing his name published simultaneously by both companies. His first work for Marvel included Hulk and Captain America stories, as well as a stint on *Captain Marvel*, which to Gil represented some of his finest work to date.

He would make waves as he settled into his run as penciler of *Amazing Spider-Man* with the notorious "drug issues" from #96-98, which were the first comics of the day to eschew the Comics Code in order to tell a hard-hitting story highlighting the negative effects of drug use. A few years later, Gil Kane was also behind the drawing board for the pivotal "Death of Gwen Stacy" issues of *Amazing Spider-Man.*

The '70s were a particularly fertile period for Kane, as he became Marvel's top cover artist, delivering countless iconic cover images. Teaming once again with his *Captain Marvel* collaborator, Roy Thomas, Gil gave life to their newly interpreted version of Adam Warlock, and co-created comics' first kung-fu action hero, Iron Fist.

Always searching to expand the audience, format and sophistication of comic art, Kane conceived and illustrated the independent graphic novel, *Blackmark* in 1971, considered by many to be the first American graphic novel. He also created the award-winning daily newspaper strip *Star Hawks* with writer Ron Goulart.

Much to the pleasure of comic-book readers, Gil's work appeared regularly up to the year 2000 with brief stops in the '70s and '80s, as he dabbled in TV animation. He was ushered into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1997, and died three years later at the age of 74, leaving behind a legacy that has inspired generations of fans and artists.

ROSS ANDRU

An everyman and entrepreneur throughout his long career in comics, Ross Andru became a stalwart penciler on Marvel's *Amazing Spider-Man* during the '70s, gaining a renown as one of the great Spidey pencilers that has grown steadily over the years. With a smooth, compact style that eschewed extraneous detail, Ross Andru's artistic visions were grounded in a reality that engaged the maturing medium's readers.

His career in comics began in 1951. With an education at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School and a gig drawing Burne Hogarth's weekly *Tarzan* strips behind him, the Cleveland native teamed with inker Mike Esposito to form not only a decades-enduring artistic partnership but their own company, MR Publications.

Their next company, Mikeross Publications, turned out such fare as *Get Lost* and the romance title *Heart and Soul.* The success of these initiatives fleeting in the face of an industry-wide downturn, Andru would often find himself bouncing between Marvel and DC, always with Esposito at his side. At Marvel, he handled mainly Western comics like *Annie Oakley*, while at DC, he toiled on Robert Kanigher's war comics like *Star-Spangled War Stories* and *Our Army At War*, wherein he drew the very first appearance of the fabled war hero Sgt. Rock of Easy Company in 1959.

His impressive performance with Esposito garnered him a chance to take over another of Kanigher's titles, *Wonder Woman*, starting a nine-year-long run that would stretch through 1967 and find him telling charming stories of a mythological bent featuring Diana Prince's teenage years on Paradise Island. Another notable title that Andru would work on in the '60s was *Metal Men*. Leaping from *Showcase* to its own bi-monthly title, Andru and Esposito co-created the sweet-natured heroic fantasy that featured artificially intelligent robots that reflected particular precious metals.

A move to Marvel in the early '70s resulted in key work on *Marvel Feature,* where he drew the first adventures of The Defenders, and *Marvel Team-Up*, his first regular foray into Spider-Man.

Over the next five years, Andru would team with writer Gerry Conway and produce milestones as the first appearance of the Punisher, Harry Osborn donning the guise of the Green Goblin and the infamous Spider-Mobile. Completely at home in the cityscapes that Spider-Man called home, Andru's approach kept Spider-Man at the top of the sales charts through the decade. He also drew the first Marvel/DC super-hero crossover with *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man.*

As the '80s dawned, Andru returned to DC in an editorial capacity, with his art focused mainly on covers. But as the decade carried on, his pencils would grace the interiors of books like *Atari Force, Jonah Hex, Vigilante*, and *Blue Beetle*.

Andru passed away in 1993.

JOHN ROMITA

Without question one of the most loved and influential artists to grace the pages of Marvel Comics, John Romita was born in 1930 and, fresh out of a fine arts high school, quickly joined the ranks of comic book artists. As was typical of many of his peers, John drew for Atlas, the 1950s incarnation of Marvel Comics, across the many war, Western, horror, and jungle-girl genres published by Martin Goodman. Of special note during this time was John's work on the 1953-54 Commie-smashing revival of Captain America.

As the 1960s dawned, John was for the first time drawing comics for an employer other than Marvel. At DC, he was working exclusively behind the boards of their many romance comics, like *Secret Hearts, Girls' Love Stories,* and *Young Love.* It wasn't until 1966 that he returned to Marvel comics and the super-hero genre in the pages of *Daredevil* #12-19, but that run's main legacy in John's career wasn't drawing Daredevil. Indeed, it was a guest appearance by a certain friendly neighborhood wall-crawler that would be pivotal for both John and comic-book readers worldwide.

After doing such a confident rendering of Spider-Man in the pages of *Daredevil,* it was an easy choice to tap John Romita as the new artist on what was fast becoming Marvel's most important title—*The Amazing Spider-Man.* After a few issues struggling in the mold of Spidey co-creator Steve Ditko, John came into his own—and how! With a bold style regarded as one of the most iconic in comic-book art, John developed a look for Peter Parker and his world that would define the character for years to come. His more muscular and firm figure drawings added a bolder flair to the tone of the book, and his years of drawing beautiful women in DC's romance books paid off big-time with definitive renderings of Gwen Stacy and the introduction of Mary Jane Watson.

For the better part of the next seven years, John drew *The Amazing Spider-Man* (spelled at times by Gil Kane), but that's not the only character he drew for Marvel! He did a brief run on *Fantastic Four,* being the first to draw the book after Jack Kirby's 103-issue tenure, and also drew an acclaimed run on *Captain America* #138-145.

It was about this time when John was anointed art director for Marvel. Once Stan Lee was elevated to publisher, he knew there was only one artist who could help streamline the look and feel of the new age of Marvel Comics in the 1970s, and that was Jazzy John! Though his responsibilities kept him from drawing a monthly series, John still drew countless covers, crafted the look of characters from the Punisher to Wolverine, designed the Spider-Man balloon for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, and took to training the next generation of comic-book artists in Marvel's Art Department, known as Romita's Raiders.

To this day, though semi-retired, John steps up to the drawing board to lend his mastery of the medium to the occasional cover or story. Beyond that, though, the Romita legacy is in safekeeping with John Romita, Jr., who is now—much like his father was at the height of his career—setting the tempo for the visual look of Marvel Comics.

Biographical material researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE
MARVEL MASTERWORKS
LIBRARY

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

The Amazing Spider-Man Vols. 1-13
Ant-Man/Giant-Man Vols. 1-2
The Avengers Vols. 1-10
The Black Panther Vol. 1
Captain America Vols. 1-5
Captain Marvel Vols. 1-3
Daredevil Vols. 1-5
Deathlok Vol. 1
The Defenders Vols. 1-2
Doctor Strange Vols. 1-4
The Fantastic Four Vols. 1-12
The Human Torch Vols. 1-2
The Incredible Hulk Vols. 1-5
The Inhumans Vols. 1-2
The Invincible Iron Man Vols. 1-6
Marvel Team-Up Vol. 1
Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D. Vols. 1-2
Rawhide Kid Vols. 1-2
Sgt. Fury Vols. 1-3
The Silver Surfer Vols. 1-2
The Sub-Mariner Vols. 1-4
The Mighty Thor Vols. 1-9
Warlock Vols. 1-2
The X-Men Vols. 1-8
The Uncanny X-Men Vols. 1-7

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

Golden Age All-Winners Vols. 1-3
Golden Age Captain America Vols. 1-4
Golden Age Daring Mystery Vols. 1-2
Golden Age Human Torch Vols. 1-3
Golden Age Marvel Comics Vols. 1-5
Golden Age Mystic Comics Vol. 1
Golden Age Sub-Mariner Vols. 1-3
Golden Age U.S.A. Comics Vol. 1
Golden Age Young Allies Vol. 1

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

Atlas Era Battlefield Vol. 1
Atlas Era Black Knight/Yellow Claw Vol. 1
Atlas Era Heroes Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Journey Into Mystery Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Jungle Adventure Vol. 1
Atlas Era Menace Vol. 1
Atlas Era Strange Tales Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Tales to Astonish Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Tales of Suspense Vols. 1-3

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 122 JULY 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
HEADS-UP, WALL-CRAWLER! FIRST, I FINISHED OFF GWEN STACY--
AND NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN!
WRONG, GOBLIN! YOU MURDERED THE ONLY GIRL I'LL EVER LOVE--
AND TODAY'S THE DAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!!
The GREEN GOBLIN'S LAST STAND!

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 123 AUG 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
HANG IT UP, WEB-SPINNER!
MAYBE YOU MAKE THOSE STRAP-HANGER TYPES SHIVER IN THEIR BOOTS-- BUT YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER JOB TO--
..LUKE CAGE, HERO FOR HIRE!

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 124 SEPT 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
RRRRRAARR
JAMESON! THAT THING-- WHAT IS IT?
IT'S-- MY SON!
THE MARK OF THE MAN-WOLF!

SPIDER MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 125 OCT 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
NO! NO! I WON'T LET YOU DIE-- NOT LIKE GWEN--!
NOT LIKE GWENNNN
SPIDER-MAN-- STAY BACK! YOU CAN'T SAVE ME--!
THE MAN-WOLF STRIKES AGAIN!

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 127 DEC 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
WHO IS THE LOVELY VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER FROM THE SKIES?
WHY DOES THE VULTURE FLY AGAIN-- AND WHY WILL HIS NEXT VICTIM BE MARY JANE?
I'VE GOT TO GET FREE-- GOT TO FIND THE ANSWERS--
--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
WHAT IS THE SINISTER SECRET BEHIND THE SEETHING HATRED OF HARRY OSBORN?
IF YOU READ ONLY ONE COMIC-MAG STORY THIS MONTH, IT MUST BE
THE DARK WINGS OF DEATH!

SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 128 JAN 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
YOU! IT CAN'T BE YOU! IT CAN'T!
I PUT YOU BEHIND BARS-- ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO!!
NO JAIL CAN HOLD THE VULTURE-- NOT WHEN I HAVE SWORN YOUR DEATH!
THE SHADOW OF THE VULTURE!

SPIDER MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 129 FEB 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
HE'S DIFFERENT, HE'S DEADLY, HE'S
THE PUNISHER!
THE MOST LETHAL HIRED ASSASSIN EVER!
HIS ASSIGNMENT: KILL SPIDER-MAN!
AND BEHIND THE MOST SURPRISING PLOT OF ALL TIME, THERE LURKS...
The JACKAL!

SPIDER MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 130 MAR 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
HAMMERHEAD IS OUT!
ALSO IN THIS DYNAMITE ISSUE!
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE FAR-OUT FABULOUS SPIDERMOBILE! (TAKE IT FROM ME, FRIEND-- IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK!!)

SPIDER MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢ 131 APR 02457
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
NO! THIS WEDDING WILL NOT TAKE PLACE!
AUNT MAY --MARRYING DOCTOR OCTOPUS! THAT'S JUST THE START-- OF THE GREATEST ACTION ISH EVER!
BUT IT WILL, WALL-CRAWLER-- OVER YOUR DEAD BODY!
WITH THIS RING, I THEE--
--WEB?

MARVEL

Tyrant
Lizard
King
EMPIRE